Feb. 27, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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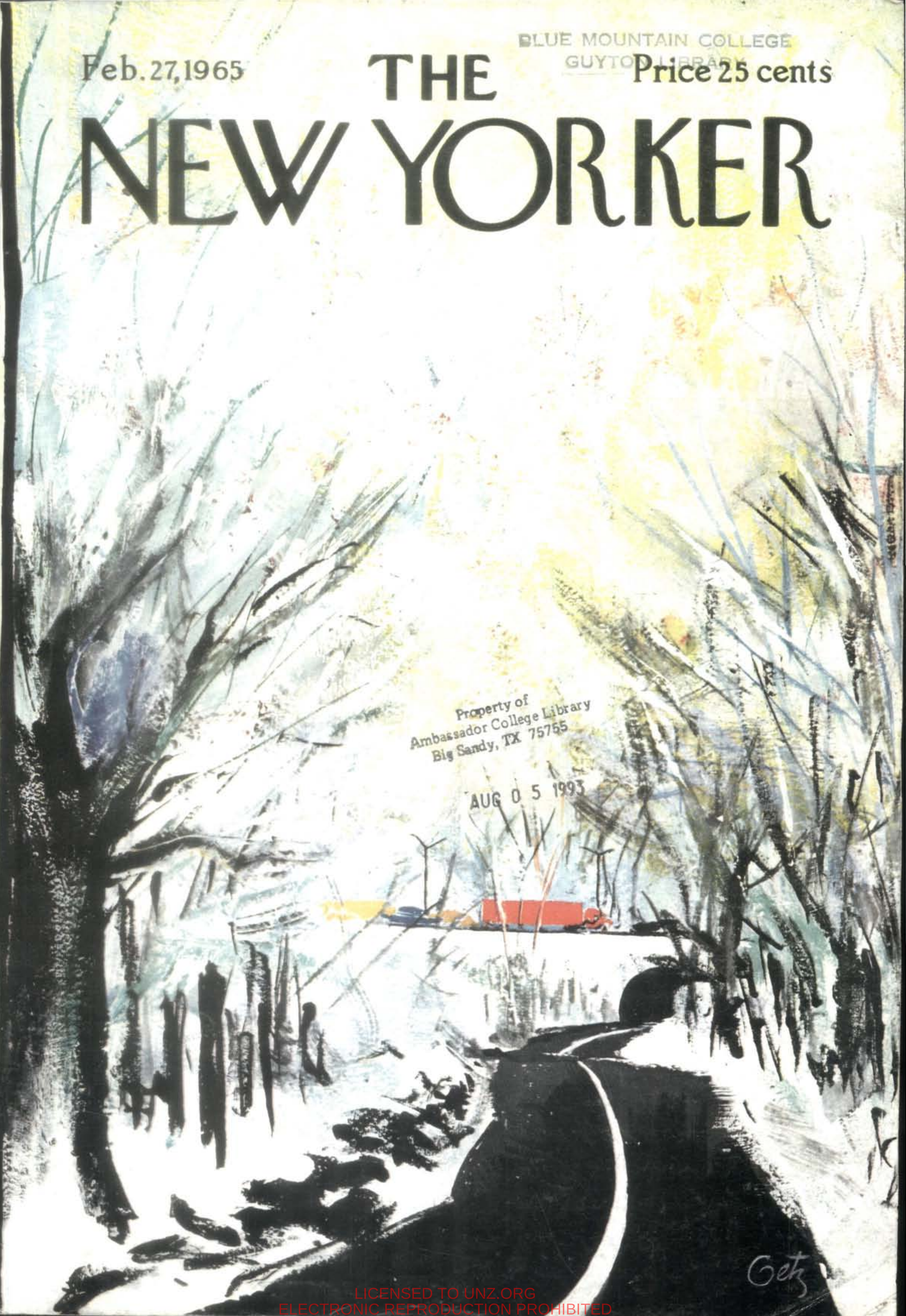

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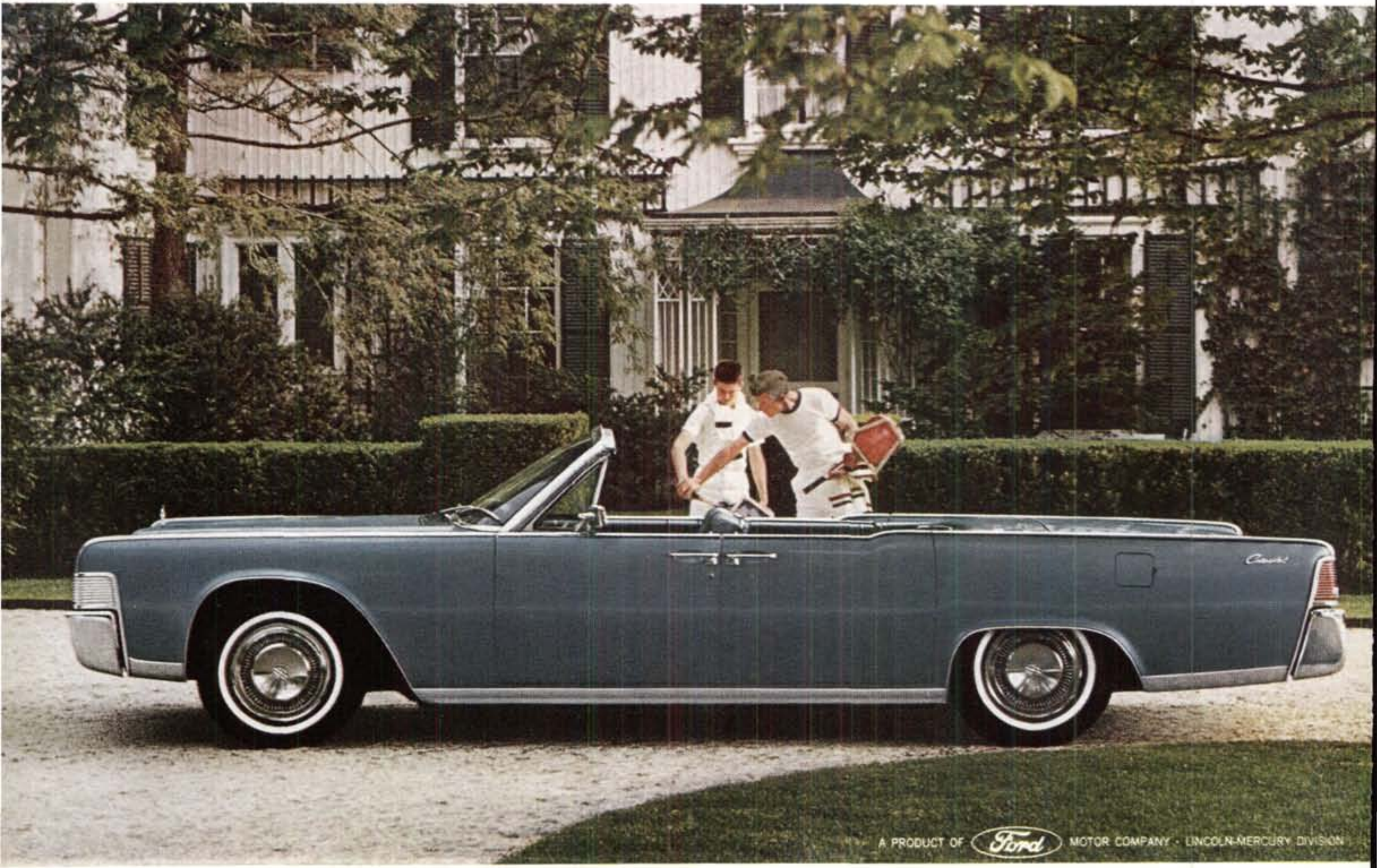
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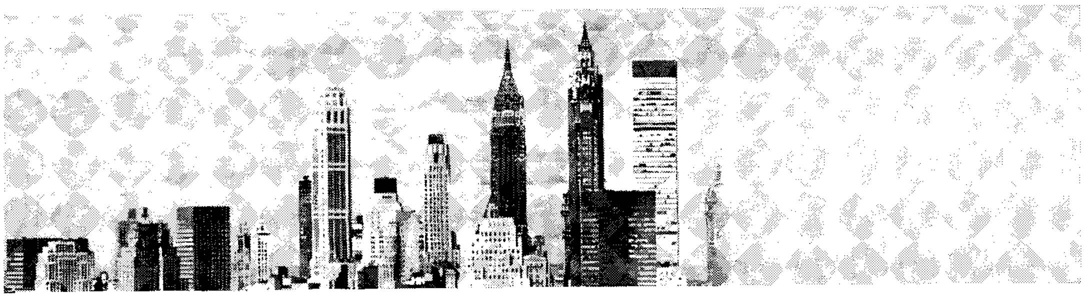


The day New York almost vanished

It didn't happen all at once.
They did it very gradually.
"We can't alarm the people!" they said.
So they removed a little house here. And a great hotel there. And then a few limestone banks and all the cast-iron store fronts they could find. And very quietly one night they stole a railroad station and buried it in New Jersey.

A few people grumbled.
Some found temporary shelter at The Dakota when Park Avenue disappeared. Others moved to Westchester. And some completely disillusioned out-of-towners went to Philadelphia instead. But most people were complacent. Until the day they discovered that their city had been entirely replaced with glass.

Then they complained. But it was too late. So the faces of the city grew grimmer than they had ever been before. Clocks stopped. And the glass began to crack.

Soon after this on one ghastly glittering morning, an observant executive walking to work paused on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Ninth Street to clean his heavy dark goggles. Squinting, he looked around. And gasped!

There was The Plaza where he had always remembered it. "It can't be!" he said and rubbed his eyes. He looked again. "It *is* there!" he said. And ran to work.

He called his wife.
"We'll go there tonight, before it's too late. Don't tell anyone!" he hissed. So she only told her very best friend. Soon everyone knew.

Crowds gathered. They wandered in the lobbies. They caressed the marble, admired the gilded cherubs. And the caryatids in the Palm Court where palms still swayed. They feasted in the baronial splendor of the Edwardian Room. And discussed mergers over martinis and lunch in the Oak Bar.

That night, they danced to ***real*** music again in the Persian Room. And laughed with Julius Monk in his red velvet world at PLaza 9-. The lucky ones who had made reservations retired upstairs, to spacious rooms where they were waited on hand and foot by manicurists and podiatrists and chambermaids and valets and waiters with trays and florists with roses.
They loved it.

After all, people of taste are like everybody else. They're very grateful when great demands are met. And incurably sentimental.

Eventually word spread out of town. And out-of-towners came again to see a part of the city they thought had vanished. Some never left The Plaza. They didn't have to. They had the world on a golden chain.

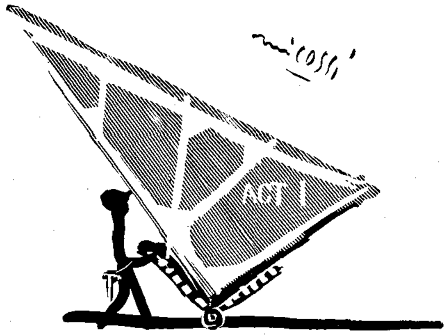
The Plaza had thought of everything. It always does.

It always will.

THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

This advertisement is fantasy, of course.
But then so is life at The Plaza. Come live it.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All in Good Time—Bill Naughton's comedy, imported from London, with Donald Wolfit and Marjorie Rhodes. Directed by Donald McWhinnie. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.

Luv—Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. Directed very comically by Mike Nichols. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—A comedy by Bill Manhoff that contains two characters—one a pedantic would-be author with a weakness for voyeurism (Alan Alda) and the other a distrustful prostitute (Diana Sands). Intermittently amusing. Arthur Storch has directed the play most capably. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Poor Richard—Alan Bates as an English poet, resident in Greenwich Village, whose verse sells like hot cakes, who drinks like a fish, and who is temporarily having a hard time keeping his muse in action. Written by Jean Kerr, the comedy is slight but on occasion funny, and Mr. Bates's colleagues—Gene Hackman, Joanna Pettet, Joan Alexander, and Colgate Salsbury—are highly satisfactory. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tiny Alice—An almost completely mystifying drama by Edward Albee, in which the world, the flesh, and various kinds of devilment get quite a metaphysical workout. John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry do as well as anyone could expect. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—ANY WEDNESDAY: A comedy by Muriel Resnik that has to do with a girl being kept in style in an executive suite. Barbara Cook has just replaced Sandy Dennis as the girl, and the cast also includes Rosemary Murphy and Don Porter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. Penny Fuller, Robert Reed, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 28.)... **NEVER TOO LATE:** Dennis O'Keefe and Martha Scott in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** A trio of Irish-Americans—mother, father, and son—resident in the Bronx, have a bickering time of it while they establish that they are really a model of togetherness. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. (Winthrop Ames, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, and Monday, March 1, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bajour—Gypsies having a gaudy time dancing, *singing, and swindling in Manhattan.* The musical has a book by Ernest Kinoy, who made use of the researches of Joseph Mitchell, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. Peter Gennaro did the choreography, and Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr lead the large cast through its paces. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Baker Street—Sherlock Holmes versus Professor Moriarty in a musical bout only fitfully entertaining. Jerome Coopersmith wrote the book, and Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel provided the music and lyrics. Fritz Weaver plays Sherlock, Inga Swenson a girl who loves him, and Martin Gabel the dread Moriarty. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ben Franklin in Paris—A very genial Robert Preston plays Philadelphia's celebrated citizen in this new-day variation on Shubert musicals of a bygone era. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and *Saturdays at 2:30.)*

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge, hilarious as always, and this time with some clever assistance from Leonid Hambro. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 6 and Saturdays at 3.)

Fade Out - Fade In—Kicking Hollywood around is pretty old stuff, but this musical, by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, with music by Jule Styne, makes the most of the theme, particularly when Carol Burnett is giving it a whirl. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Zero Mostel gives a splendid performance in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Jerome Robbins provided the choreography and direction, Joseph Stein did the adaptation, and Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick created the music and lyrics, which are often effective. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Boy—All about a pugilist (Sammy Davis) who is interested in the cash he can make in the ring but is reluctant to throw a punch. This adaptation of an Odets play is distinguished by a couple of fine production numbers but by little else. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Had a Ball—A mob of drifters at their fun and games on Coney Island. As things turn out, only the dancers, directed by Onna White, contribute much to the affair. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are in it. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—FUNNY GIRL: The late Fanny Brice, as portrayed by Barbra Streisand. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Calisthenics with Carol Channing. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HIGH SPIRITS:** In this musical version of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit," Beatrice Lillie cuts up as a daft spiritualist. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 27.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Ronnie Welsh is the ambitious youth, and Jeff De Benning is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 6.)... **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?:** The life and times of an upstart who bulldozes his way to a big job in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—MOSCOW ART THEATRE: The final performances of a four-week repertory of four plays in Russian. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. Pogodin's "Kremlin Chimes," Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:15.... ¶ Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:15, and Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:30 and 8:15.... ¶ Gogol's "Dead Souls," Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2:30 and 8:15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—INCIDENT AT VICHY, an attempt by Arthur Miller to dramatize the plight of a group of people rounded up by the Nazis in Vichy and scheduled for dispatch to a concentration camp. A rather static play in which Mr. Miller seems bent on exposition rather than action. Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne lead the able cast, which was directed by Harold Clurman. Performances Thursday and Friday, Feb. 25-26, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Friday, March 2-5, at 8:30.... **TARTUFFE,** Molière's old war horse about a pious fraud has been newly translated by Richard Wilbur. Michael O'Sullivan, Hal

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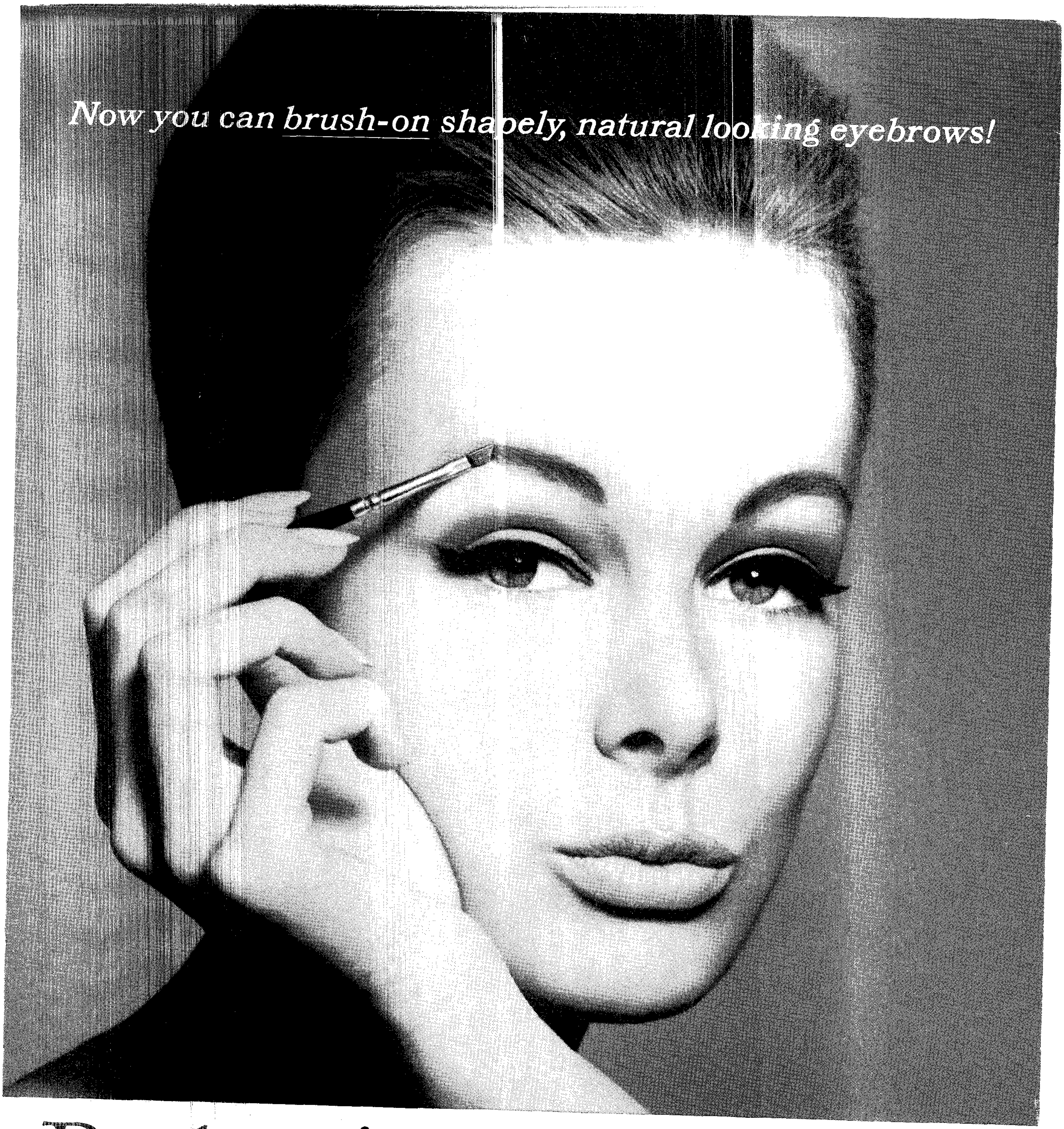
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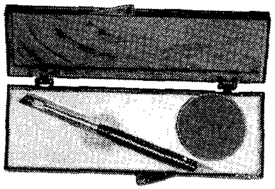

6 shades: Black. Grey. Auburn.
Dark, Medium or Light Brown.
In tortoise-tone kit with brush.

New brush-on eyebrow color–does everything a pencil can, only softer!

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Holbrook, and Larry Gates are in it. Performances Sunday, Feb. 28, at 2 and 7:30, and Saturday, March 6, at 2 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. The current offering is WAR AND PEACE: Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—"Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, at 8:15.)

The Cat and the Canary—John Willard's spooky old comedy is the first of what the producers hope will be a series of revivals of mystery plays. This production has a few pretty fair moments, but there would be more if the players could restrain their fun at Mr. Willard's expense and make better use of what he has given them. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40; Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Cindy—A cheerful little musical about a Miss Cindy Kreller, who works in a delicatessen and gets to go to a ball at the Plaza. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. *Matinées Sundays at 3.*)

Colombe—An adaptation by Denis Cannan of Jean Anouilh's play. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. SP 7-3810. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Friday Night—Jan Sterling in a triple bill by James Elward. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

New Playwrights Series—The first bill, consisting of Sam Shepard's "Up to Thursday," Paul Foster's "Balls," and Lanford Wilson's "Home Free!," will play through Sunday, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ The second bill, consisting of "Conerico Was Here to Stay," by Frank Gagliano, and "Pigeons," by Lawrence Osgood (with Geraldine Fitzgerald), will be previewed Tuesday, March 2. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 3, at 7:30, and will run through Sunday, March 21. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Old Glory: Benito Cereno—This dramatization by Robert Lowell of Herman Melville's classic tragedy about a Spanish slave ship in 1800 is a winner—a marvellous story turned into a good play. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and **Baal**—Shakespeare's tragedy is being joined in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley of the Brecht play. "Othello"; Fridays and Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:30, and Saturday, Feb. 27, at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "Baal": Previews Wednesday and Thursday, March 3-4, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 6, at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

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Pictures in the Hallway—A revival of Paul Shyre's dramatic reading adapted from the second volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Queen and the Rebels—Tamara Geva, Michael Higgins, and Clarice Blackburn in Ugo Betti's melodrama, translated by Henry Reed. Opens Thursday, Feb. 25. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Opening-night *curtain at 7:20; thereafter Tuesdays through* Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Writers' Stage Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Say Nothing—A dismal play about some miserable people in the North of England. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Slave and **The Toilet**—These one-act plays *by LeRoi Jones constitute an evening of low* punches and high-flown or obscene words. Many of the words deal with the antagonism between Negroes and whites, and, valid though they may be, the effect is more numbing than stirring. Settings by Larry Rivers. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis is the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Worlds of Oscar Brown, Jr.—A program of songs, impressions, and improvisations, with the Floyd Morris trio. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

American Dance Theater—A repertory of modern dance presented by this recently formed company together with the companies of Pearl Lang, Alwin Nikolais, Merce Cunningham, and José Limón. Tuesday, March 2, and Saturday, March 6, both at 8:15: Doris Humphrey's "Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor," Pearl Lang's "Apasionada," and Alwin Nikolais's "Imago.". . . ¶ Wednesday, March 3, and Friday, March 5, both at 8:15: Pearl Lang's "Shirah," Sophie Maslow's "Poem," Lucas Hoving's "Icarus," and Valerie Bettis's "As I Lay Dying.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 4, at 8:15, and Saturday, March 6, at 2:15: Doris Humphrey's "Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor," Anna Sokolow's "Ballade," Merce Cunningham's "Winterbranch," and Sophie Maslow's "The Village I Knew.". . . ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 2:15 and 8:15: Merce Cunningham's "Summerspace," Valerie Bettis's "As I Lay Dying," and José Limón's "Missa Brevis." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ella Fitzgerald, all sturdy stuff and no nonsense, makes proper use of a voice that never fails no matter how high the octave; i.e., she uses it to sing instead of talking about what she's going to sing. Roy Eldridge, J. J. Johnson, Tommy Flanagan, and a few friends make the sort of music this beneficence deserves; the orchestra of Lee Evans, given now to neatly constructed études for both listening and prancing, does the rest. The scene is the Royal Box, and Miss F.'s schedule is dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Vivid imagination rages unchecked all through the décor in the refectory, which offers knife-and-fork music from eight to ten and exercise music thenceforward. George Anaya's Latinos, who absent themselves on Mondays, are the creators.

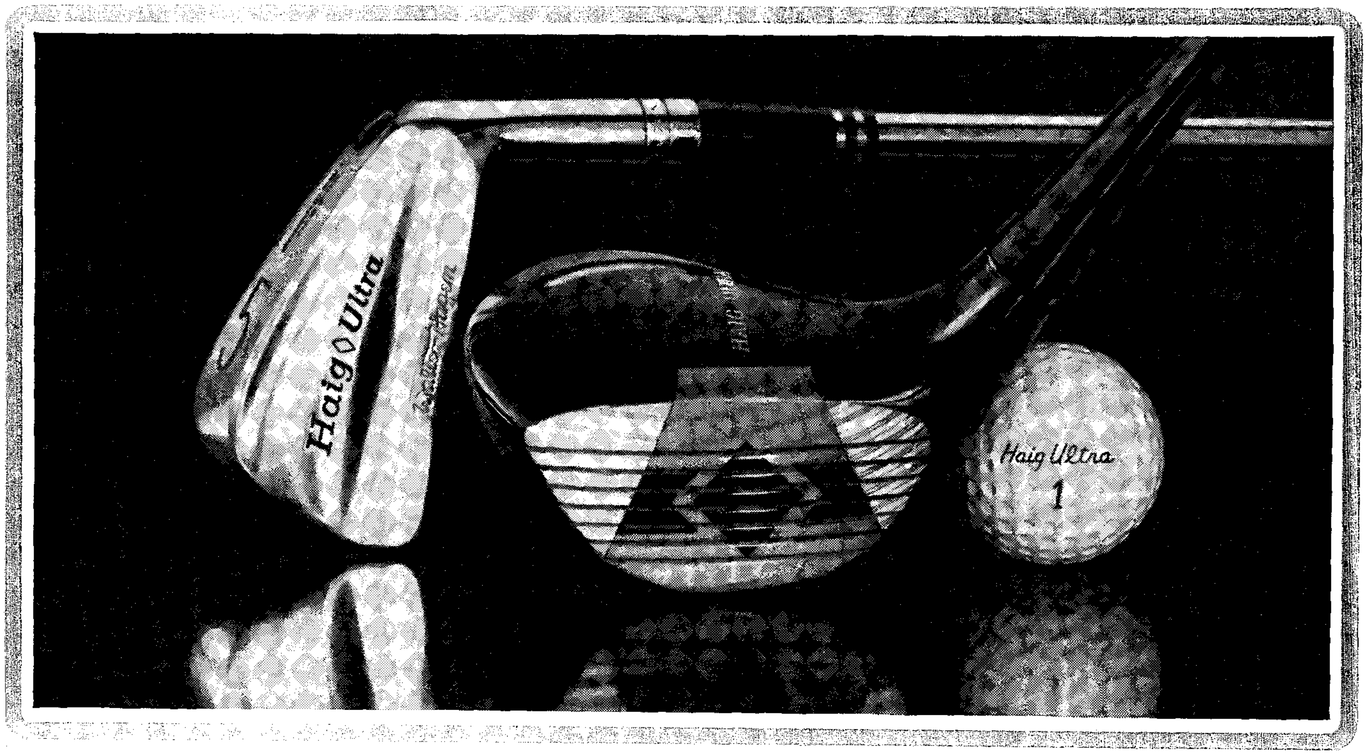
El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The accession to the throne of John Mills has given this renowned boardroom a lot of body English, and in the nick of time. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance. In the Garrison, there is more dancing, but to music that has been memorized by an I.B.M. computer. In the Champagne Room, one absorbs sitting-down music by a romantic threesome. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The hymnals in praise of bock beer, done by a Bavarian brass band, come to an end on Saturday, Feb. 27, but Stan Rubin's riverboat band, which returns to action one night earlier, will praise American music every evening but Sunday, thus—so to speak—putting this ornate old side-wheeler back on an even keel.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a scenic device that can *trompe* the *oeil* into imagining it is in Rome, has restored one of its important monuments—a clutch of Italian dance musicians, the Quintetto di Roma, with whom a tenor named Dino Palermo carols angelically. They start off at eight. Curfew is at one, except Fridays and Saturdays, when it is postponed until two. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's varsity crews works out every night in the Café Pierre, so no dance-lover's foot need ever go unturned here. Yvette Souviron, who chirps at work, plays solitaire piano, except when she is off duty, which is Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The real Diahann Carroll, beatific and blossomy, keeps showing through the fog of dialogue and *outré* didos that occasionally set-



"You don't have to be a millionaire to play like one."

Walter Hagen

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tles in on her, and for those with fond memories of this little soprano, that is enough. The Persian Room is where she makes her dinner and supper appearances. The music, present for hour after hour, is done by the peppery small band of Mark Monte and the big band now conducted by Emil Coleman, Jr. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo tinkles away from four-fifteen to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The LeFleur holiday is always Monday. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court is turned into a magic carpet on its non-stop run to this or that fashionable European spa, where—to the tune of Gunnar Hansen's eloquent violin—the fine arts of the pastry maker, the coffee chef, and the vintner are celebrated until one. No music Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Two rooms with a view, in one of which the sounds of George Cort's fivesome impinge gently on your ears and your cocktails, in the other of which the music is translated into direct action on a circular dance floor. The altitude is sixty-five floors, the music plays from eight to one every night but Sunday, and the kitchen staff sticks it out to the end.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero, whose dance band brings out the Latin latent in all of us, has the run of the Maisonette, that venerable affair of state, and so does the band of Charles Turecamo, which brings out the Southampton and Water Mill in all of us. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a smaller and calmer *salle à manger*, affords the musings of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano from dinner through supper. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—Egyptian deities are the presiding geniuses of the larking decorative scheme. These gods are never angry at the antic folk dances of the populace, but at times they do look startled. The music comes off a tape measure, and the nights are very long—eight to four.

Note—The land of the free is reproduced by **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, at 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200), for the dance floor is the size of Central Park, and no trees or statuary hinder one's choreographic impulses. The air is community and circumspect, the airs (by two bands) are North and South American, the air-conditioning is majestic. This interesting arrangement includes bar, grill, Thursday and Saturday matinées (one-thirty until six), evening sessions from around seven-thirty until around one, a Tuesday floor show (at eleven), and an unremitting Sunday session (three-thirty until one). Mondays are rest nights.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Night school for beginning young men about town and their little doves—not that the old grads of this coeducational project don't flock back to the campus in force. The party begins at cocktail time with piano, operated just about without cease until early morning. The music—solo during the evening, four-handed after the theatre—issues from permutations and combinations of Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Moonlight in the formal gardens of Firenze. The current crop of diners are apt to get Menotti's "The Telephone" in toto from the resident opera company; the crop that checks in on Tuesday, March 2, and thereafter are apt to get the salient cadenzas of "Carmen." Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): A fairly diplomatic mission, presided over by the piano of Cy Walter, which keeps the room temperature at a most comfortable balance between warm and cool. He's there during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE CAPRICE**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): A promenade for liege lords and ladies. Also to be found are the relaxed piano of Jules Kuti from cocktails through dinner, and, after ten-thirty, the paeans of Bobby Short—flights of fancy, of fancy words, of fancy piano. His stalwart aides are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays. . . . **LATE EDITION**, in Delmonico's Hotel, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Home is the rover Hugh Shannon, home from the sea (Capri), the Sound (Bridgehampton), and the Continent to play his rampageous barroom piano and to sing those big, bouncy, never-to-be-taken-seriously ballads. Mr. Shannon is served at ten, along with supper, and he carries on until early morn. He stays home Sundays; Mai Tatum, who sings at the piano from seven until one, stays home Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, whose piano regards show tunes as characters with distinct individual idiosyncrasies, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): For every broken heart on Broadway or Park Avenue, Mabel Mercer has a succinctly worded lyric that fits. Her kindly and yet worldly monographs begin at ten-thirty. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be always, her accompanist. Closed Sundays. . . . **IL SOLE**, 48 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1060): The chipper winter haven of Ralph Strain, whose piano dwells fondly on the very best days of wine and roses. Seven-thirty until two is his course of events. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The most venerable Spanish settlement in the New World. The natives, unrestless during the day, go nuts about singing and dancing at night. Audience participation is legal. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): One glance at the medieval surroundings is proof that *le Vert Galant* was a merry old soul. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the entire fleet of wandering-about-at-night violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another medieval real-estate deal, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine-thirty every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Dolce* is the *vita*, and *dolce* is the threnody of the street musicians who march up and down from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Via Veneto West, but all roofed over, so the elements cannot impede either the diners or the troupe of strolling musicians, a set of dulcet violinists and such. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An Andalusian town house, and a thing of beauty. In the largest of its four rooms, a guitar dwells, from seven until twelve, upon the delights and the deliriums of Iberian love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this dining room, and it's a vivacious setting for the Lusitanian laments of a guitar that holds forth from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The old life of the Isle of Jamaica may be giving way to something else (tourism, perhaps), but mourners can enjoy a decent wake on these premises, which have a very Isle look and cuisine. The musician, who tastes of Jamaica ginger, begins ambulating at about nine during the week and doesn't stop until one, or sometimes until after two; Sundays, he travels between the hours of seven and eleven; Mondays, he holds his peace. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A cheery decompression chamber for young people who are deep, deep, in the performing arts. Sort of cookout are the mood and the diet, and the spirit of relaxation is enhanced seven days a week by a tireless jazz trio. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): From conservatory to bar, all delights the eye, and in the bar the ear is cozened—from five to eight and again from nine-thirty to two—by piano that never interferes with conversation. No music Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): It's Town Hall Tonight every Sunday in this rambling and picturesque *ranchero*, which is south of several borders—Mexican, Argentine, Peruvian, to name three. The menu is below our borders, too, and so is the music—flamenco singers, dancers, and players on the briskest sort of patrol from one to nine. . . . **CHARDAS**, *307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Blithe hearts* and gentle people, immersed in the Hungarian lively arts—zimbalon, violin, soprano, tenor, the dance, the last of which is provided for by Béla Babai's band. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Night must fall, but it does so most becomingly through the windows of the owlishly ornamented Crown Restaurant, which offers a fifth-floor look at the Hudson and a harp in action from seven to ten-thirty every evening. Daphne Hellman performs on Tuesdays, and Gladys Hubner is in charge of the instrument every other night. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The dark eyes here are all Muscovite. The most burning pair belongs to Marina Fedorovskaya, who has Russian arias to match. Broody violin and piano fill the interludes between her concerts. The hours are seven-thirty until two. Closed Mondays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, from the Golden Era of night life, plays peppery piano and sings bouncy words from six to three. Lynn Richards spells her at the keyboard. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Dress circle, more often than not. Venetian-glass piano is contributed from eight-thirty until one or two by George Feyer. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an ebullient throwback to the "Naughty Marietta" sort of soubrette, chants at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio sounds off now and then. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose specialty is calm, collected pianism, is in the Casino-on-the-Park, an ample rest haven, from five-thirty until midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Roaring fortissimos go hand in hand as the staff, to whom waiting on table comes in second to singing Verdi, gets to work. Closed Mondays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The little bar-and-grill is elbowroom enough for Tony Gorody to perform his precise and panegyric piano études, which he does off and on between six and one-thirty every evening but Monday; Enzio Lembo's guitar commences at nine-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Life of ease, with proper attention to décor, part of which is the light and low-key piano of

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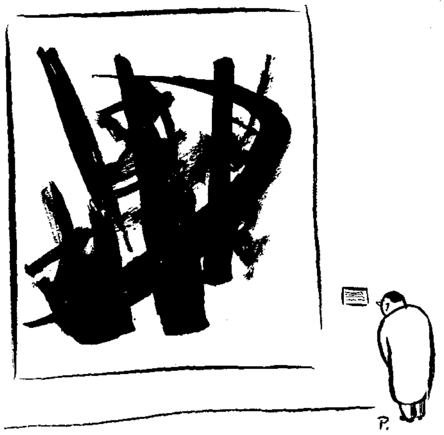

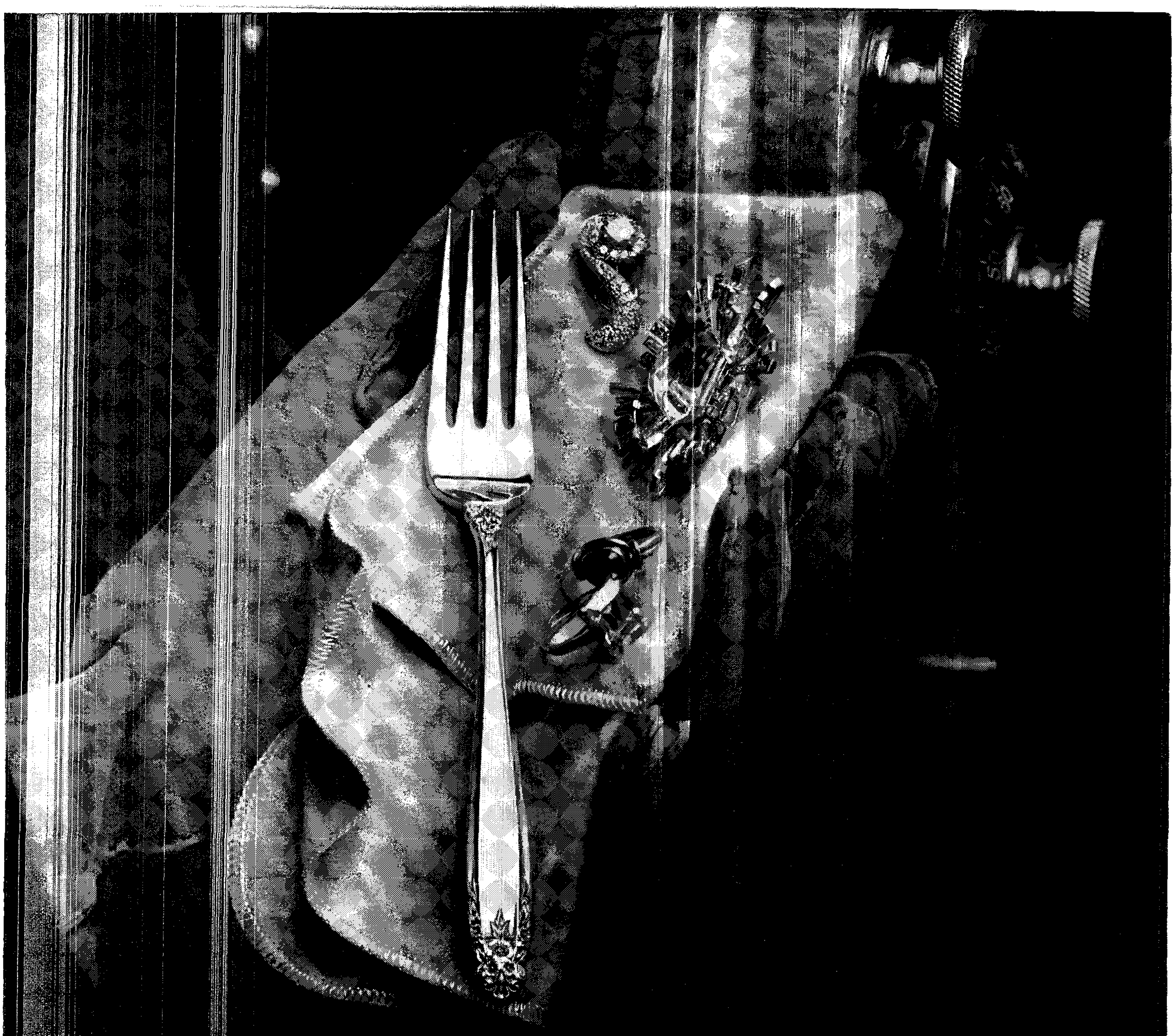

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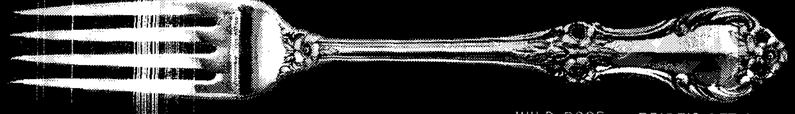
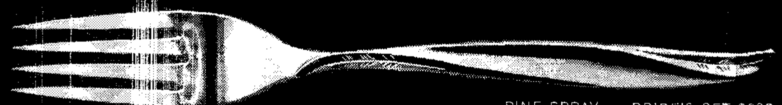
(Similar tales are told of Wild Rose and Pine Spray, elegant Edwardians both. The International Silver Company makes them. You can own them.)



WILD ROSE. BRIDE'S SET $288



PINE SPRAY. BRIDE'S SET $288

Prelude in International Sterling

The International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

Prices do not include taxes.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Al Conte, who is on point duty from six to twelve every evening but Sunday.... **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Haut-monde* Catalan architecture, which (with a bar that cheers) fits in just right with the restrained yet urgent guitar of Jorge Morel, who does several reprises between nine-thirty and one every evening but Monday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Girlish glee and womanly beauty unconfined are what "Tonight's the Night" is mostly made of, but this mighty, and nightly, extravaganza contains other ingredients, too—the Olympian grace of the ballet executed by François Szony and Nancy Claire, the wordless witticisms of George Matson's mimicry of female types who are too much with us, the sturdy Britishness of the Dagenham Girl Pipers. Dancing for the guests, too. No action Mondays.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): In the lounge, one group or another ascends the bandstand at ten, and there's not a moment's peace from then until four. The Deep River Boys are the principal chortlers. No dancing. ... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Jack E. Leonard, whose monologue operates on the theory that a short answer turneth on wrath, is haranguing the ringsiders with contumely and a wealth of by no means dry wit. Vikki Carr, new girl in town, does the chanting, which is nip, tuck, and glorious. Mr. Leonard and Miss Carr wind up on Saturday, Feb. 27; on Monday, March 1, Peggy Lee moves in. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Words and music, swift and serpentine, by Machiavelli, Aesop, and maybe Beerbohm are the substance of "Bits & Pieces, XIV," the just about peerless Julius Monk revue that is now judging our world on the demerit system. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason wear their Monkish habits with excelling skill; Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers are the best of playmates and foils. Robert Colston and Carl Norman are at the continuous pianos. Tee-off times are nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Hell hath no fury like Lola Flores, a Spanish gypsy it would be foolhardy to scorn. She and her co-dancers and co-singers, among them the classic Joaquin Robles, indulge twice every evening in an uproar that is very nearly unique in the originality of its turbulence. A string quartet provides a blissful lull before each storm, and the little orchestra of Emilio Reyes provides the guests with a chance to emulate the professional performers. Both dinner and supper are in this deal. Tea dancing of a thunderclap order occurs on Sunday afternoons.... ¶ After ten, in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A new edition of the current revue christened "The Game Is Up" should be in hand any night now. It will have the same editorial staff—R. G. Brown, who sees life through the eyes of a sensitive, disingenuous child, plus Carol Morley and Marian Mercer. Playtime is nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Cuba Libre, expansive in mood and cuisine. Violinists pop out of the woodwork when they are least expected, and a troupe of Spanish balletomanes turns loose at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty night after night.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

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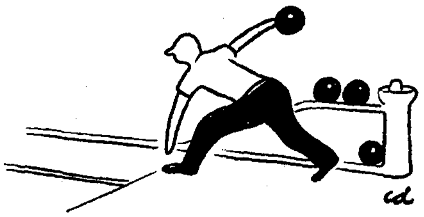
VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Charlie Mingus's Jazz Workshop quintet, which takes a real Humpty Dumpty fall out of all preconceptions about modern music, departs the campus on Sunday, Feb. 28, after a four-thirty matinée and an evening session. The ensuing Monday will, as usual, be an open forum, to discuss the matter of whither practically anything. The first shot will be fired at nine-fifteen. Musical activity will resume on Tuesday, March 2.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): For the coming weekend—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, the spokesman is Dick Gregory, whose bluff, burly humor frequently deals with the fact that it's a free country; the tenor is Arthur Prysock, an emotional outlet for the younger set; the music is the forceful eighteen-man army of Johnny Richards. Monday, March 1, will, like other Mondays, be reserved for a Latin band. On Tuesday, March 2, Herbie Mann's Caribbean-cruise orchestra moves in; dancing to taped sound will also be inaugurated.... **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffee mill that grinds exceeding small in its effort to produce a fine-grained product—folk music in its native state. Glenn Yarbrough, an alumnus of the Limeliters, is the most prominent of the present collection of vocalists. Tuesdays are given over to visitors.... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Hand-to-hand and horn-to-mouth combat, commencing—in the middle of the afternoon—with music to hully and gully to, and ending up with Gene Krupa's crack-of-doom quartet and Red Allen's quartet, which seeks and gives no quarter. Guest performers snatch up the instruments on Sundays.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The quartet belonging to Lucky Thompson, that ancient of days, removes itself from all the pasta and pizza on Thursday, Feb. 25, so that the quintet headed by Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer can come back home the night after. Sundays, now, extra sets are run off between four and seven in the afternoon. Closed Mondays.... **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The namesake of this stronghold of traditionalism—i.e., Mr. Condon himself—has at last been returned to office, and by a thumping (in every sense) majority, such as Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Morey Feld, Dill Jones, and Herb Gardner. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Coleman Hawkins, keeper of one of the finest of the old faiths, has moved his quartet onto the podium, where it makes a splendid centerpiece. The group is around every night but Monday, which is dedicated to drop-in players.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Mary Lou Williams, who knows every phase of jazz piano, principally because she has invented so much of it. There is also John Bunch, whose airy complexities make the interlude piano step lively. No action Mondays. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The spirit of the old 52nd Street lives on here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti wax eloquent on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Sundays, Don Frye has the podium and the piano to himself.... **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Seacoast-of-Maine scenery, seacoast-of-young-Bohemia aura, and a staff outfitted in H.M.S. Pinafore uniforms, all of which makes a novel setting for a small, articulate period-piece dance band that starts at nine-thirty every night and quits rather late in the morning. On Sundays, from four to nine, a Dixieland band champs at bits of traditional music, followed by a band that is given to rock-and-roll and such.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails: on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a new squadron of banjoists (the String Stretchers), who, from nine to three or four every night, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. The place is open every night. Sundays, from four-thirty to eight-thirty, the music comes in on a direct wire from Dixie. ... **BROKEN DRUM**, 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): Every Friday and Saturday, the Finger Lakes Five play you can easily guess what sort of jazz from nine-thirty until three.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JEAN ARP—Sculptures, reliefs, collages, and drawings; through March 13. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD BARINGER—Kinetic paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

JULIUS BISSIER—Abstract paintings by this contemporary German artist; through Saturday, March 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT BRODERSON—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

MORRIS BROSE—Abstract bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

MARY CALLERY—Sculptures, reliefs, and fountains, in brass, bronze, and stainless steel; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH CORNELL AND WILLEM DE KOONING—Constructions by the former and paintings by the latter; through March 18. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Paintings by a Paris abstractionist; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

GENE DAVIS—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

ADOLF DEHN—Italy, Kashmir, Colorado, and Pennsylvania are the subjects of these new watercolors; through Saturday, March 6. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—Oils, gouaches, assemblages, and drawings; through Saturday, March 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

JUNE HILDEBRAND—Paintings and prints; through Thursday, March 4. (Aegis, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

HANS HOFMANN—Paintings done in 1964 by the eighty-five-year-old dean of Abstract Expressionists; through March 13. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXEJ VON JAWLENSKY (1864-1941)—A retrospective of paintings by one of the early Expressionists; through April 3. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

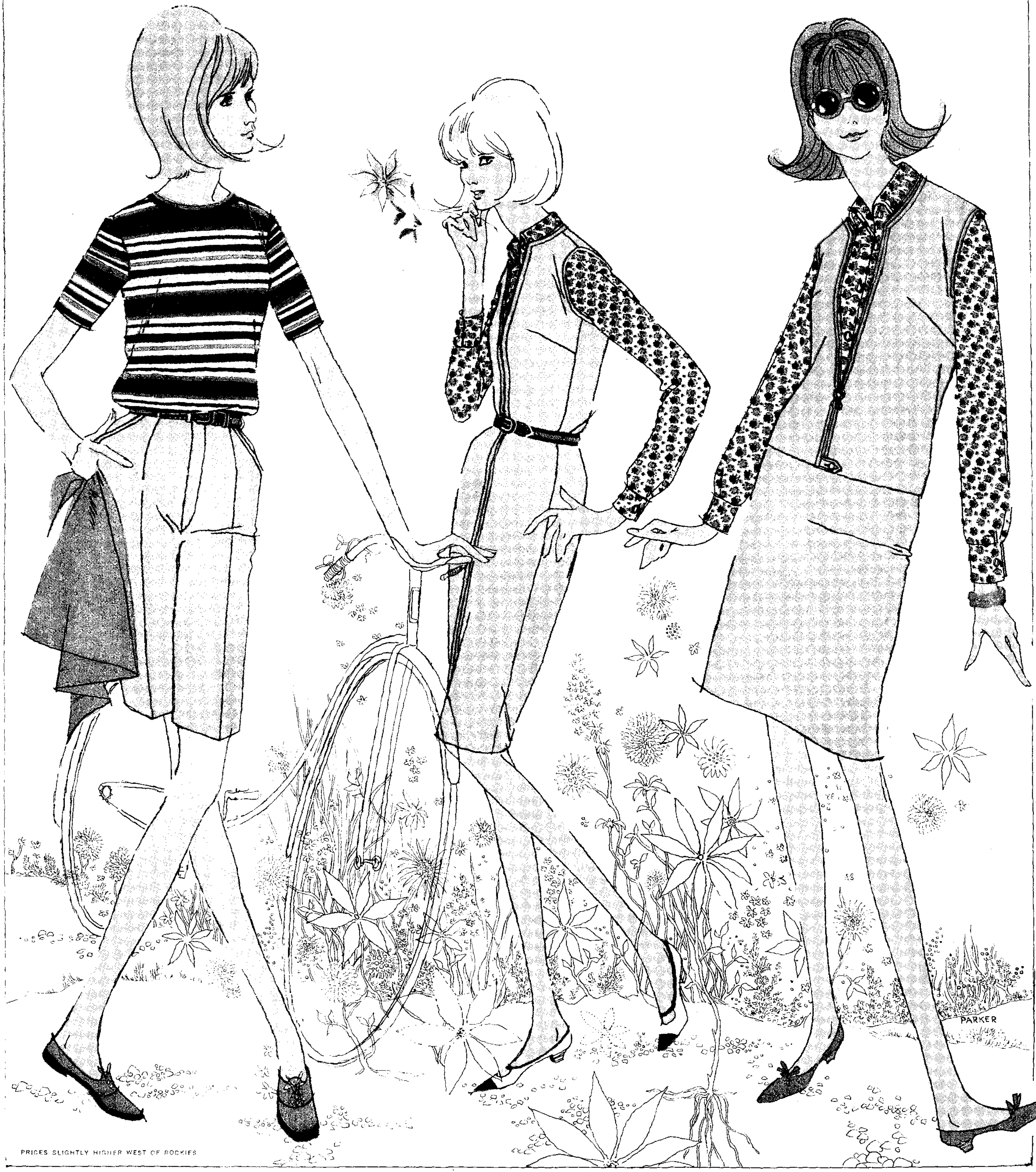
ASGER JORN, KAREL APPEL, AND JEAN PAUL RIOPELLE—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

MINORU KAWABATA—Abstractions; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

R. B. KITAJ—Paintings, drawings, collages, and prints by one of England's younger artists; through Saturday, March 6. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

IRVING KRIESBERG—Expressionist paintings;

Junior House does the freshest things in stretch Du Pont Nylon



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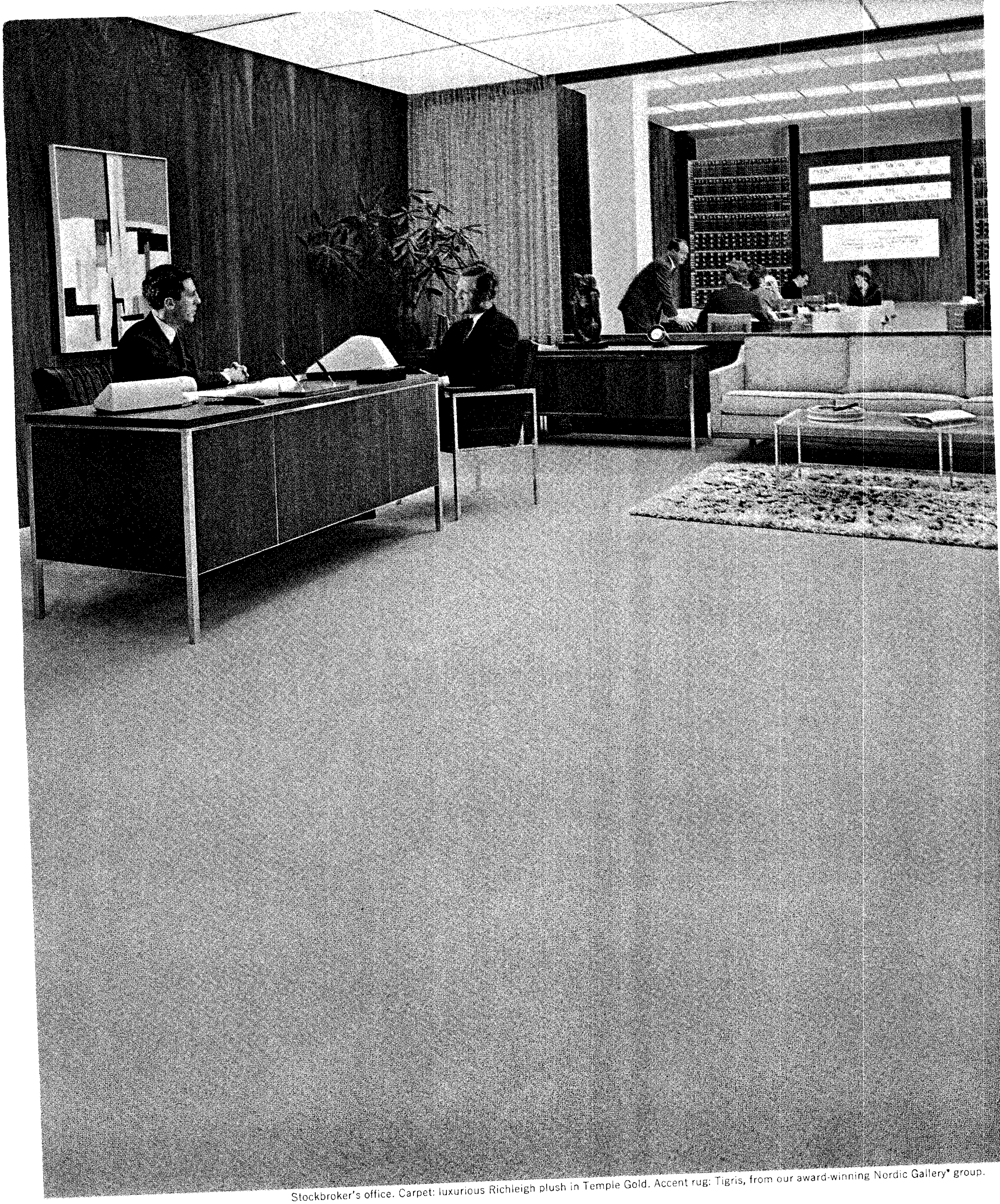

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*TRADEMARK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jacques Kupfermann—Landscapes; through Thursday, March 4. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Lechay—Street scenes and cathedral interiors of Paris; through March 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Doris Lee—Semi-abstract paintings; through March 13. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Richard Lindner—Drawings; through Saturday, March 6. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanton Macdonald-Wright—Paintings by an early American modernist; through March 13. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Meyerowitz—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Chase, 31 E. 64th St.)

Mario Micossi—Etchings; through Wednesday, March 3. (Wakefield, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Reginald Neal—Optical paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Gerald Oster—Op art; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Picasso—Oils, lithographs, drawings, and watercolors; through Saturday, March 6. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Poons—Paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter—Interiors, landscapes, seascapes, portraits, and figures; through Saturday, March 6. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Renouf—Abstract metal sculptures; through Friday, March 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Santomaso—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Seccombe—Welded-iron sculptures; through Thursday, March 4. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Gertrude Shibley—Paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Moses Soyer—Portraits, including many of artist friends; through Saturday, March 6. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Eugene Speicher (1883-1962)—Portraits, landscapes, and flower pictures; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (ACA American Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

Edward John Stevens—His twentieth annual show of gouaches, this one on South American subjects; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Dorothea Tanning—Paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Neil Welliver—Figure paintings; through Saturday, March 6. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Drawings by William Brice and paintings by Carroll Cloar, Nathan Oliveira, and Reuben Tam; through Saturday, March 6. . . . **DURLACHER**, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Three of the artists represented in a painting-and-drawing show are Peter Blume, Ben Kamihira, and Leonid; through Saturday, Feb. 27.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: "Figuration," a show of paintings in which the image predominates, with examples by Karel Appel, Lester Johnson, Michael Goldberg, and others; through Saturday, March 6. (Closed Mondays.). . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Albers, Herbin, Vasarely, Anuszkiewicz, and Poons make up the roster of a show entitled "Abstract Trompe-l'Oeil: Five Painters Who Lead and Mislead the Eye;" through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Bombois, Picasso, Archipenko, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, March 6. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WALKER**, 117 E. 57th St.: Paintings by such artists as George Bellows, Winslow Homer, and Eugène Boudin; through March 13.

French; Group Show—Master drawings of the twentieth century, from Bonnard to Gromaire; through Saturday, Feb. 27. (Goldschmidt, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

Haitians; Group Show—Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Bourmond Byron, Philippe Auguste, and André Dimanche; through Monday, March 1. (Art d'Haiti, 49 Grove St. Open Friday evening until 10.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred ancient sculptures from India, lent by twenty-two Indian museums and ranging from miniature terra cottas to monumental stone reliefs; through March 21. (Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents.). . . ¶ Rare illustrated books (fifteenth century to the present) are now on view in the newly completed Thomas J. Watson Library, and European drawings (della Quercia to Picasso) are on the balcony of the Blumenthal Patio, the principal entrance to the Library. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"The Responsive Eye," an exhibition of optical paintings and constructions by artists from eighteen countries; through April 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Eighty-eight twentieth-century European and American paintings (by, for instance, Hassam, Beckmann, Wyeth, and Hofmann) from the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation Collection; through April 5. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.). . . ¶ Fifty twentieth-century Japanese prints; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Relics of ancient China—pottery pieces, inlaid and jewelled buckles, jade fashionings, ritual vessels of bronze, and mythical creatures of many materials—from the collection of Dr. Paul Singer; through March 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Still Life Painters, Aertzen to Braque," a loan exhibit covering four hundred years; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Contemporaries #1," a showing of from one to four paintings apiece by about twenty-five living American artists, among them Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Reginald Pollack; through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6:45; Sundays, noon to 5:45.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by the Austrians Gustav Klimt and Egon Schiele; through April 18. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of the Abstract Expressionist paintings of William Baziotes; through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of hard-edge abstractions by Kenneth Noland; through March 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Fables from Aesop to Thurber," illustrated books and manuscripts; through March 11. . . . ¶ "Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through Saturday, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ "Animals of Fact and Fiction," four centuries of drawings; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-third Ceramic National Exhibition; through March 21. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Rubbings from early New England gravestones, plus a contrasting exhibit of modern roadside signs; through April 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"The Jaguar's Children: Pre-Classic Central Mexico," an exhibition of archaic ceramic figures, effigy forms, bowls, bottles, and other

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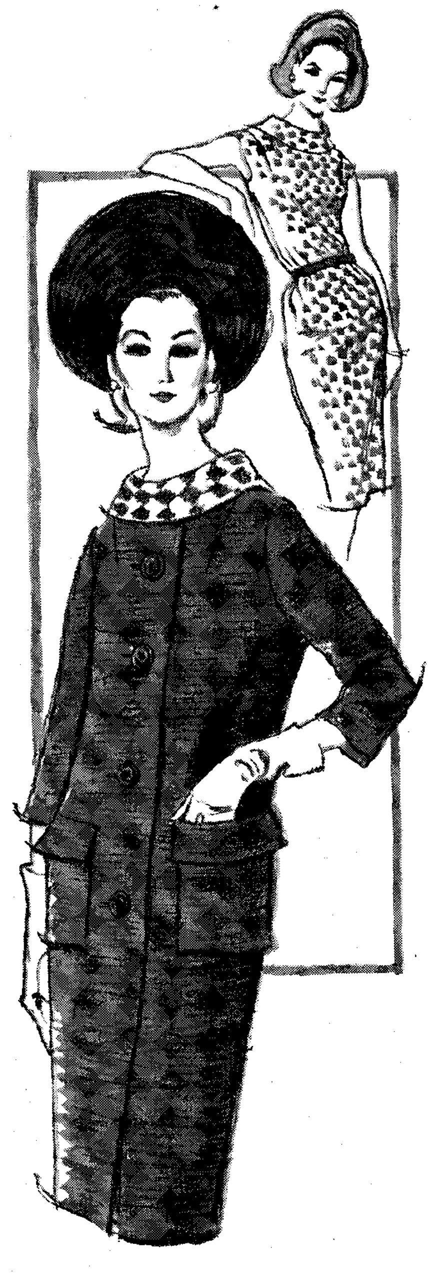

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

objects; through May 9. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fortieth annual exhibition, consisting of oils, sculptures, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through March 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of paintings and other works by Ivan Albright; through March 21. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Feb. 25: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Anita Valkki, Gladys Kriese, Walter Cassel, Karl Liebl, Giorgio Tozzi, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 26: "Cosi Fan Tutte" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Helen Vanni, Roberta Peters, Richard Tucker, Theodor Uppman, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday *matinée*, Feb. 27: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Jeanette Scovotti, Biserka Cvejic, Lucine Amara, Janis Martin, John Alexander, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 27: "Salome," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 1: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Maria Kouba, Gladys Kriese, Walter Cassel, Jon Vickers, Ernst Wiemann, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 2: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Helga Pilarczyk, Janis Martin, William Dooley, Kurt Baum, Donald Gramm, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 3: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Richard Tucker, Ettore Bastianini, Norman Scott, and Lawrence Davidson. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 4: "Salome," with Maria Kouba, Irene Dalis, Karl Liebl, Walter Cassel, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 5: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Charles Anthony. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 6: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Irene Dalis, Jon Vickers, George London, and David Ward. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 6: "Tosca," with Dorothy Kirsten, Bruno Prevedi, Ettore Bastianini, Norman Scott, Lawrence Davidson, and Paul Franke. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 4—Thursday, March 4, at 7:45: The New York première of Shostakovich's "Katerina Ismailova," in English. A benefit performance. . . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8:15, and Saturday, March 6, at 2:30 and 8:15: "Porgy and Bess." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Josef Krips conducting a Martinu-Mahler program on Friday, Feb. 26, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3 (all with Pierrette Alarie, soprano, and Rudolf Firkusny, piano); and a Bruckner-Wagner program on Thursday, March 4, at 8:30; Friday, March 5, at 2:15; and Sunday, March 7, at 3 (all with Maria Stader, soprano; Nell Rankin, mezzo-soprano; Leopold Simoneau, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Collegiate Chorale). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting a varied program on Saturday, March 6, at 8:30 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Charles Munch conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and Joseph Silverstein and Alfred Krips, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Dallas Symphony Orchestra—Donald Johanos conducting, with Ivan Davis, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing, with Zino Francescatti, violin; Nicholas DiVirgilio, tenor; McHenry Boatwright, baritone; and the Singing City Chorale. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 2, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting a program of music by Jack Beeson, with Marian Thompson, soprano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

Swiss Gala Concert—Gustav Meier directing a chamber orchestra and chorus, with Maria Stader, soprano; Margrit Weber, piano; Aurèle Nicolet, flute; and Heinz Rehfuss, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting—Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 27-28, at 8:30: With Henryk Szeryng, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, March 6-7, at 8:30: A performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," with Judith Raskin, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; and Chester Watson, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. All seats for the last two concerts have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting this new chamber orchestra in the first in a series of three concerts, this one a Telemann-Haydn program, with Bernard Krainis, recorder. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—James B. Welch directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8:40.)

Netherlands Chamber Choir—Felix de Nobel directing. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Don Cossack Chorus and Dancers—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 6, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano, in the last two in a series of all-Beethoven recitals. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 25, and Thursday, March 4, both at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in the last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

The Romeros—A program of guitar music by Celedonio Romero and his sons, Celin, Pepe, and Angel. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—Paul Jacobs, piano, and Kermit Moore, cello. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the performance.)

Joseph Fuchs, Lillian Fuchs, Zara Nelsova, and Grant Johannesen—Violin, viola, cello, and piano. (Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Artists' Choice Concert—The New York Baroque Ensemble, with Jean Hakes, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Tamás Vásáry—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Theodore Bikel—Folk singer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

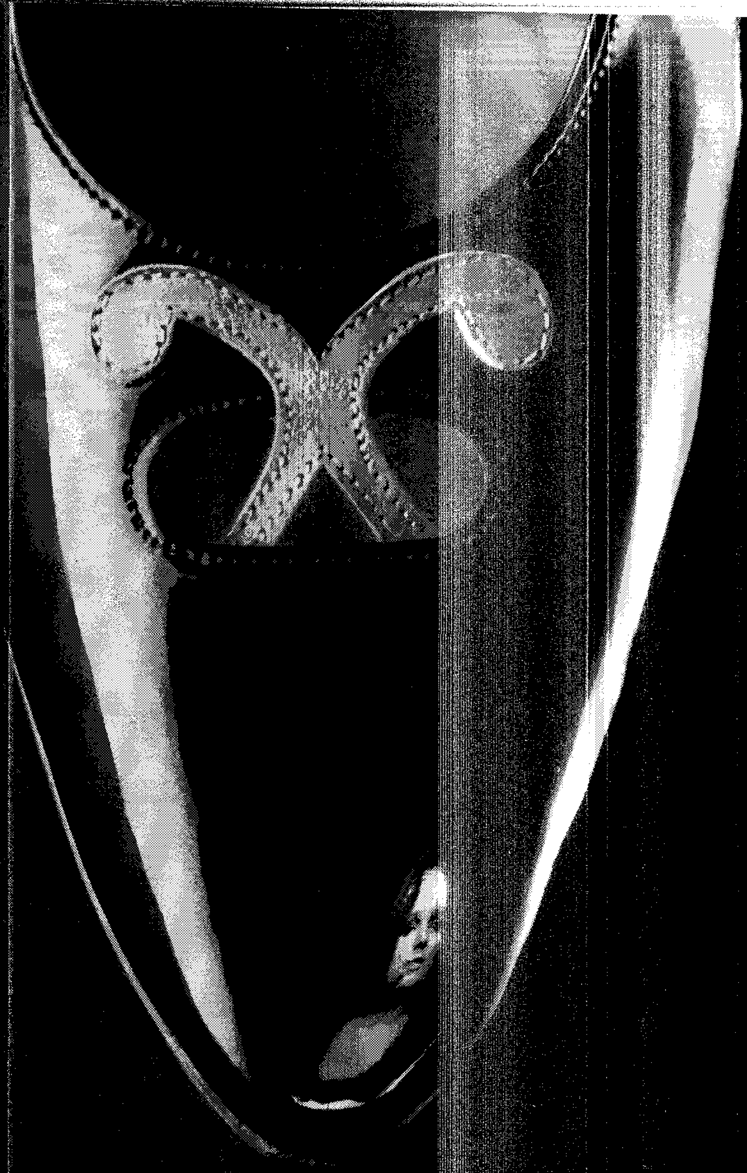
New School Concerts—The Guarneri String Quartet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 3 and 9.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Leontyne Price—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 2, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in the last in a series of



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concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Végh Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 4, at 8.)

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry—Mezzo-soprano and baritone, in a lieder program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Music of the English Baroque—"Odes for City and Court," performed by members of the Gotham Baroque Ensemble and the Ars Nova Orchestra, conducted by Robert Mandell; the Riverside Singers; and John Ferrante, countertenor. The last in a series of programs. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, March 5, at 8:40.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Bach programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Note—Julian Bream will give a lute-and-guitar recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 7, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, March 1, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—A jazz-piano workshop, narrated by Billy Taylor, with Thelonious Monk, Willie the Lion Smith, Teddy Wilson, and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)... ¶ Friday, Feb. 26, at 9: Paul Bley Quintet. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 10: Archie Shepp Sextet. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 8: Jazz Composers Guild Orchestra. (Contemporary Center, 180 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. WO 2-4279.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 27, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore.... ¶ Tuesday, March 2, at 6:30: Philadelphia vs. Los Angeles and Knicks vs. St. Louis.... ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

Boxing—Oscar Bonavena vs. Zora Folley, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 26. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 28, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Toronto.... ¶ Wednesday, March 3, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

Indoor Polo—Three games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 7:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 13. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 27, and the John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 6.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Feb. 25, at 8: Knights of Columbus.... ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 6:30: I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Wednesday, May 12.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," sung in English and acted by the Pickwick Puppet Theatre. The final children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 11.)... **amato opera company:** An abbreviated version of "The Magic Flute," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 2:30.)... **brooklyn philharmonia:** Siegfried Landau conducting the final children's concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 6, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **rose lynch productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **martinique theatre:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **maximillion productions:** "Gabriel Ghost." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 11.)... **mayfair theatre:** "The Impossible Princess," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30.... ¶ "The Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180.)... **merry-go-rounders:** "Dr. Fasolati's Dilemma." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Feb. 28, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **musical theatre for children:** "The Three Musketeers." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.)... ¶ "Treasure Island." (41st Street Theatre, 125 W. 41st St. LA 4-6731. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:50 and 3:30.)... **rockefeller players:** "Robin Hood." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **spyglass productions:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **stage 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3.... ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.)... **lea wallace puppets:** "Sinbad the Sailor." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Feb. 27, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Earth's Unending Journey." Starting Tuesday, March 2, there will be a new show, "*Six Minutes to Mars.*" (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

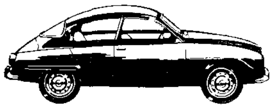
OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—William Dickey and Robert Sward reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, March 1, at 8:30.)

National Antiques Show—Among this year's exhibits are a collection of medieval jewelled swords, Civil War memorabilia, animal sculptures, a gypsy wagon, and an 1880 penny arcade. (Madison Square Garden. Daily, 1 to 11; through Thursday, March 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 26-27, at 1:45: Jades, single-color porcelains, and other Oriental art; from several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 1:45: English furniture, Georgian and other silver, decorative paintings, table porcelains and glass, and Oriental and other rugs; the property of Mrs. Lottie Zork and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 27.



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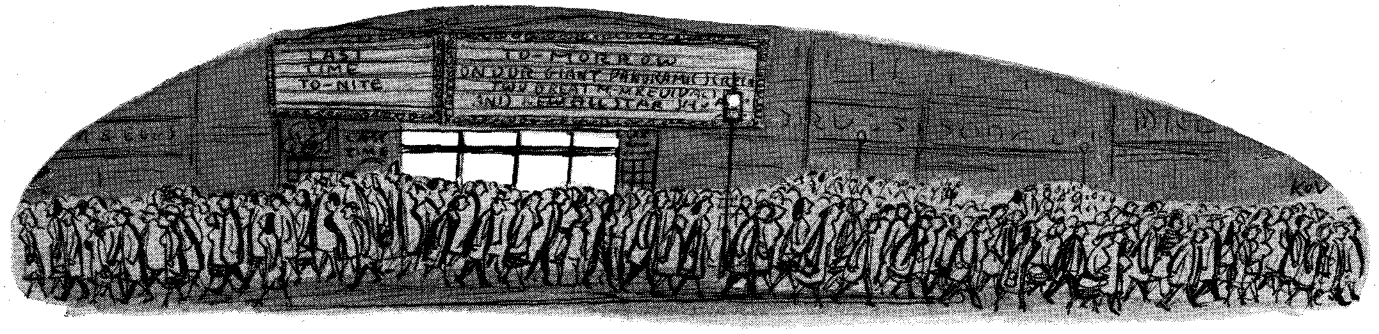

Banana Peel—A humorous French thriller, worth seeing because Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Gert Frobe evidently had such a good time making it. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Girl with Green Eyes—A sad comedy about young love in old Dublin, with the marvellous Rita Tushingham. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 2. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 3, tentative.)

Goldfinger—The third James Bond picture, and well up to scratch. Sean Connery, of course, with Gert Frobe as a formidable villain. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663. . . . ¶ Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664; through March 2.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—A Cinerama version of Christ's life, which has already been told well enough in the words of the New Testament. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Guns at Batasi—Richard Attenborough putting on a grand show as a regimental sergeant major in a dangerous corner of Africa. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 2. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 3.)

A Hard Day's Night—*Yeh, yeh, yeh!* (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

How to Murder Your Wife—Jack Lemmon stars in George Axelrod's amusing and deeply felt study of the horrors of marriage. Also on hand are Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Joy House—A tricky, pleasing thriller, directed by René Clément and starring Alain Delon, Jane Fonda, and Lola Albright. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Mafioso—A perfect tragicomedy about a Milan factory worker who, returning to his native Sicily on vacation, becomes involved in some Mafia business. Immeasurably aided by Alberto Sordi in the leading role; Alberto Lattuada, the director, is due the rest of the credit. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 25.)

Mary Poppins—A picture-postcard version, by Walt Disney, of a creature who would have had no patience with picture postcards. Starring Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; through Feb. 28.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn delightfully enacting those famous unlove scenes. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—For a wonder, a picture about Negroes that doesn't patronize them. The handiwork of Michael Roemer and Robert Young, it stars Ivan Dixon and Abbey Lincoln. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Séance on a Wet Afternoon—A spanking British thriller, with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough acting their heads off in commendably scary fashion. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. No one will be admitted after the film starts.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a spooky tale of corruption above stairs and below. Stylishly directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 26.)

36 Hours—A winningly outrageous melodrama of the Second World War, starring James Garner, Eva Marie Saint, and Rod Taylor. George Seaton directed. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through Feb. 28.)

Topkapi—How to steal crown jewels, in another of those adult-education courses by Jules Dassin with, as his capable assistants, Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, and Robert Morley. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Feb. 28.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—*Garçon rencontre fille*, but with a difference, for in this charming picture everyone sings and the buildings are rainbow-colored and sadness is hardly to be distinguished from joy. Music by Michel Legrand, screenplay and direction by Jacques Demy. The boy and girl are Nino Castelnuovo and Catherine Deneuve. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

World Without Sun—A thousand feet down in the Red Sea with Captain Cousteau, who is not only an eminent oceanographer but a maker of beautiful pictures. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Zorba the Greek—Anthony Quinn plays a roaring, passionate old man, and Alan Bates plays a soft-spoken, unfeeling young one, in a melodrama set in a small and forbidding village in Crete. Michael Cacoyannis was the director and Walter Lassally the photographer. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 2.)

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting March 2.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 26-March 1.)

Cleopatra (1963)—Life on the Euphrates, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 3.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Feb. 28.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 2.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; March 1.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 3.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner (1942)—Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley in the Kaufman-Hart comedy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Feb. 27.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Feb. 27.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 2.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's study of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 2.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 26-March 1.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Feb. 28-March 3.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 2.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; Feb. 28-March 3.)

Watch on the Rhine (1943)—The Hellman play about a refugee leader of the German underground. Bette Davis and Paul Lukas. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Feb. 27.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellowman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 2.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Horror Film"—Through Feb. 27: "King Kong" (1932), with Fay Wray. . . . ¶ Feb. 28-March 3: "Frankenstein" (1931), with Boris Karloff. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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28	1	2	3			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through March 2: "Ferry Cross the Mersey," Gerry and the Pacemakers.
From March 3: "The Love Goddesses," an anthology of the steamy tidbits performed by Theda Bara, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, Carroll Baker, and such.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Love Has Many Faces," Lana Turner, Cliff Robertson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
GOLDFINGER.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
JOY HOUSE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Feb. 28: **36 HOURS.**
From March 1: Theatre closed.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"None but the Brave," Frank Sinatra, Clint Walker; and "Escape by Night," Terrence Longdon.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Feb. 28: **MARY POPPINS.**
March 1: Theatre closed.
From March 2, at 8:30: "The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Opening night will be a benefit; for information about tickets, call CO 5-7460. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
From Feb. 25, at 8:30: "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Opening night will be a benefit. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Onibaba" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 2: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, WINTER LIGHT,** and **THE SILENCE** (all in Swedish and all revivals).
From March 3: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian); and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 2: **GUNS AT BATASI;** and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.
From March 3: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 2 (tentative): "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews; and "Robin and the 7 Hoods," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From March 3 (tentative): **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES;** and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOTHING BUT A MAN.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Feb. 27: **THE MARK,** revival; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
Feb. 28-March 3: **A TASTE OF HONEY,** revival; and **TIGER BAY,** revival.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
JOY HOUSE.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Ferry Cross the Mersey," Gerry and the Pacemakers.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"None but the Brave," Frank Sinatra, Clint Walker; and "Escape by Night," Terrence Longdon.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SÉANCE ON A WET AFTERNOON.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
GOLDFINGER.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
Through March 2: **GOLDFINGER.**
From March 3: "The Love Goddesses," an anthology of the steamy tidbits performed by Theda Bara, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, Carroll Baker, and such.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Feb. 28: **TOPKAPI;** and **A DAY AT THE RACES,** revival.
March 1: **THE INFORMER,** revival; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane.
From March 2: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS,** revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 2 (tentative): "The Americanization of Emily," James Garner, Julie Andrews; and "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.
From March 3 (tentative): **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES;** and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," Spencer Tracy.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"None but the Brave," Frank Sinatra, Clint Walker; and "Escape by Night," Terrence Longdon.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 2: "Love Has Many Faces," Lana Turner, Cliff Robertson.
From March 3: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 25: "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
Feb. 26-March 1: **LA STRADA** and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From March 2: **ALL ABOUT EVE,** revival; and **I AM A CAMERA,** revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 2: **GUNS AT BATASI;** and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.
From March 3: **CLEOPATRA,** revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 2: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES;** and **OPEN CITY** (in Italian), revival.
From March 3: **GUNS AT BATASI;** and "Father Goose," Cary Grant, Leslie Caron.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 2: "The Guide," Dev Anand.
From March 3: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 2: "Sylvia," Carroll Baker, George Maharis; and "The Horror of It All," Pat Boone.
From March 3: "Love Has Many Faces," Lana Turner, Cliff Robertson; and "Torpedo Bay," James Mason, Lilli Palmer.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 2: "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.
From March 3: To be announced.

23 Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Feb. 25-March 1 and March 3: "None but the Brave," Frank Sinatra, Clint Walker; and "Escape by Night," Terrence Longdon.
March 2: "The Student Prince," revival, Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom; and "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Lady General" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MARY POPPINS.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Feb. 28: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, WINTER LIGHT,** and **THE SILENCE** (all in Swedish and all revivals).
From March 1: "The Overcoat" (in Russian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Guide," Dev Anand.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
BANANA PEEL (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 27: **WATCH ON THE RHINE,** revival; and **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER,** revival.
Feb. 28-March 1: "The Catered Affair," revival, Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine; and "Dangerous," revival, Bette Davis, Franchot Tone.
March 2-3: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," revival, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford; and "The Letter," revival, Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 2: **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES;** and "The Visit," Ingrid Bergman, Anthony Quinn.
From March 3: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE,** revival; and "The Fall of the Roman Empire," revival, Sophia Loren, Stephen Boyd.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 25: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian); and "That Man from Rio" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Feb. 26: **THE SERVANT;** and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 2: "Anatomy of a Marriage" (in French), Marie-José Nat, Jacques Charrier.
From March 3: To be announced.

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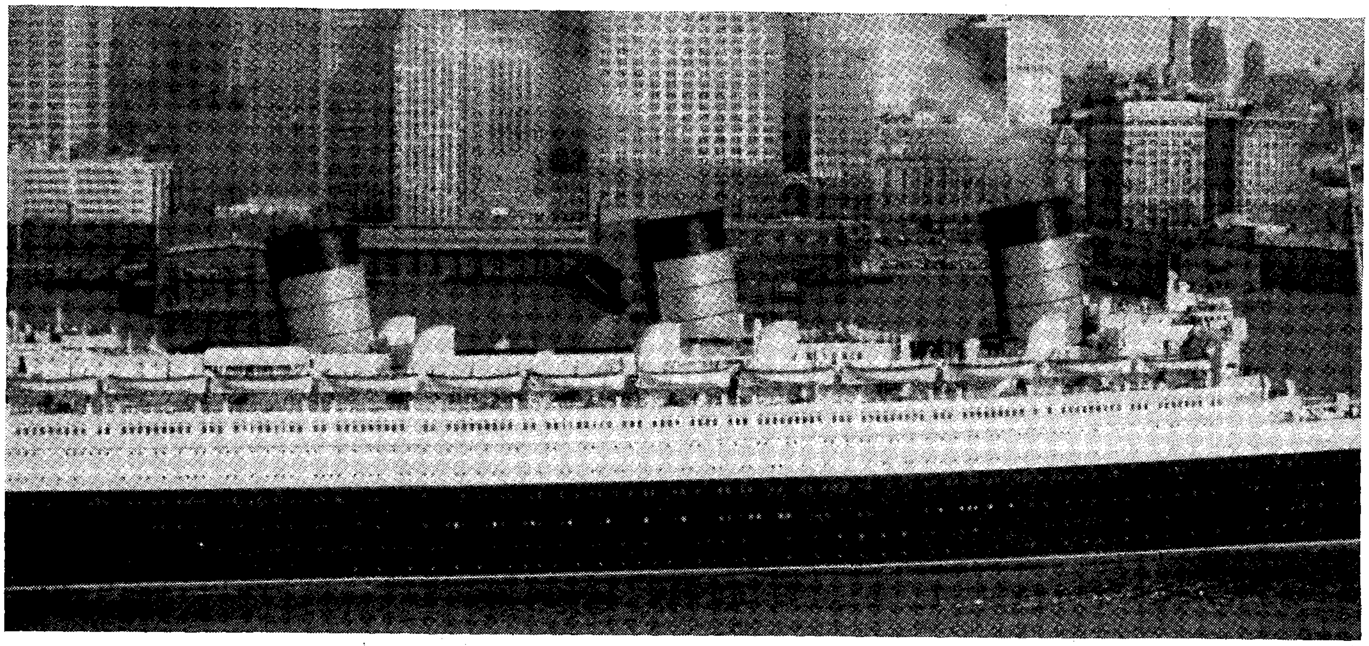

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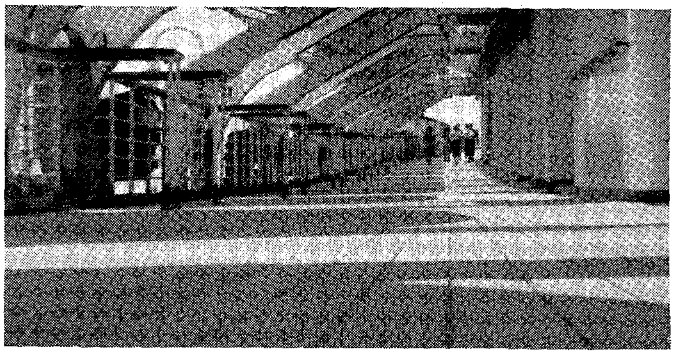

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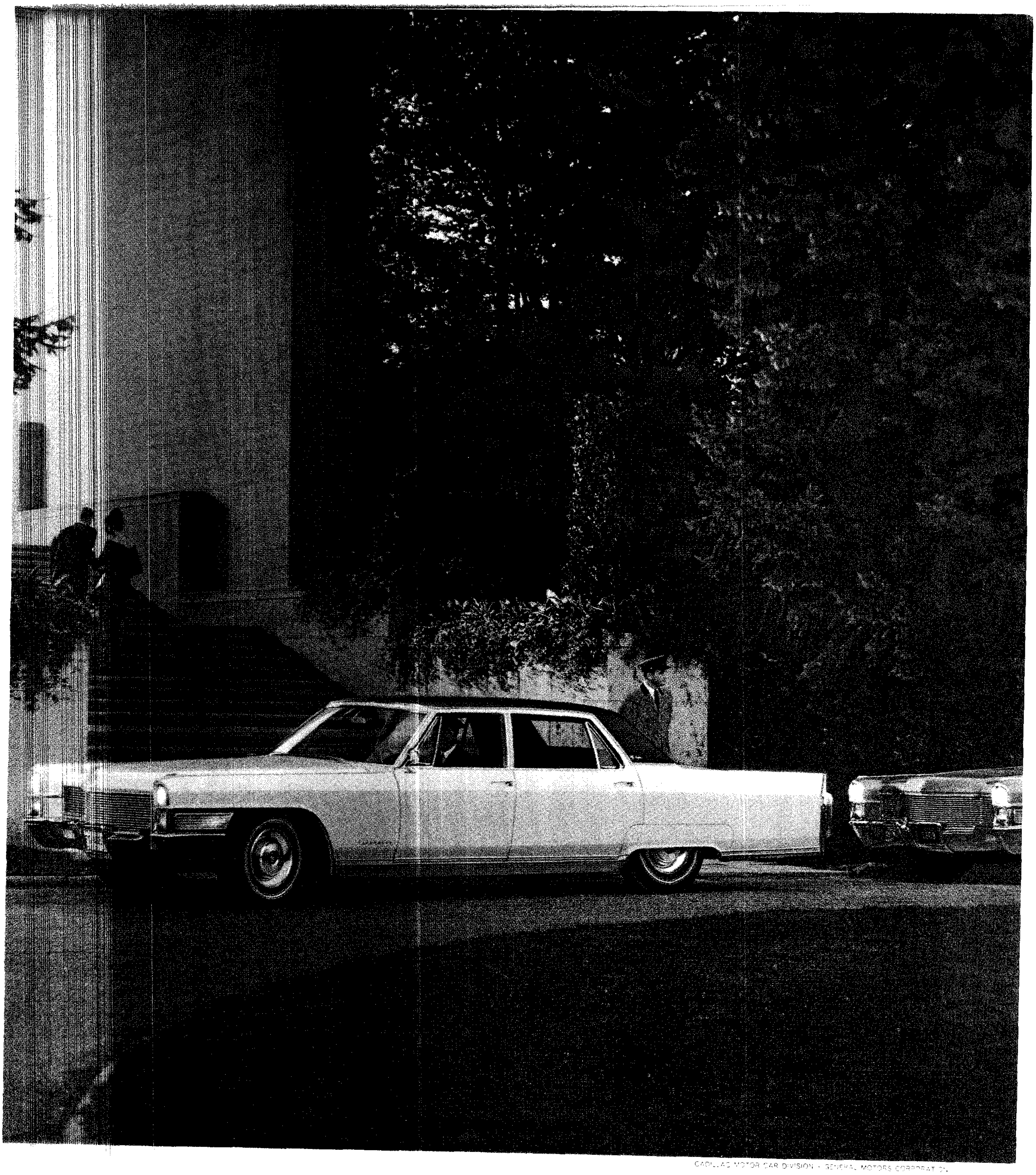

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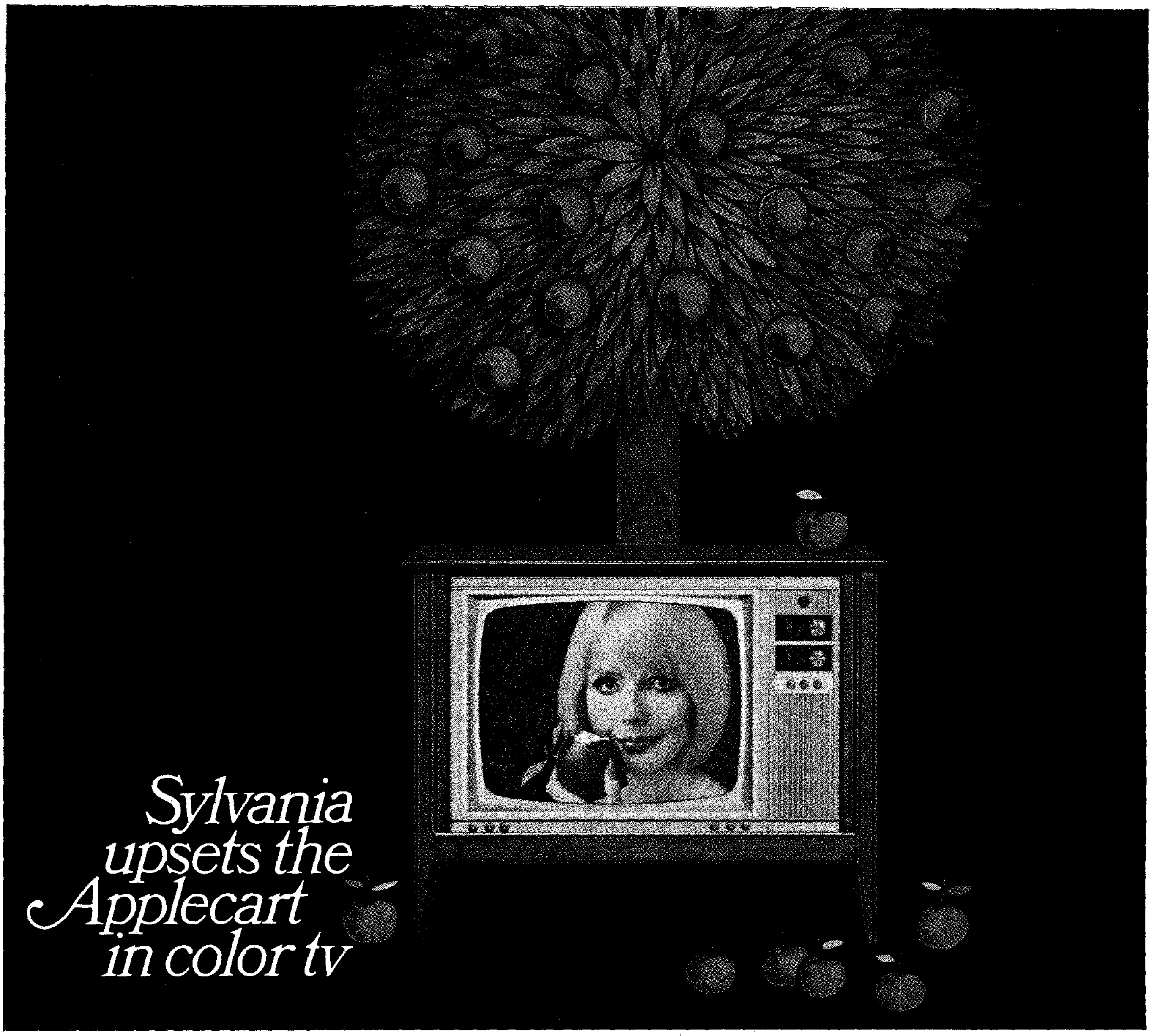

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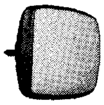

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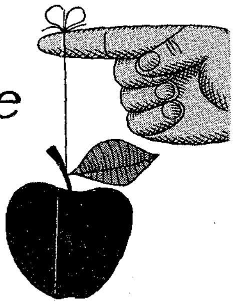

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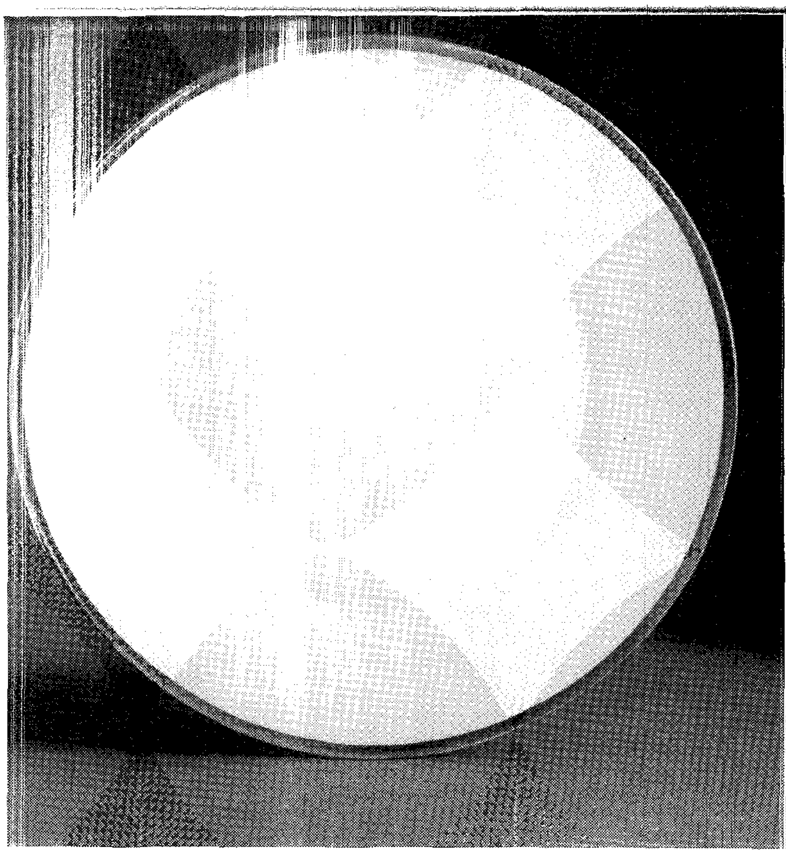

Is it whiter than snow?

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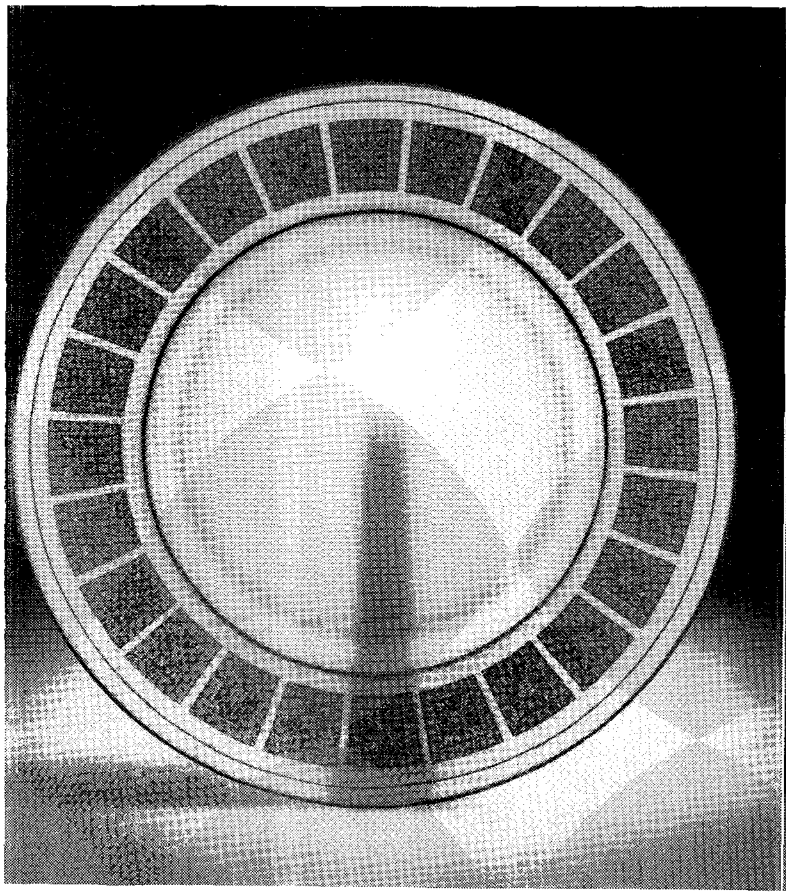
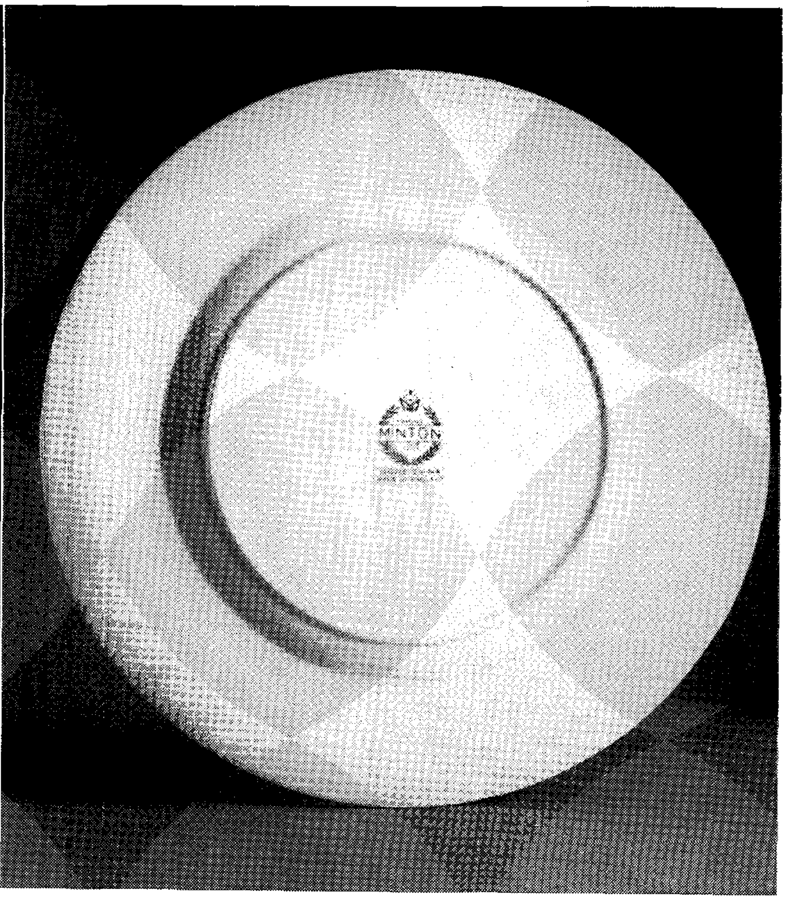


Can you see candlelight through it?



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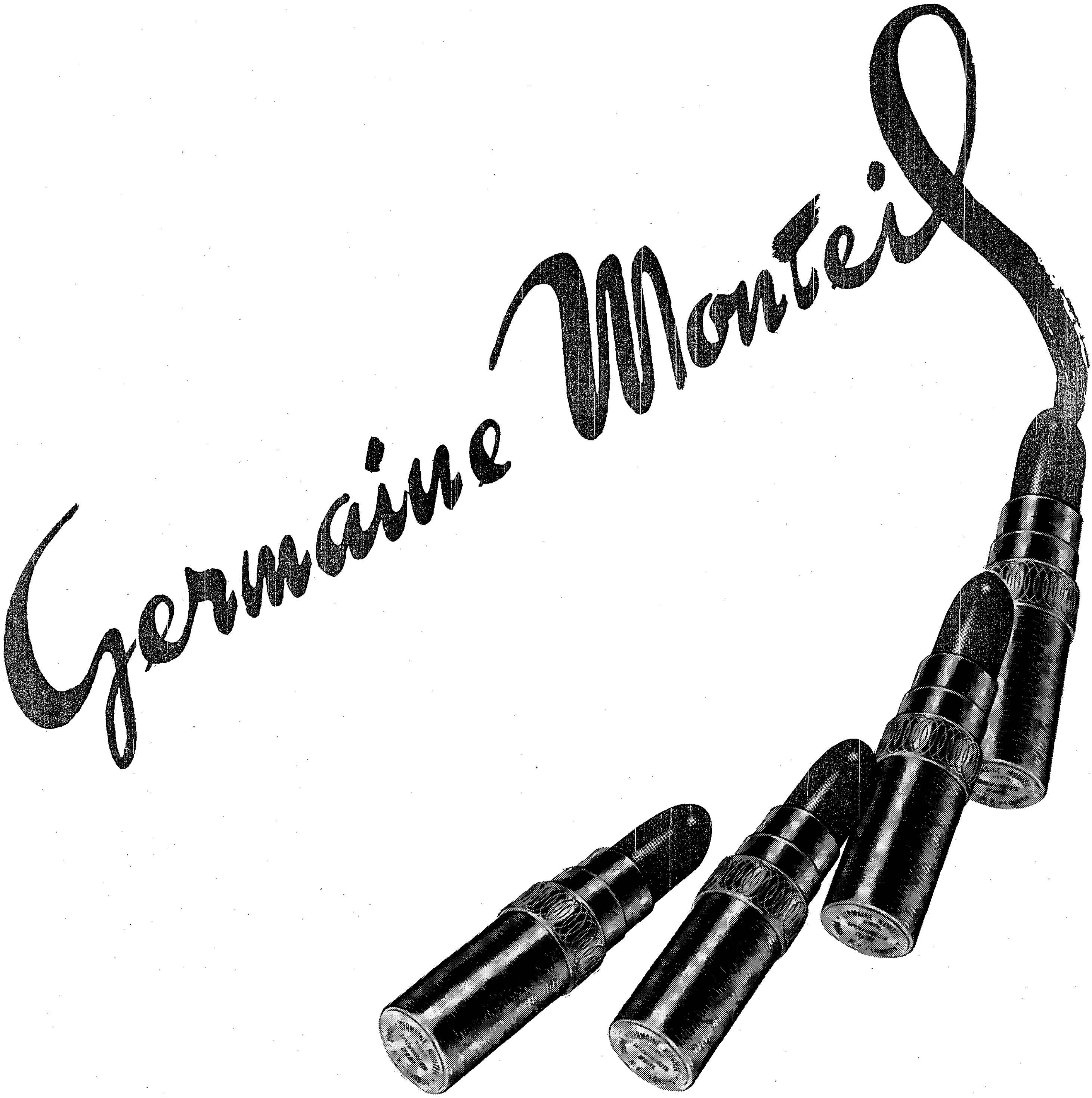
Top left, Palatine; top right, Marlow; both $21.75 per place setting. Bottom left, Athena, $48.50 per place setting. May we send you a color brochure of 39 Minton patterns? Minton, Inc., 11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

The world's most beautiful china **MINTON English Bone China**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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR old friend Eustace Tilley dropped by the office the other morning for a few minutes—a rare event in the day of a man too busy to be frequently or predictably visible. He carefully laid his dogskin gloves on top of an inactive air-conditioner, removed his cornflower boutonnière from the lapel of his pigeon-gray hopsack suit and balanced it in a paper cup of water, and briskly slit open and scanned his mail, which included, we noticed, an engraved invitation to a *vernissage* in a supermarket and a half-dozen week-old birthday cards. He smiled gratefully at these, and he looked so well—his eyes bright, his cheeks firm and ruddy—that we ventured to ask him for an interview.

"Shoot," he replied graciously, brushing a thin cloud of city soot from his sleeves.

"Where did you get your name, Mr. Tilley?" we asked, unobtrusively picking up a pencil.

"From my father," he said.

"Where do you live, Mr. Tilley? Do you have a motorcycle? A wife? Who is your tailor?"

He fixed us with his honest cornflower-blue gaze. "I live in New York," he said, "and, so to speak, inside my own head. I am clothed, I trust, in good manners and firm opinions."

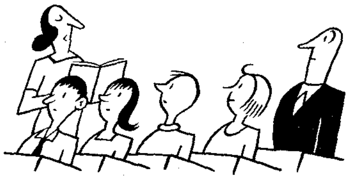
"What is your favorite dessert?" we persisted. "Any cronies? Roughly, what is your annual income?"

"I earn only what I deserve, and I share my crotchets and tastes openly with all who wish to listen," he said. "*Sum qualis cogito*—I am what I think."

"But what about some personal details? What's the truth about—" we had begun querulously, when he leaned over and gently removed the pencil from our hand.

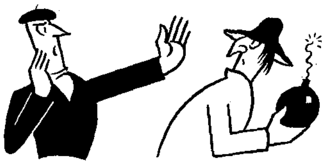
"For instance," he continued, "I believe that the Central Park Zoo should contain no more than a dozen animals, each in a setting of jungle splendor. I am for a return of the custom of hat removal by gentlemen in elevators, and for a modest silence among ladies at theatrical matinées. I believe that Mr. Moses' next undertaking should be a World's Fair of Transportation, to consist of life-size models of three working commuter railroad lines extending from West Forty-fourth Street to the nearest drinkable brooks. I live for the day when midtown Fifth Avenue will be converted into a no-way-traffic artery, permitting customers at E. J. Korvette to look out upon an umbrageous spinney of maple and oak trees. I oppose the destruction of the Squadron A Armory and have drawn up plans for its interior redesign, which call for the retention of the police horses in the basement, a public library and art gallery on the second floor, a year-round skating and curling rink, eight tennis courts, and a hopscotch-o-rama on the top floor, and a public greenhouse and tea garden on the roof."

By this time, Mr. Tilley had pocketed his birthday cards and carefully reaffixed his boutonnière. He shook our hand firmly and delivered his parting words from the door. "I hold that we would all benefit by mastering the art of recognition—the recognition of old friends and new celebrities, of wildflowers, of nations of many sizes and persuasions, of first editions, of all the passing human vessels with whom we share the weather of our times. I believe that every adult should be invited to spend one week annually in class at one of our public or private schools, so that we can familiarize ourselves with the New Math, reacquaint ourselves with the young, and encourage teachers through our presence and our earnest attention. I bid you good day."

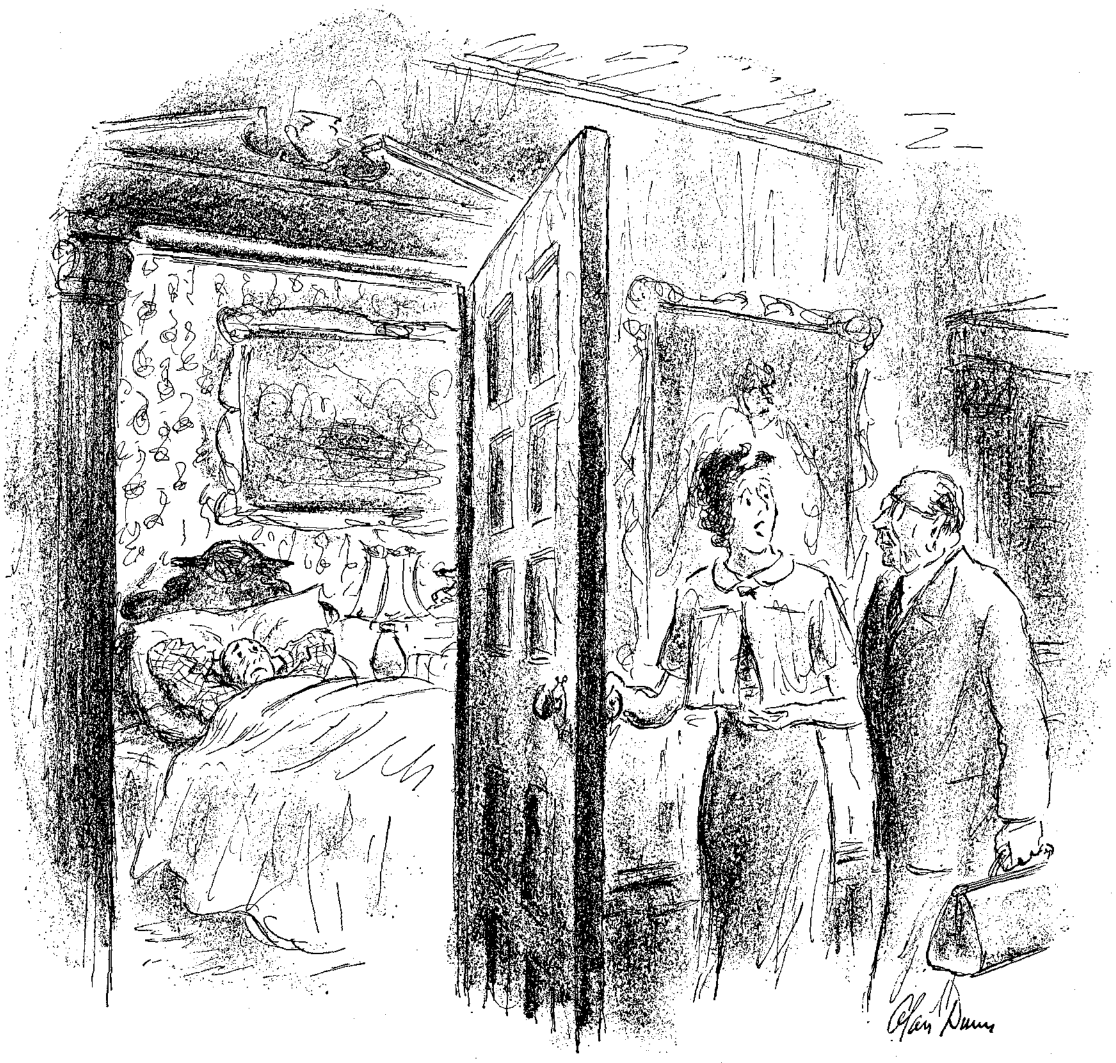


We followed Mr. Tilley at a little distance as, waving affably to old friends, he made his way down the hall and vanished around a corner.

THE days of functional sabotage seem to be numbered, and any old-school terrorist who persists in dynamiting bridges, airfields, or power plants may soon find himself as déclassé as the literary man who still demands that art have a useful or instructive end. The New Saboteur, like the modern artist, is a high stylist. His work is gesture, not hard-core communication. The Messrs. Collier, Bowe, and Sayyed and Mlle. Duclos, who last week, it is alleged, nearly succeeded in blowing the head off the Statue of Liberty—not to mention toppling the Washington Monument and adding a few new cracks to the Liberty Bell—are a case in point. The New Saboteurs are devotees of the impractical coup de grâce. Such seemingly sensible terrorist targets as Cape Kennedy and the Strategic Air Command have no charm for *them*. Like many of the new writers, they are after metaphor, not content. They want piquancy and a classy symbolic enactment of their rather rabid fantasy. Most of all, they want *layers* of significance, they want something to give the graduate students pause. To this sensitive group, munitions depots and the like clearly smack of cause-and-effect, one-level logic; nothing but monuments will do. Even saboteurs are With It.



WE seldom think of the civilizing influence of the King Korn Stamp Company these days without



"The Dollar has been keeping him awake."

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experiencing a warm, not to say lurid, glow deep down inside. The firm is currently sponsoring an exhibition of Early American paintings and artifacts at the I.B.M. Gallery, and this, we learn from the *Times*, is merely one aspect of a continuing program of cultural uplift that began last February, when the King Korn catalogue was expanded to include some seventeen works of art, among them "a painting by Maurice Utrillo (5,225 stamp books) and an original Renaissance work by Ercole Grandi da Ferrara (6,250 books)." The scheme promises to be a powerful stimulator not only of art but of appetite. We have calculated that a representative pair of culturally acquisitive newlyweds will be obliged to eat twenty TV dinners per day, or the equivalent, for a good two hundred years if they hope to collect the original Renaissance work. Older trenchermen or those with little patience will be driven to still more strenuous exertions at the table. Indeed, it seems probable that King Korn's chief contribution to civilization may prove to be in the realm of *gourmandise* rather than in that of the fine arts. We may see a rebirth of the really substantial feeder—the emergence of men like Louis XIV, who on an off day was regretfully observed by his doctor to be so enfeebled that he "wished to be served only with crusts, a pigeon soup, and three roast chickens." At a proper meal, one gathers, the Sun King would have found no difficulty in laying King Korn under a substantial obligation. Strict computation shows, however, that mere gross feeding, by itself, is unlikely to produce King Korn scrip with sufficient rapidity to satisfy this impatient age. And here Gastronomy steps lightly to the rescue. We expect that many American households will echo, in suitably revised, marital form, the interview—as recorded by Brillat-Savarin—between the Prince de Soubise and his steward:

> The Prince de Soubise one day wished to hold a reception; it was to end with a supper, and he sent for the bill of fare.
>
> His steward appeared at his bedside with a highly ornate card, on which the first item to meet the princely eye was *fifty hams*.
>
> "Bertrand," he exclaimed, "what is the meaning of this piece of extravagance? Fifty hams! Do you want to regale the whole of my regiment?"
>
> "No, *mon prince*; only one ham will appear on the table; but I shall still need all the rest for my dressings, my sauces, my garnishings, my . . ."
>
> "Bertrand, you're a thief, and I shall not pass those hams."
>
> "Ah, but, *Monseigneur*," replied the artist, hardly able to contain his wrath, "you do not know our resources! You have but to say the word, and I will take every one of those offending hams and put them all together into a crystal phial no bigger than my thumb!"
>
> What was to be said to so hardy an assertion? The prince smiled and nodded assent, and the item was allowed to pass.

It is perhaps too much to expect that the cultural program of the King Korn Stamp Company will at length produce a race of gastronomes like those known to Brillat-Savarin, whose exacting palates were able to discern "the peculiar savor of the leg on which a partridge rests its weight when it sleeps," but we may anticipate with some confidence a breed of eaters who are able to detect which side of a breast of chicken was touched by supermarket cellophane and which reposed upon the sodden cardboard.

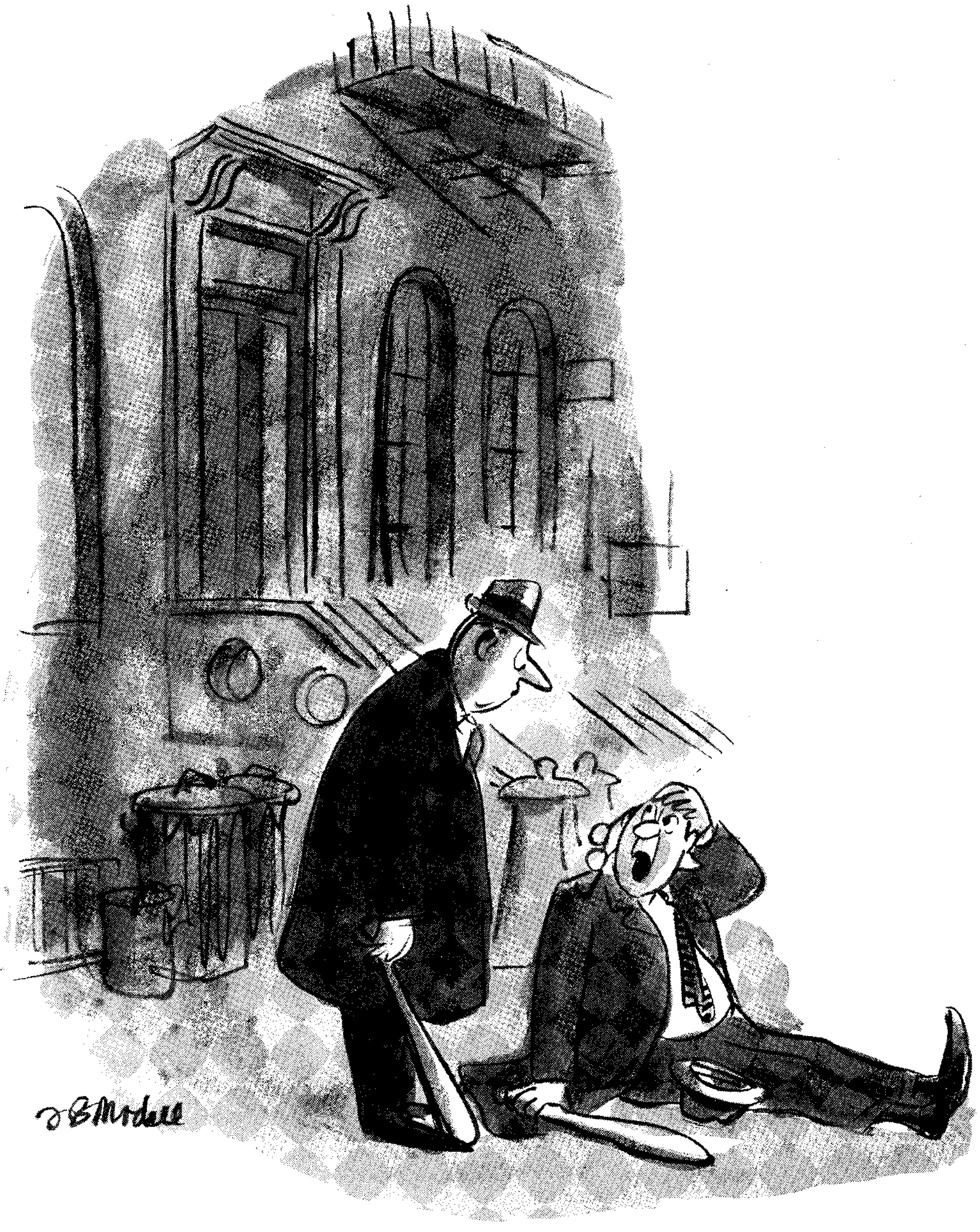
Op (Cont.)

YOU can't tell what you're getting into when you begin exploring—as we began last week, with our investigation of the artist Karl Gerstner—the world of op (for "optical") art. Recently, we came across an announcement of an exhibition, at the Howard Wise Gallery, called "Oster's Magic Moirés." The title sounded so provocative that we hauled out our biggest office dictionary, looked up "moiré," and marched up to Fifty-seventh Street to see what we could see. According to the dictionary, "moiré" refers to the shimmering light patterns produced when two pieces of fabric are pressed tightly together, so that the ribbing of one piece is superimposed on the ribbing of the other. This somewhat limited definition hardly prepared us for the show itself—an array of twenty-three plastic constructions decorated with an assortment of carefully painted geometrical designs and arranged so that each piece played a surprising variation on the basic moiré phenomenon. The magician responsible for it turned out to be a personable, bespectacled scientist named Gerald Oster, who is a professor of chemical physics at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, looks much younger than his age, which is forty-six, and believes that the gulf between Art and Science can be bridged with a little imagination. We volunteered our personal gulf for some experimental bridging, and Dr. Oster agreed to escort us on an educational spin around the gallery.

The first object that caught our eye was a freestanding plastic sandwich called "Conic Sections I"—two panes of transparent plastic set a few inches apart on a waist-high pedestal. A precise pattern of equally spaced concentric circles had been traced in black on the first pane; the second had been covered with a vertical pattern of thin black stripes. When we looked through the two panes, however, a totally different set of curved lines sprang into being, apparently suspended in the air somewhere inside the sandwich. Dr. Oster told us to move our head back and forth, and as we did, the new curves seemed to bob back and forth with us. "Those are actually hyperbolas," Dr. Oster said. "What you're seeing is a series of intersections—places where the circles cut across the stripes behind them. Your eye unconsciously connects up the two figures wherever their lines cross at a small angle. You can get the same effect by placing one pocket comb flat on top of another and turning them. When the teeth are at right angles, all you see is crosshatching, but as you narrow the angle between the combs, bringing the teeth toward perfect alignment, you begin to get moiré lines. Strangely, the smaller the angle of intersection, the larger the moiré pattern produced."

We followed Dr. Oster across the room to look at another plastic sandwich, this one framed and hung on the wall like an old-fashioned painting but bearing the title "Sine and Rotating Sine." As we came into range, we could see a wavy moiré pattern superimposed on painted sine curves, but as we moved closer, the moiré waves appeared to get steadily smaller. Somewhat startled, we stepped back experimentally, and the moiré pattern got larger. "You see?" Dr. Oster said delightedly. "That sort of thing is contrary to all our usual experience. Things should look *bigger* from close up. That's part of the excitement of moirés. You can create whole new worlds of vision. Actually, moirés appear wherever two repetitive figures are seen to overlap in some way. The shimmer you see on window screens in the summertime is a moiré effect produced by the interplay of the screen with its own shadow on the glass. You can see moiré by looking through wicker chairs at other wicker chairs, or through empty wire-mesh trash baskets on street corners, or through the overlapping steel cables on suspension bridges, but most people aren't aware of what they are seeing, because we all learn to censor our wilder visual experiences as we get older."

Resting our eyes for a moment on the non-moiré pattern of a white window curtain, we asked the artist-scientist whether he creates his works by intuition or by calculation. "The aesthetic decisions are made the way any artist might make them," he said. "For instance, some of the moiré patterns seem to revolve as you walk past them. I can change the apparent speed of the revolution by changing the spacing between the lines, the width of the lines themselves, the distance between the plastic panels, and so forth. Choosing the right speed for each piece is a matter of taste, but once I decide what effect I'm after, I can compute the exact combination of factors required to achieve it—a pattern of lines spaced according to a logarithmic progression, say." He pointed out a construction that bore the title "Triple Log" and produced a sort of polka-dot moiré. "I could give you the computations that went into that," he continued. "Some people tell me not to go around telling everybody how I do it, but after all I'm an educator first. The magic of moirés is the magic of math, really. All the moiré



"Next time you might make sure it isn't another vigilante."

patterns you see here are visualizations of mathematical relationships—from the parabolas, hyperbolas, and ellipses that everyone remembers studying in high-school math to the most complex wave phenomena."

Dr. Oster, who has written numerous technical papers on the subject, assured us that in the last few years interest in moirés has been spreading through the scientific world. Acoustical engineers have been constructing moiré models that reproduce graphically the behavior of sound waves under specific conditions. Other engineers have been busy painting repetitive patterns on airplane wings; when these are observed in flight by trained personnel looking through patterned transparencies, even minute strains in the structure show up, enormously magnified, as changes in the moiré. Dr. Oster himself has been hard at work on a broad spectrum of scientific projects, including the development of what he believes may be a new type of laser. "When I first started looking into moirés, back in 1960, my only thought was that they might make a useful laboratory tool," he said. "I probably wouldn't have gone into them so deeply if I hadn't begun to notice how beautiful the patterns were. I do think that the eye has been neglected in physical science ever since the mathematicians got into the act, early in the nineteenth century. Of course, part of the problem was the difficulty of drawing up good visual models of mathematics. Anyway, science tended to become more and more remote from the public. Moirés may change that. I've written one booklet that uses moiré patterns to help high-school students visualize the advanced concepts behind the most complex equations." Dr. O. waved his hands at the airy constructions around us. "Art shows come and go, but to influence the whole manner of teaching science—that would really be something, wouldn't it?"

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OVERHEARD in an Empire State Building elevator: "Comparablewise, we should be the leading mill this year."

Package

WHAT else that's happening, Baby, these frenzied days, is the appearance of an instant, or do-it-yourself, or packaged, discothèque, which is the invention, or promotion, of the Seeburg Corporation, a Chicago-based outfit that is the world's largest manufacturer of coin-operated vending machines, and last week was New York's turn to watch a bunch of energetic Seeburg salesmen on the national demonstration circuit deliver the package to the people. We were invited, and we ran. The place: The Oriental Room, on the twenty-sixth floor of the Park Sheraton Hotel. The time: Two days. The scene: Seeburg's own instant night club, a three-thousand-dollar package called the Seeburg Discothèque and consisting of a lovely jukebox, with places for dimes, quarters, half dollars, and eighty Rec-O-Dance records (six dance numbers to a record); lovely wall panels bearing drawings of dancing couples entitled "The Watusi," "The Frug," "The Frankenstein," "The Monkey," "The Swim," "The Etc.;" lovely paper napkins with same and coasters with same; lovely extras, like a dance floor that is thrown in for only seventy dollars a square yard; a lovely list of Seeburg Discothèque locations (including such establishments as the Willow Brook Country Club, in Huntsville, Alabama; the Surf Rider, in Santa Monica, California; Sid King's Crazy Horse, in Denver, Colorado; the Lamplight, in Lebanon, Illinois; the Club Hawaii, in Gary, Indiana; and the Top Hat, in Missoula, Montana, not to mention the A-Go-Go, the Whiskey A-Go-Go, the Bucket A-Go-Go, the Frisky A-Go-Go, the Champagne A-Go-Go, and the Blu-Note A-Go-Go, which are in Aspen, Colorado; New Orleans, Louisiana; Park City, Utah; San Antonio, Texas; Madison, Wisconsin; and Whitesboro, New York, respectively); press releases ("The deluge of orders is dramatic evidence of America's enthusiasm for discothèque dancing in general and the Seeburg Discothèque in particular"); sales brochures ("Say 'Dis-ko-tek'... Great new money-making MUSIC-DANCE Entertainment... DRAWS to your place of business the tremendously profitable EVENING DANCE and REFRESHMENT TRAFFIC! ... LP CONSOLE/480 pours out a thrilling cascade of stereo BIG SOUND through the new RHYTHM TWINS—sensational new floor-level remote multi-channel stereo speakers"); and live dancers, including Arthur Murray teachers named Pat Traymore and Terry Leone and one of the first discothèque operators in history, a twenty-seven-year-old dancing Frenchman named Joseph Panarinfo, who started a discothèque in Cannes when he was seventeen. Pat Traymore, Terry Leone, and Joseph Panarinfo were all sloe-eyed tango types. Also, they all had the flu. The Seeburg people—there were forty-two of them, by our count—looked prosperous, ambitious, and satisfied, but they all had the flu, too. When we arrived, the instant Discothèque was smoky and dark, with flaming wax candles on the tables, and everybody was coughing, on the dance floor and off.

On the dance floor—about twenty-five square yards', or seventeen hundred and fifty dollars', worth—to a thundering rendition of "Chug-a-Lug," the dancers were doing the Hully-Gully. Off to one side, we sat with a coughing Seeburg vice-president named Frank Finneran and a coughing Seeburg promotions manager named Arnold Silverman. They spoke tenderly and humbly of Joseph Panarinfo.

"Our European representative stumbled on Joe in Geneva," Finneran said. "Joe and his brother Michel were running Club 58—a discothèque with three thousand members, each member paying sixty dollars a year. Victor Emmanuel is a member! Yul Brynner is a member! And many others."

"We flew Joe over here on December 1st," Silverman said. "I met him in Chicago, and the next day we were unveiling our Discothèque at the Butterscotch Lounge in St. Louis. I've travelled with Joe to eighteen unveilings of the package in twelve states, including places like Chickasha, Oklahoma. Tomorrow we're going to Detroit."

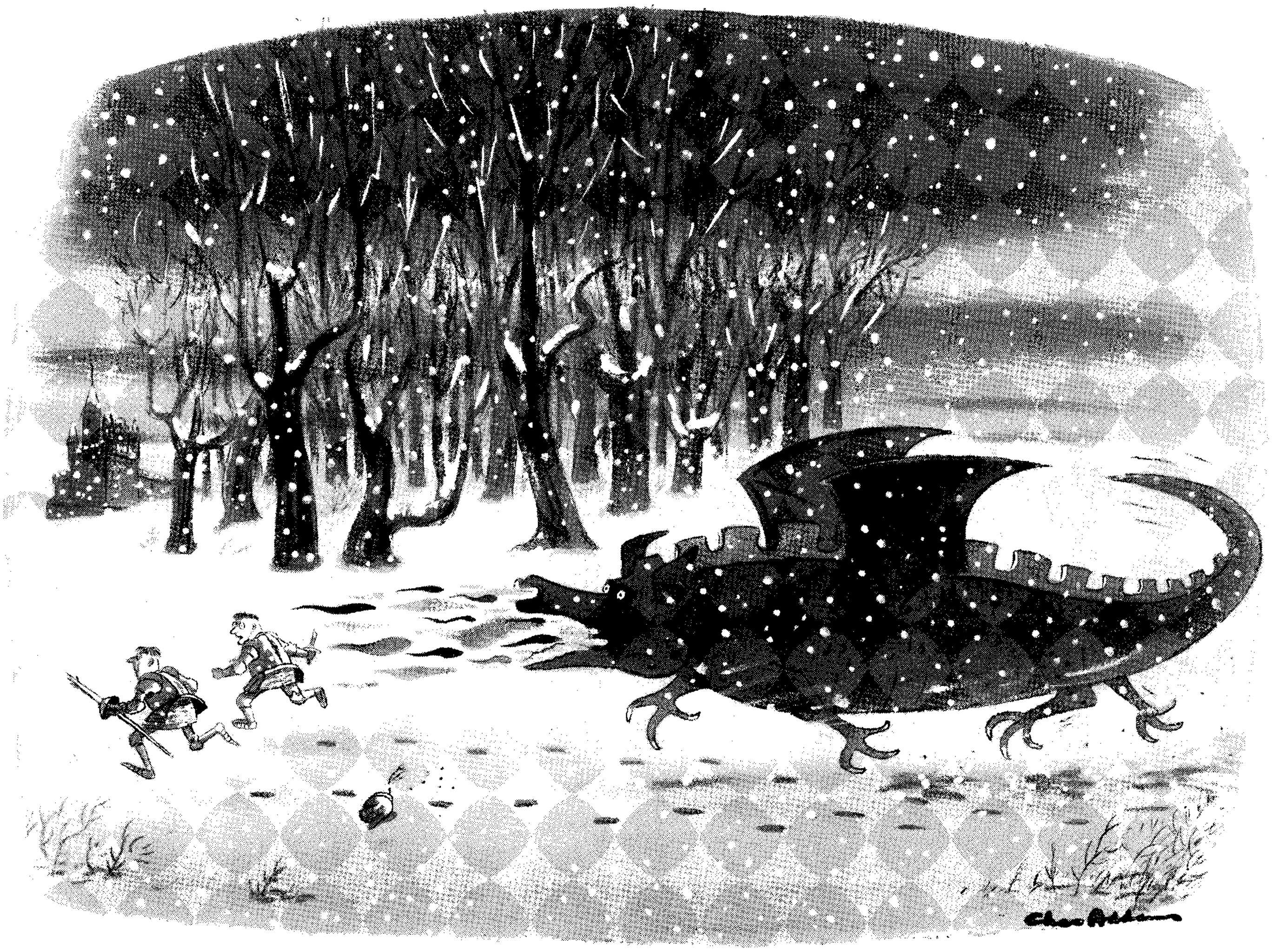
"I've been in the coin-operated business all my life," Finneran said. "Not only jukeboxes but vending machines for coffee, soft drinks, cigarettes, milk—things like that. The impact of our Discothèques on the market has been the most sensational I've ever seen in the coin-operated industry."

"Our concept is to get Americans dancing again, as they did in the thirties," Silverman said. "My interpretation of the significance of it is that getting Americans dancing again is doing a constructive service for society as a whole. What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," we said. "What happened to Joe's brother Michel?"

"He's still in Geneva, managing Club 58," Silverman said. "As our consultant, Joe helps us program our music. All the planning. All the thinking. Figuring out what number should come after what on the records."

"Joe was playing records in Europe by hand," Finneran said. "We took



"Feels good, though, doesn't it?"

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the concept and automated it. Say we start with a slow number—'Danke Schoen,' a fox trot. Then, without losing a beat, we go into another fox trot—'I Left My Heart in San Francisco.' Then, without losing a beat, we go into a Frug—'If I Had a Hammer.' Then we go into 'The Girl from Ipanema,' which is a Bossa Nova. And we wind up with a 'Tea for Two' cha-cha. The secret is non-interrupted music."

"We do all our own recording, all our own editing, all our own mixing on our own records. And what Joe does—Joe shows us how to build the Seeburg tempo," Silverman said.

Joe came over from the dance floor with Pat Traymore, and Silverman introduced them to us.

"Joe is showing me the Parisian version of the Hully-Gully," Pat Traymore said, in tones of laryngitis. "Let's go, Joe." Back to the dance floor.

Another Seeburg man—an *executive* vice-president, named William F. Adair, Jr.—joined us, and told us more about Seeburg's concept of the instant night club. "It's designed for Mike's Bar & Grill," he said. "We want to bring dancing back to the local tavern, where everybody used to dance in the thirties. After the war, people started staying home and looking at television, regardless of what it was. Now the wife or the girl friend wants to go out. We give the corner tavern a night club the working man can afford. Five or six beers with the wife. And the fox trot. Or the Frug."

"Every discothèque has a nucleus of youngsters at the center," Silverman said. "They love it when the older folks show up and dance the Frug. They *love* it. 'Look!' they say. 'My *grandmother* can do it!' "

"Look!" Adair said, nodding toward the dance floor. "Now they're doing a new one. The Cat. Listen!"

We looked at the Cat and listened as it wound up with the dancers going "Miaow! Miaow!"

Then Joe and the other dancers came over to us, still going "Miaow!"

"How was the Parisian version of the Hully-Gully?" we asked Pat Traymore.

"Joe and I agree the base is the same, but over here we do it a little broader," Pat Traymore said. "Over there, they do it a little tighter, with more feeling. But here we're more individual—everybody tries to outdo everybody else. Over there, one person sets a style and other people tend to follow."

"Any night of the week, in Europe, you can't get on the dance floor, it's so crowded in the discothèques," Executive Vice-President Adair said, getting back to the subject of the market. "Over here, the American public is hungry for them."

Finneran and Silverman coughed and looked proud.

Mistaken Identity

A FRIEND of ours stepped into one of those rare contraptions, an office-building elevator operated by a human being, and overheard the following conversation between the elevator man and a pretty office worker:

ELEVATOR MAN: "I think I saw your sister go by in the lobby this morning. She looks just like you."

OFFICE WORKER: "My *sister*? My sister lives in Kansas City. You must have seen me in the lobby."

ELEVATOR MAN: "That's funny. She looked just like you."

SIX DAGGERS EAST

THE first time I became aware of the mysterious brown parcel lodged among our impedimenta in the Peugeot was at an AGIP station somewhere between Venice and Trieste. It was a broiling hot morning in late June last summer, and we were hurrying eastward, my wife and I and a standard poodle, to make connections with a freighter that would carry us down the Dalmatian coast to Dubrovnik. Just as I was transferring a handful of maps to the boot, I caught sight of it in the jumble of suitcases, raincoats, and shopping bags—an unfamiliar package some twelve inches long, from the wrapping of which protruded the blade of a knife.

"What's the matter?" my wife queried as I resumed my seat and reached for the ignition key. "Is anything wrong with the car?"

"There's a bundle in the back I never noticed before," I said, frowning. "It's got a knife or something sticking out of it."

"Oh, *that*," she said, with the silvery chuckle her sex always employs to conceal underlying guilt. "Goodness, from your expression I thought Lord knows what had happened. Your face looked like Maurice Schwartz in the last act of 'King Lear.' "

"Never mind the character study," I said impatiently. "You bought something you shouldn't have and now you're trying to squirm out of it."

"All right then, so I did," she admitted. "It's only a few little steak knives I picked up the morning I went shopping in Milan. You're forever complaining how dull ours are, and these were such a bargain that I couldn't resist."

"Honeybunch . . . sugarplum," I groaned. "What are we, in heaven's name—a vaudeville act? It's a wonder you didn't buy a bullwhip while you were at it, so we could flick cigarettes out of each other's mouths."

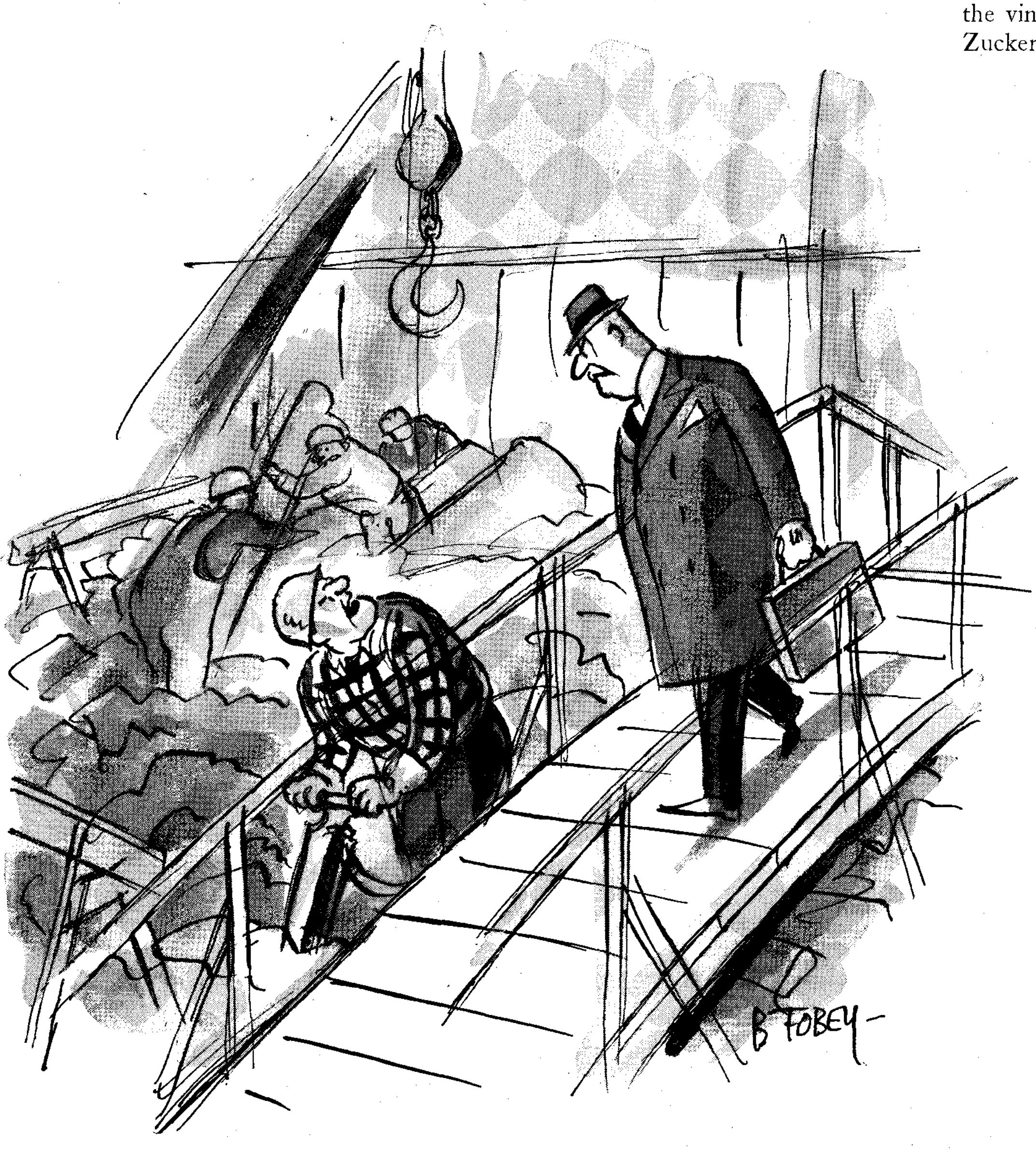
"I wouldn't trust myself," she retorted. "I might be tempted to give you a dozen of the best when that tongue of yours starts wagging."

Had it not been for a couple of beefy Teutons alongside us in a Mercedes who were monitoring the exchange, I would have boxed the creature's ears to teach her civility, but, sensing that it might tarnish the American image, I contained myself and drove on.

What with stowing the car aboard the freighter and ticketing the dog—an experience that reaped a rich harvest of neurasthenia—I quite forgot the knives until a week later, when a chance encounter in Sveti Stefan, a seaside resort forty miles below Dubrovnik, again brought them to light. Staying at the hotel was a former show-biz acquaintance of mine, a Paramount starlet of the vintage of Toby Wing. Folly Lou Zuckerman, as she was now known, had just crossed Turkey and Greece in a white convertible, accompanied by a Pekinese and a miniature schnauzer. The three of us and the three dogs shared a meal that made welkins ring throughout Montenegro, and Folly Lou retired early, pleading that she had to start for Zagreb at daybreak. At dawn the next morning, the hotel was awakened by lamentations and a tohubohu louder than that attending the destruction of the Portland Vase. Folly Lou's entire wardrobe, furs, and jewelry, which she had packed in her car the night before, had vanished into thin air. In due course, a pair of sullen, unshaven Yugoslav detectives materialized. As they were pottering around the convertible and dusting it for fingerprints, I opened the rear of our Peugeot, parked nearby, to ascertain whether our belongings were intact. All of a sudden, one of the gumshoes appeared beside me and peered intently into the boot.

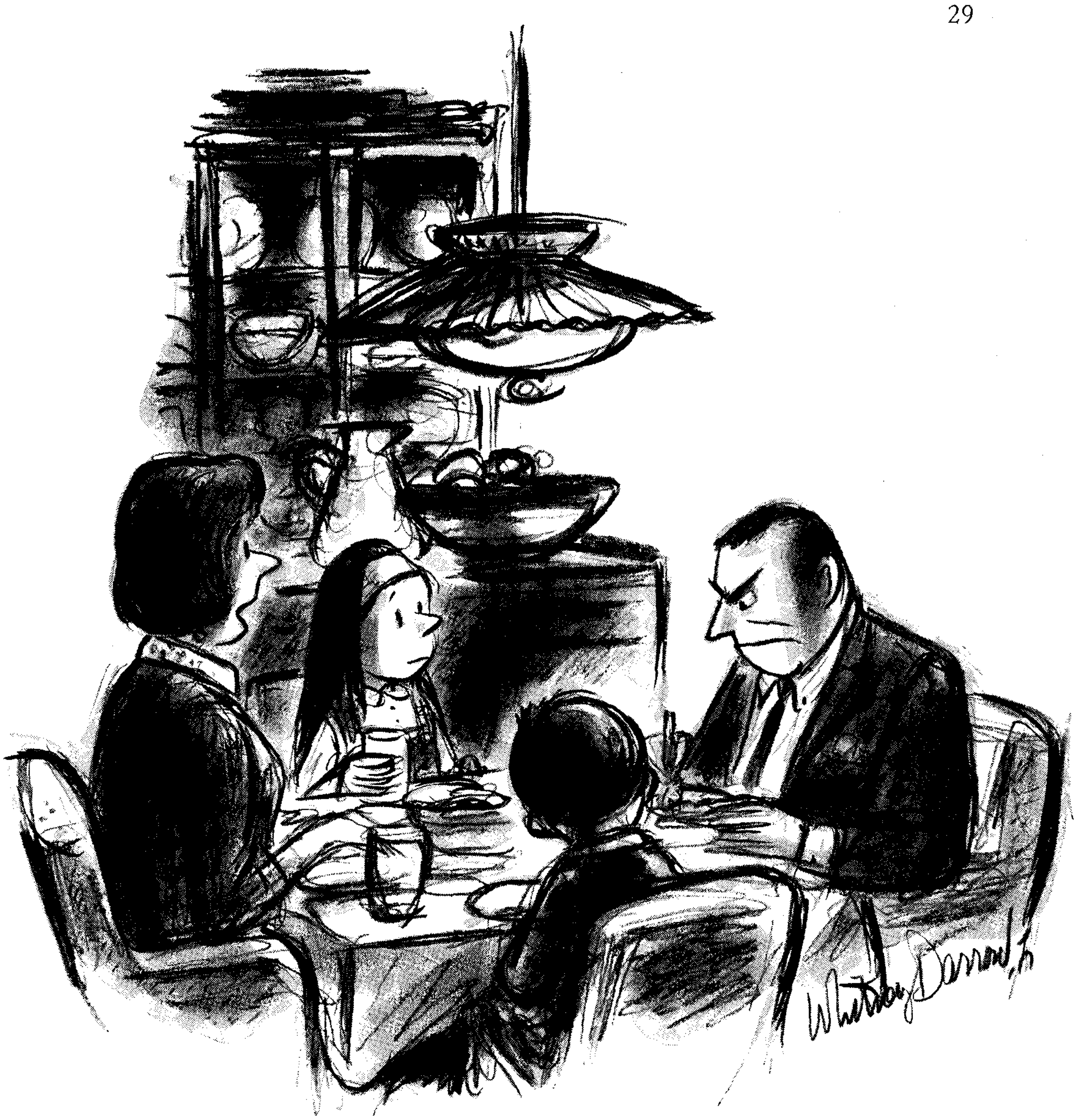
"What's eating you, Charlie?" I demanded. (I believe in being forthright with shamuses, Communist or not.) "You don't think *I* had anything to do with this heist, do you?"

He mumbled some evasive reply in Serbo-Croatian and,



"Yeah, this is going to be another big, ugly glass box. You want to make something out of it?"

plucking the bundle of steak knives from the interior, went into a whispered huddle with his colleague. Then, summoning the desk clerk to translate, the two subjected me to a catechism that left me sweating with fear. Not only did I lack a permit to import the cutlery but our admitted destination was Belgrade, the government seat, and my enthusiasm for Marshal Tito so tepid as to stamp me a potential assassin. At this critical juncture, Fate mercifully interceded to save our skins. A begrimed militiaman roared up on a motorcycle, bearing news that three Bosnians in a jeep had been apprehended in Ulcinj with the ex-starlet's effects. Instantly, the fog of suspicion enveloping us dissipated; the detectives, wreathed in smiles, returned the knives with abject apologies, everybody trooped off to the neighboring café to pledge one another's health in slivovitz, and the last we saw of Folly Lou she and the militiaman, blind drunk, were headed for Ulcinj at sixty miles per hour in the white convertible.



"Why bark at us? We didn't steal the Gilbertson account out from under you."

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The wealth of embroidered blouses, Turkish slippers, and spurious icons in Belgrade was so dizzying that five days hardly sufficed to explore it, but Rumania, our next objective, was beckoning, and we pressed onward. The frontier checkpoint, at Vršac, was a hut of stuccoed cement amid illimitable wheat fields, presided over by a lady commissar who, while she bore a striking resemblance to Mildred Natwick, possessed none of the latter's charm. As she scanned our passports, unable to detect any irregularity, her features puckered as though she had bitten into a quince. They brightened appreciably when one of her subordinates, emitting a series of clicks like a mechanical doll, stalked in and dropped our package of knives on her desk with a clatter.

"Aha!" she burst out. "Contraband goods—a clear violation."

"Of what?" I said, bristling.

"The law of March 27, 1953, protecting the public welfare," she snapped. "It is expressly forbidden, under pain of imprisonment, to introduce any weapons into the Rumanian People's Republic. Confiscate them," she barked at her aide. "And as for you, my dear sir—"

"Hold on there a moment," I interposed. "Is this your vaunted Socialist democracy? By what right do you deprive a person of his livelihood?"

It took her a moment to comprehend the sense of my words. "You mean you employ these knives in your business?"

"We most certainly do," I said. "Madame here is a professional freak—a sword swallower. She engulfs the blades while I dance on my hands and our dog plays the harmonica. Would you like us to give you a demonstration?"

"No, no," she said hastily. "We never interfere with strolling players. Here, take your—ah—tools, and a prosperous engagement to the three of you in Rumania."

The Novy Moscovy, the hotel in Bucharest where we finally managed to wheedle a room after a fruitless circuit of the capital, was a dingy edifice on the main thoroughfare, all red plush and peeling gilt. Our second-floor windows commanded an unobstructed view of three rows of trolley tracks and the noise was cataclysmic, but, even so, it was preferable to the rear, which overlooked a swimming pool with an artificial-wave machine and a gypsy orchestra that performed until dawn. Within twenty-four hours, the illusion instilled in us by folk like Eric Ambler and Sacheverell Sitwell that Bucharest was the Paris of the Balkans went glimmering. The cuisine, mainly leathery Wiener schnitzel washed down by drafts of red wine adulterated with seltzer, was disheartening, the populace either cowed or downright insolent, and the architecture third-rate Second Empire gone hopelessly to seed. To add to our disenchantment, I shortly began to be oppressed by a conviction that we were under surveillance. Whenever I took the dog out, there was in-

HERON

He comes down to the shadow
that he left in the shallow
last night. Imperturbable,
pickerel in their stations
barely shift, invulnerable
with him. His feet know these stones.

There are other ways than this:
there are ways only he knows.
In a rickyard where rats are,
he could circle, coil his neck,
and, with wings at the trail, thrash straw,
and spike what he cared to spike.

And there will happen a time
once more for the cheap, random
kill; for striding dikes in March,
rictus agape, wanton, lewd
with his swagger in some ditch,
randy for the taste of toad.

That is for spring. Lethargy
attends easy victory
now. He would slump on his glut,
lumpish with sloth, his wings
lifting, if they lifted, to a flight
without the rhythms of once.

So, while the painted Carolina
duck squat in sets, like china
on the calico water
of dawn, a thick glaze of sleep
on them, the great gray hoarder
of his want, ravening, keeps

the tensile shadow of neck
in readiness round the rock
under him and, ignoring
the trees where woodpeckers drum
out his hunger, bides, waiting
for the shoal he knows will come.

—Ted Walker

• •

variably some faceless character in a grubby trenchcoat dawdling about the lobby, pretending to be absorbed in a newspaper, and twice when we unexpectedly cut short a day's sightseeing the concierge stalled us on the flimsiest of pretexts, obviously warning off someone engaged in searching our room. An episode I ordinarily would have dismissed as trifling confirmed my suspicions. We were seated at dinner one evening in a mosquito-ridden open-air restaurant, doggedly chewing our schnitzels and wincing at an accordion rendition of Liszt's "Fourth Hungarian Rhapsody" throbbing from a microphone apparently concealed in our dish of pickles. One of the waiters, brushing past with a heavily loaded tray, twitched the tablecloth and sent my knife spinning into the gravel. As I automatically craned around to see where it had gone, a chap at the next table tapped me on the arm. "Permit me, sir," he said, graciously extending a knife. "Please use this—although," he hazarded, with an unmistakable wink, "I'm sure you would prefer your own, *n'est-ce pas*?"

My immediate impulse, of course, was to demand what the devil he implied, but in the same instant I clearly perceived his design. The man was an *agent provocateur* trying to unnerve me, to elicit where I had secreted the steak knives, to goad me into an admission that we had sneaked them into Rumania for political mayhem. I threw him a glacial smile that told him I was not to be drawn, and turned my back.

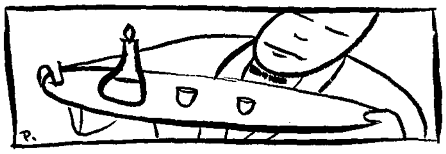
Knowing that the occurrence was bound to agitate my wife, I glossed it over, but the following morning I lost no time getting to the garage and checking the contents of the Peugeot. My premonition was correct; the boot was visibly disordered, though the knives, surprisingly, were still there. Careful to insure that I was unobserved, I whisked them under my jacket and sped back to the hotel.

"Now, listen, dear," I said to my wife, having established to my satisfaction that nobody was crouched at the keyhole. "Don't get hysterical or anything, but we're in a peck of trouble. I've got every reason to believe that the Securitate's been messing around in our machine. It's all topsy-turvy."

"Stuff and nonsense," she said, calmly buffing her nails. "That's the way you left it, and you've got the only key. How would anyone else get into it?"

I repressed a sigh of exasperation. "You talk like a sausage," I said. "Why, the Rumanians practically invented espionage—they're past-masters at it. We've been tailed ever since that dame at the frontier spotted these knives. But never mind that now—where can we hide them until we take off?"

While her attitude plainly betrayed that she thought me stiff with paranoia, the woman could not dodge responsibility for causing our dilemma, and she reluctantly stashed the package in a handbag—one of several she kept in a suitcase for dress wear. The next couple of days were relatively free of care; as far as I could tell, our luggage was unmolested, and the operative in the trenchcoat seemed to have disappeared from the lobby. Then, the afternoon preceding our scheduled departure, an untoward incident awakened all my trepidation. Several days prior, we had attended a cocktail party given by some embassy personnel, at which, made expansive by the local plum brandy, I expressed a longing to visit the castle in Transylvania associated with Count Dracula. At once, the whole complex mechanism of diplomacy started whirring. Calls flew out to the Foreign Office, ponderous formalities were exchanged, and an appointment was set up for us to confer with the Commissar for Folklore, a Mr. Bulgic. It was on the afternoon in question, as we were trudging into the Folklore Institute with laggard feet, that my wife made a disconcerting revelation. "Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, her jaw dropping. "You know what I've gone and done? I took along the wrong pocketbook—the one that we hid the knives in."



"Well, of all the bonehead—" I sputtered, and quickly checked myself. "Look, we haven't time to go back to the hotel, and we daren't leave 'em in the car. Just dummy up, and whatever happens, don't let that bag out of your hands—do you hear?"

Mr. Bulgic was a squat, bullnecked individual with the pale, cold eyes of a Malemute, and the icy flipper he held out plainly indicated that we were impinging on his studies. Behind him stood a trio of assistants summoned to furnish moral support—a fattish young woman whose Tartar features sported a thick coat of rice powder; a cadaverous youth with a fixed, supercilious smile; and a dwarflike spinster on the order of Edna May Oliver. The oval table around which we grouped ourselves was dimly lit by a suspended lamp of Tiffany glass, and, from the shadowy walls beyond, steel engravings of Lenin, Gorki, Tolstoy, and a number of other Russian notables eyed us accusingly. Excusing himself and his colleagues in rapid, heavily accented French for their inability to speak our language, Mr. Bulgic crisply inquired what service the Institute could render.

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Bulgic," I confessed awkwardly, "I'm

afraid our quest is really a very minor one. Would you by any chance happen to know where Dracula's castle is located?"

"Dracula?" he repeated blankly. "Who in the world is that? Some mythical figure in one of your Western fairy tales?"

"No, no—the vampire," I said. "You know, the infamous nobleman in Bram Stoker's novel, who ran around Transylvania drinking people's blood. Surely"—my voice seemed to acquire a shrill, piping quality in the half-darkened room—"surely you must have heard of *him*?"

Mr. Bulgic shrugged, and, turning to his assistants, shot a question in Rumanian at each of them. They all shook their heads. Perhaps, he suggested, I could give some inkling of the story—in fact, a précis of the plot. A rivulet of perspiration began coursing down my spine; it was forty years since I had read the book, and at least thirty since Bela Lugosi had held me spellbound with the movie version. Suddenly, as I sat there tongue-tied under the unwinking gaze of the quartet, I was overcome by the vast iniquity of my position. Why should I have been tricked into this predicament, compelled to undergo an oral exam like a quivering schoolboy, just because some busybody at a cocktail party had misconstrued a casual remark of mine? It was outrageous, insupportable. I sprang to my feet. "O.K., knock it off," I said roughly. "If that's how you feel, you can keep your old castle, and I hope a turret falls on you. Come on, honey."

I reached around, without looking, for my wife's arm, and then it happened—the disclosure most shameful, the humiliation supreme. The strap of her handbag entwined itself around my wrist, and as I shook it off I projected the package of knives outward onto the middle of the table. There was no mistaking its contents; the sleazy paper had parted, and every blade, gleaming wickedly, lay exposed. The four Rumanians leaned forward as one man, their eyes distended in horror, and for all I know are seated there yet, turned to stone. We didn't tarry for their conclusion. We went straight back to the Novy Moscovy, collected the poodle, and drove like the wind through the Carpathians to the border. I suppose we passed Count Dracula's lair somewhere en route, but it never occurred to us to stop. Pretty tame stuff. After all, when you've tasted the Balkan intrigue we have, you don't frighten as easy as you used to.

—S. J. PERELMAN

LESSER MARRIED

ONE night, in the midway of his mortal life, going to Grandma's, his wife, Valerie, seated beside him in the rented car, his two stepchildren in the back singing to their dogs, Howard Lesser realized that once again he had been mistaken. In this instance, it was in regard to the shark-proof cage, made of chicken wire and supported by empty gasoline drums, in which a girl whom he had thought he loved had attempted, unsuccessfully, to swim the Molokai Channel. Over a year ago, Lesser had had a vision of the girl, foundering in the dark, unable to keep up with her towed cage. He was now aware that his revelation had been imperfect, for, in anticipation of this contingency, the cage had been built with only three sides. There was no back to it. If, then, the sharks could enter it, so could she leave, and that had been the case. Lesser recalled her telling him that she had become sick from watching her cage swinging beneath her in the unusually clear water and had at times forsaken it to swim alongside. "But my boatmen were always falling asleep and leaving me behind," she said.

She had told him, too, one night before she fell asleep, of another swim she had undertaken. It had started at midnight in Egypt, on the Great Bitter Lake, and was a race. "The water was terribly warm and salty," she said. "My rowers spoke no English, and I didn't know where we were going, because there was no moon. After a while, I passed another swimmer. Two hours later, I passed him again. I had the feeling I had wasted a lot of time swimming in circles, that I had been misled and had lost my way."

As she slept, Lesser had listened to her breathing, and heard, as though from underwater, the unvarying, organic notes of her exhalations, which had been her accompaniment as she crossed the Great Bitter Lake; the bedclothes at their feet were the vague, conspiratorial rowers, wrapped in their galabias, leading them both astray.

What had happened to her whose head he had so often held between his hands in the dark, looking down into her wholly open eyes, which were, he felt, like stars whose light, though freely present, was not certainly meant for him, coming from so far, but perhaps for the next or the one before?

Lesser wondered about the fortunes of the lost, scattered girls he had known and now, most likely, would never see or hear of again, and he often imagined that they had fallen on hard times. Was it his abandonment that had humbled them, or had he, rather, held their heads abovewater for a while? He reëncountered them in his dreams, unattractively aged or carelessly disguised as himself. They waylaid him in ruined municipal swimming pools full of weeds and leaves; in the lobbies of hotels by harbors where palms and rubber plants grew in Wesson Oil tins and he could smell the floor of the sea; in the South, in stuccoed pensions overlooking dovecotes from which the doves had long ago flown, or bus stops whose benches bore advertisements for scenic railways and mineral water; at a café in Neuilly where every morning one winter he had composed picture postcards as though they were notes to be set afloat in bottles.

He pictured them as having settled for inferior marriages, or grieving over the death of cats, or, in the case of the long-distance swimmer, living on a tiny, silent concrete court next door to a laundry room in one outlying part of Los Angeles or another, falling behind in the payments on her car, her phone shut off, her begonia unwatered, sitting naked on the floor in front of her television set, weeping. Lesser felt that she, that others of different years and cities, were really the only ones who knew, since he had forgotten, who he had been and was no longer, and what he pined for was not the loss of their love but its object—the slender, uneasy person whom he found looking at himself, proleptically suppliant, in half a dozen snapshots, and barely recognized. In these trivial moments, irrelevantly preserved in the photographs, Lesser seemed to be impatiently waiting for the shutter to fall so that he could resume his steep, sad, anfractuous, and irremeable way.

> Life is a string of pictures hanging
>   up to dry.
> Who will have my memories?
>   Pretty colors! Buy!

his father had written inside the cover of the album that contained photographs of his marriage and honeymoon—a motto that Lesser felt hardly exemplified his own wary poses. Lesser and his parents had gone through the album together on the morning of Lesser's marriage. His parents' wedding had taken place in the Catskills, at Swan Lake Manor, on the south lawn, with the local butcher, who was also a rabbi—and, his father said, "looked like a pig"—officiating, and four men holding the *huppah* down against the unexpectedly high wind that had arisen during the ceremony. Lesser's mother had carried a bouquet of wild flowers that his father had gathered, bicycling after them early in the morning. The hotel had since burned to the ground, and many of the wedding guests who had come up to the mountains en bloc in a parlor car were dead now, as were several of the lounging figures who appeared later in the salons of the S.S. Cape Eternity or on the great, dim porches of the Bay of Naples Inn. As Lesser turned the pages, his father said, referring to this one, "He became a very successful doctor and died young," or to that one, "I don't remember his second name. He worked for a large firm of insurance adjusters at 140 Liberty Street. He died," and, of a first cousin once removed who had spoken at the wedding, "He was a graduate of a St. Petersburg Gymnasium and came to New York in steerage. He stepped ashore wearing a second-hand tuxedo he had purchased in London from an Italian waiter. It was the only suit of clothes he had to his name. He first worked for a concern that manufactured suspenders. Then he became involved in a scheme for shipping salicylic acid, in salts, to Russia, which failed. For a time, he attended the Baron de Hirsch School. The Baron was a German philanthropist who believed the Jews should return to the land. Agriculture didn't suit him. He was widely read, very highly regarded, and an exceptionally soft and gentle human being. Although he never found his métier, he was never dismayed. He told me once, 'There are so many divergent paths to follow, but who has found one that does not converge at the same point as any other?' He died—short, short of his prime—of tuberculosis. I delivered the principal eulogy at his funeral, which was very well attended. He had admirers from all walks of life."

One photograph in the album showed Lesser's mother and father cavorting unaccountably on the beach at Neponsit. "You know that painting of someone and someone fleeing the Garden of Eden?" his father said. "Mother and I were probably imitating that."

"It's all coming apart," his mother said. On their laps, looking like ashes, were fragments of the disintegrating pages. "It's simply dreadful. We must do something about it."

"I doubt that we'll ever look at it again," his father said.

"When you see yourself in these

photographs, do you remember who you were?" Lesser asked his father.

"I don't," his father said, with no apparent regret.

"I do," his mother said. "I remember exactly who I was. I have always remembered who I was at every minute of my life, just as if each of those minutes were this one."

AS Lesser turned off Interstate 84, he was stopped by a policeman who stood in the middle of the road before an underpass, signalling with a flashlight. Stepping on the brakes, Lesser could feel himself beginning to panic. What offense had he committed now? "Pull up behind the others," the policeman said. Others? Lesser saw that just beyond the underpass a number of cars were parked on the shoulder. Somewhat relieved to find there were accomplices, he turned off the ignition and the lights, set the emergency brake, and waited anxiously by the unfamiliar highway.

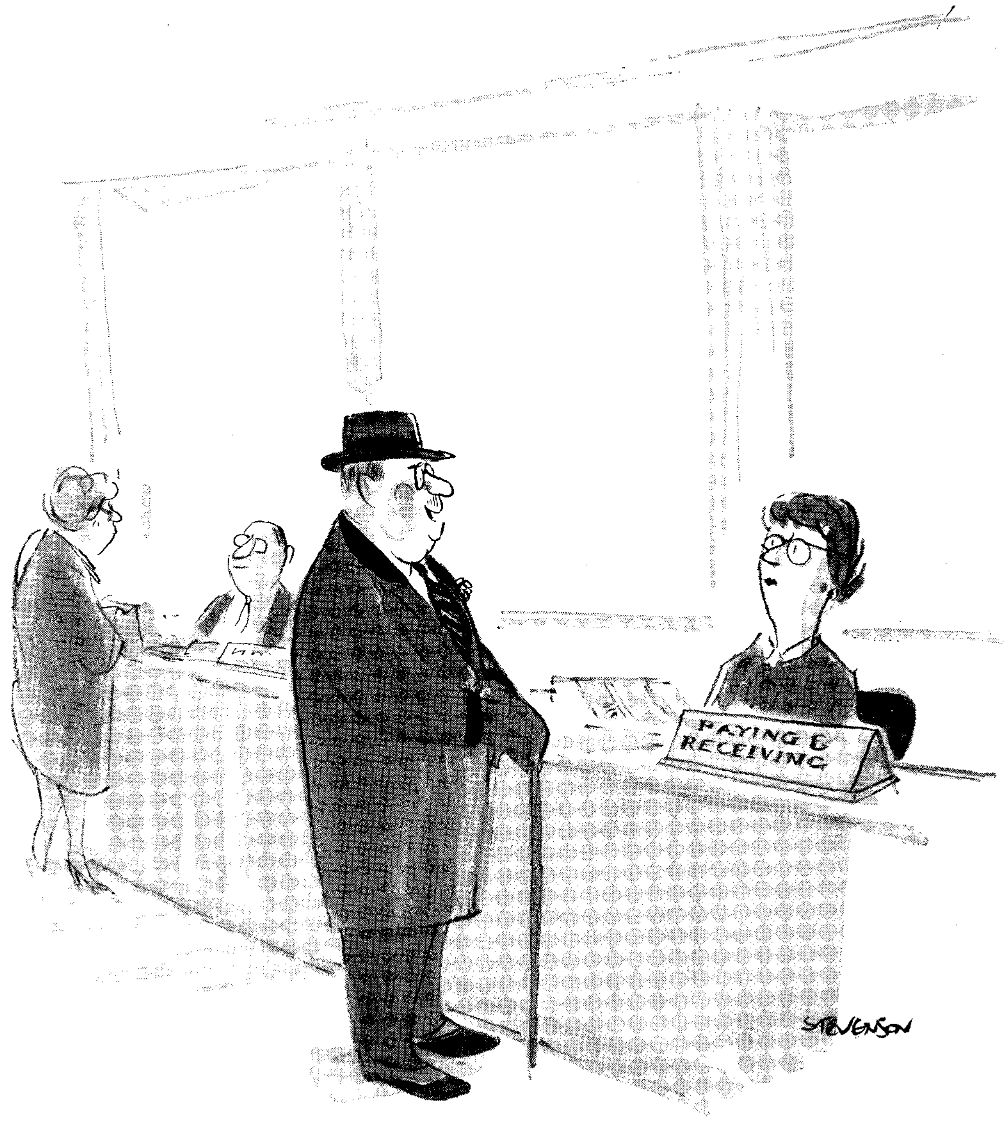
"What have you done?" his stepson asked.

"I don't know," Lesser said.

"You may proceed now, sir." A different policeman had spoken, startling Lesser, for he had not noticed his approach. The policeman's face bobbed at the window like a distressed swimmer's.

As Lesser drove off, passing the row of parked cars, he tried to make out their still, suspicious occupants. He wanted to see what it was that had set them apart from him and his family, why he had been allowed to go while the others had been detained. What was it about him (or did it have to do, rather, with his wife or the charming presence of dogs and children) that bespoke his innocence, and what incriminated the others whom he had left behind? Lesser had hardly been able to discern them, but they had seemed undistinguished, idle, and indifferent. What was worse, he wondered—to be confronted with an unspecified guilt or with an innocence that was inexplicable?

LATER that night, Lesser lay in a strange, yielding double bed waiting for his wife to finish talking to her mother—Grandma—and one of her mother's old cousins, and come upstairs. The bedroom, which was, Valerie had said, where she and the two youngest of her sisters had slept together for so many years in the bed in which he was now lying, was decorated for the most part with odds and ends that Grandma said she had picked up for a song at auctions. A tinted photograph, a panorama of the front at Charleston, South Carolina, behind which an old palm frond was looped, hung next to a lithograph of a painting of the Madonna and Child by Sichel ("1844- "). A copy of the "Idylls of the King" was pinioned beneath one foot of the bureau, evidently to make it level. On the bureau top, a calendar painting depicting Christ and the effluent stain of His Sacred Heart was perched in a spray of artificial cherry buds and blossoms, which stood, in turn, in a vase of hobnail milk glass. "I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honored" was printed beside the illustration; in the lower right-hand corner was an appeal from a Father Ralph, whose mailing address was 316 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, to pray for missionaries in Japan and the Philippines.



"It may come as something of a surprise to you, but this is a stickup."

The room, Lesser decided, was as inaccessible, essentially, as those in which he imagined his father composing his sentimental diaries—rooms that were utterly gone, with even their space dispersed, for Lesser had situated them on the upper stories of tenements that had long since been torn down, other buildings erected in their place. Valerie had told him that she and her sisters had all been born at home, and Lesser inferred that this was the natal bed, here the original room, the unapproachable tower of the stern, disquieting little girl whom he had seen in the photographs in the albums they had been leafing through before he had come upstairs. Lesser felt that only some inadequate part of him—one hand, swollen, feeble, and clumsy—had gained admittance to the room, was lying on its back on the bed, uncomprehending. The rest of him was outside. His great, dazed head rested on the lawn, his body reached well across the

“Oh, he’s all right, for a Stoic—if you know what I mean.”

• •

road, his feet were in the dark orchard.

Lesser had not been aware of the existence of his father’s diaries until the morning of his wedding. He had found them on a high shelf in the disused maid’s bathroom, where his father had asked him to put the album of wedding photographs away. Once, he recalled, the bathroom had been steamy, faintly exotic or tropical, and perpetually hung with stockings and underpants. Lesser had only been able to scan the diaries, for the arrival of the first guest had coincided with his discovery. There were ten volumes, bearing the imprint of various stationers and containing tables of weights and measures, obsolete maps, and lists of old lacrosse champions. They spanned the years from the time his father had been at City College until the day he had got married—chiefly a record, it seemed, of trifles, perplexity, and disappointment. Lesser had copied out one of the entries.

“What is there to write today?” it went. “All that has happened is that I have awaited her call—in vain and in vain. The phone rang once, but it was only Sidney suggesting we ‘amble’ (as he always puts it) over to the river to see the Pacific fleet. Another day totally wasted! *Eheu fugaces*, etc. Why do I persist in the illusion that she will come back? Yet another folly! It is ‘very pitiful and as true.’ I am so ‘headachy,’ depleted, *abattu*. Ah, I rhyme!”

When Lesser envisioned his father writing the diaries, he saw him from the back, bent over a card table, wearing a dark suit he had outgrown. There was a window before him, and through it Lesser could see the ancient, populous city. It lay far below him, the air thickly moted, hot, brown, as though in rotogravure. Lesser waited on the threshold for his father to finish, rise, and turn around. When he did so, Lesser saw that he wore a mask that was an enlargement of the tiny, smiling face that had appeared in the photographs of his wedding; without the cumulative, toppling waves of hair his father had favored at that period, it was, unremarkably, like Lesser’s own. Lesser knew that Sidney had turned out to be his dentist, but he wanted to ask his father who “she” was, whether she had ever returned and become his mother, or if she had disappeared, but his father walked right by him as though the mask had no peepholes. Lesser felt as though he had crept up to his father while he was sleeping and shamefully read the sorrowful, adumbrating boughs and furrows of his unguarded palm. How many years had it been since he last saw his father asleep, his face folded and aged, expressive of the austere presentiments of his dreams? What did the tender interior of his father’s hand look like?

“VALERIE, how come you never showed me no pictures of you and Howard’s wedding?” Lesser heard the voice of the old cousin through the open register in the floor.

“Valerie, get Marie the snaps in the commode,” her mother said.

Lesser got out of bed and lay by the register, looking at the women in the living room below.

“Did I tell you about Joe’s Lucille’s?” the cousin said. “They held the affair at the Manhattan Hotel, you know. The Olympia ballroom. I hadn’t been since it was the Lincoln, so you can tell how often I step out. There was beer and whiskey on every table and we made the toasts with champagne. Here I am dying for a cup of coffee. I kept asking Ang’, you know, how can I get my hands on a cup of coffee, I’m dying. There were two bands there that played, one colored, one white, that made music all night. One hundred and forty people showed. My Frank kept asking me to go dancing with him. I dance the Peabody, that’s all, I told him. He kept after me, so finally I told him, O.K., but no funny stuff. On the floor, Frank said to me, now you look like my sweetheart. I told him, you’re crazy, and to lay off the free whiskey they’re handing out, and how about getting me a cup of coffee. I give Lucille a half a hundred. I did it for her sister, too. Thank God, she’s the last of them. My usual tops is twenty-five.

“So these are them,” the cousin went on. “Whomsoever took them takes a nice candid shot. A small gathering, I see. Very intimate. Valerie, you should have held it in a suite, if you don’t mind. Who’s that over there kissing you, looks like William Powell from the distance?”

“That’s Howard’s father,” said Valerie’s mother. “Howard favors him.”

“They both have very distinguished hair,” the cousin said. “Who’s this little old monkey hanging around in every picture here? Look, everywhere you look he’s sticking two cents in.”

“That’s the horrible man,” Valerie said. “He died a week after the wedding in the balcony of Loew’s Valencia.

Howard's father had known him all of his life and he never cared for him, either. His name was Feuerman. No one invited him. He just showed up."

"There's a lot of nerve," said the cousin.

"Marie, he rings the doorbell right in the middle of the ceremony," Valerie's mother said. "So help me, I was mortified."

"He wouldn't go away," Valerie said. "Everyone could hear him breathing."

"I was only passing by," Feuerman had said when Lesser's father answered the door. "I was in the neighborhood by *pure chance*. You're wearing your *bar-mitzvah* suit."

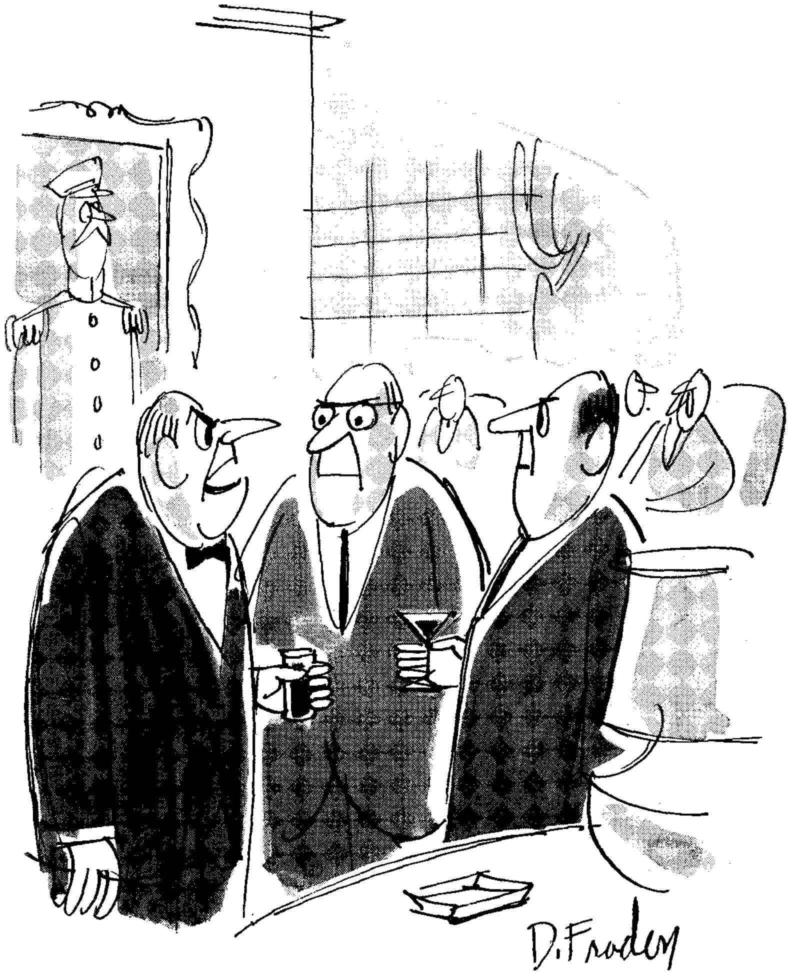
Lesser's father explained that his son was getting married.

"Some coincidence," Feuerman said.

Lesser's father led him into the living room.

"Go right ahead with what you were doing, everybody," Feuerman said. "Don't mind me for a minute. I'm standing here in the background where no one will notice."

The judge resumed the ceremony. Lesser watched Feuerman's reflection in the pane of glass that protected a studio photograph of his mother done up as a Japanese maiden which hung behind the judge's head. For some reason, Feuerman had struck a hierophantic pose, letting his prominent eyelids droop. Had he bestowed a blessing or imposed a penance? Lesser knew that the act of marriage could not atone for all his old recklessness and defaults; it was, however, bringing about something else—a forsaking of a kind of perfection or elucidation that he had once sought to attain and that he now realized he would forever fall short of, a vision of which he must at one time have glimpsed from afar, for what else had set him so inconsolably forth?



"And when they get their Great Society, you can be damned certain they'll want a Greater *Society."*

After the wedding, Feuerman said to Valerie, "You'll meet my wife sometime. She used to be an artiste." Then he said to Lesser and his father, "To make a long story short, I need two hundred and fifty dollars. It's a matter of life and death, I don't have to tell you. It's deductible. A bad debt. No point my kidding you in this day and age."

Lesser's father took Feuerman aside, wrote out a check, and gave it to him.

"I've got to run," Feuerman said. "Say goodbye to everybody for me."

"The way he keeps turning up," Lesser's father said when he had gone. "A pathetic case."

"Who was that dreadful old man?" Lesser's mother asked.

"Don't you remember Harry Feuerman?" Lesser's father said. "For a while, he had a little mill-end business on Lispenard Street. He came to our wedding, too. You'll find him smiling idiotically in the photographs. I remember how he stalked across the south lawn that morning, shouting, 'Dr. Lesser, I'm presuming!' "

"I would never have recognized him in a million years," Lesser's mother said. "He's changed a great deal."

"I expect we have, too," Lesser's father said.

His mother seemed about to protest, but she turned away instead; it was a practiced movement, like an old dance step. Lesser thought how often his father had upheld to him the example of his abiding marriage. It wasn't less than that, but at times he felt his father resembled a beggar who displayed to passersby his artificial leg.

When Lesser and Valerie were waiting in the corridor for the elevator, Lesser looked beyond his mother and father, who stood in the doorway to see them off, into the apartment in which he had just been married. His parents had recently moved upstairs from 3-B, where Lesser had spent his youth, to 11-B, where his mother was fond of pointing out the amplitude of natural light and the panoramic views they had never been able to see from below. The apartment was laid out and furnished exactly like its predecessor, and might well serve, Lesser thought, as the setting for a predictably bad autobiographical play. Indeed, their parts and lines—his mother's, his father's, his own—seemed unchanged, but the actors were all miscast, deficient, and bewildered. Lesser heard a great, almost remorseful whine at the bottom of the shaft; the elevator had started its ascent. He asked his father who was living in 3-B. His father said he didn't have any idea. The elevator doors slid open. "Goodbye," Lesser said to the couple who were struggling to perform the roles of his mother and father. "Goodbye," they said to Lesser, but he had slipped away years ago.

Lesser had met the woman who played the part of his mother the night before. He had slept once more in his old bed; he wanted to be on hand early to help out with the wedding preparations. In the middle of the night, he had got up and gone into the living room. She had followed him there, turning on lamps.

"You shouldn't sit in the dark," she said.

Lesser saw an elderly, somewhat haggard stranger holding his mother's familiar robe about her; she kept glancing about with ingratiating smiles, as

NAPLES AGAIN

The hills yet hills, and still the yellow town
declines into the sea by particles.
Six years: so many grams of dust dispersed,
so many repetitions of the sky,
so many skins of spring sloughed off, and snows
melted, to move the dial of days
to February of a similar year,
myself to the same stance and place.

By the long bay I walked, where fishermen
of Mergellina thrash their crusted nets
in shallow water to shake loose the mud.
Where the balloonman piped, and the slow sea
smothered a colony of rocks with weeds
—abundant, rust-colored, and rank—
patterns of change and sameness filmed my mind
like oil slick in the pitted bank.

Six years, what have I never learned—like silt
to shake free or be shaken in good time?
Like the high, unaccommodating rock
to bear with dignity the yoke of grass?
Even the salt wash whispers in reproach;
see how insinuation speeds
my lightness to the limit of the beach,
beyond the rocks, beyond the weeds.

Here then the unsought accidence of place
and the false glass of nature warp me. Hills
borrow the furled brows of the lately dead,
the sky the wide eyes of the living. Bent
by the conviction of analogy,
the credulousness of a dumb thing,
the tired mind buckles and the stripped will
relaxes its questioning.

See with what unconcern the tides demesne
each to its niche: crayfish and pebble, shells
by the unshelled, and chip by parent block—
such as it is, the natural effect,
the disposition of all patiently
predictable as the sea,
undifferentiated, dumb. Silt, stones, and froth—
am I and all things less than these?

But the wind's wisdom comes too easy now,
and reason wriggles on its string like bait,
and again life is more than metaphor.
Up on the hill the starved and savage cats
swallow their nature to take milk at hand
and wail all night to charm it back.
Haphazard children in the shadowed slums
torture their narrow eyes with chalk

and beg in the great squares; and some men pay
and some will not; and there is no design.
I and the waterfront must draft our peace
if what I learn is not what the earth learns,
if what I doubt is all my discipline;
for earth persists, and in good time
—when I am the same silent element—
may set its simpler meaning over mine.

—ARTHUR FREEMAN

• •

though she were attempting to ascertain where the audience was sitting.

"I heard you moving around," she said. "I thought something might be the matter."

"Go to bed," Lesser said.

"I wasn't sleeping anyway," she said, holding her ground. "I'll get you a glass of milk."

"I don't want anything," he said.

"I don't sleep much anymore," the woman said.

Lesser went back to bed. He heard her wandering around the apartment. He must have let her down somehow, too, he gathered.

"WHO'S that nice-looking young fella there?" the cousin asked. Through the grate, Lesser could see her pointing to a loose snapshot. Valerie, her mother, and the cousin were seated on a green plush couch, which had several buttons missing, looking as though they might be making a railway journey. The wedding pictures were strewn about their feet.

"That's Eddie Quinlan," Valerie's mother said.

"I never heard of him," the cousin said.

"Valerie was sweet on him once upon a time," her mother said. "Valerie, by the way, I didn't tell you—he called up."

"When?" Valerie asked.

"Two years ago."

"Why didn't you let me know?"

"I didn't see any reason to," her mother said. "I didn't let on you were divorced or anything, let me tell you."

"How did he sound?"

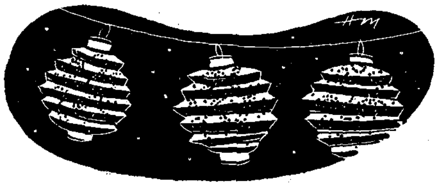
"He sounded fine. He wanted to know how you were and what you were up to. Like that. I told him you were fine. Why not? There was no point going into everything, was there? We had our little chat and we hung up, and that was that."

"What's happened to him?"

"He said he was working for one of those big airplane companies out there in California."

"Had he gotten married?"

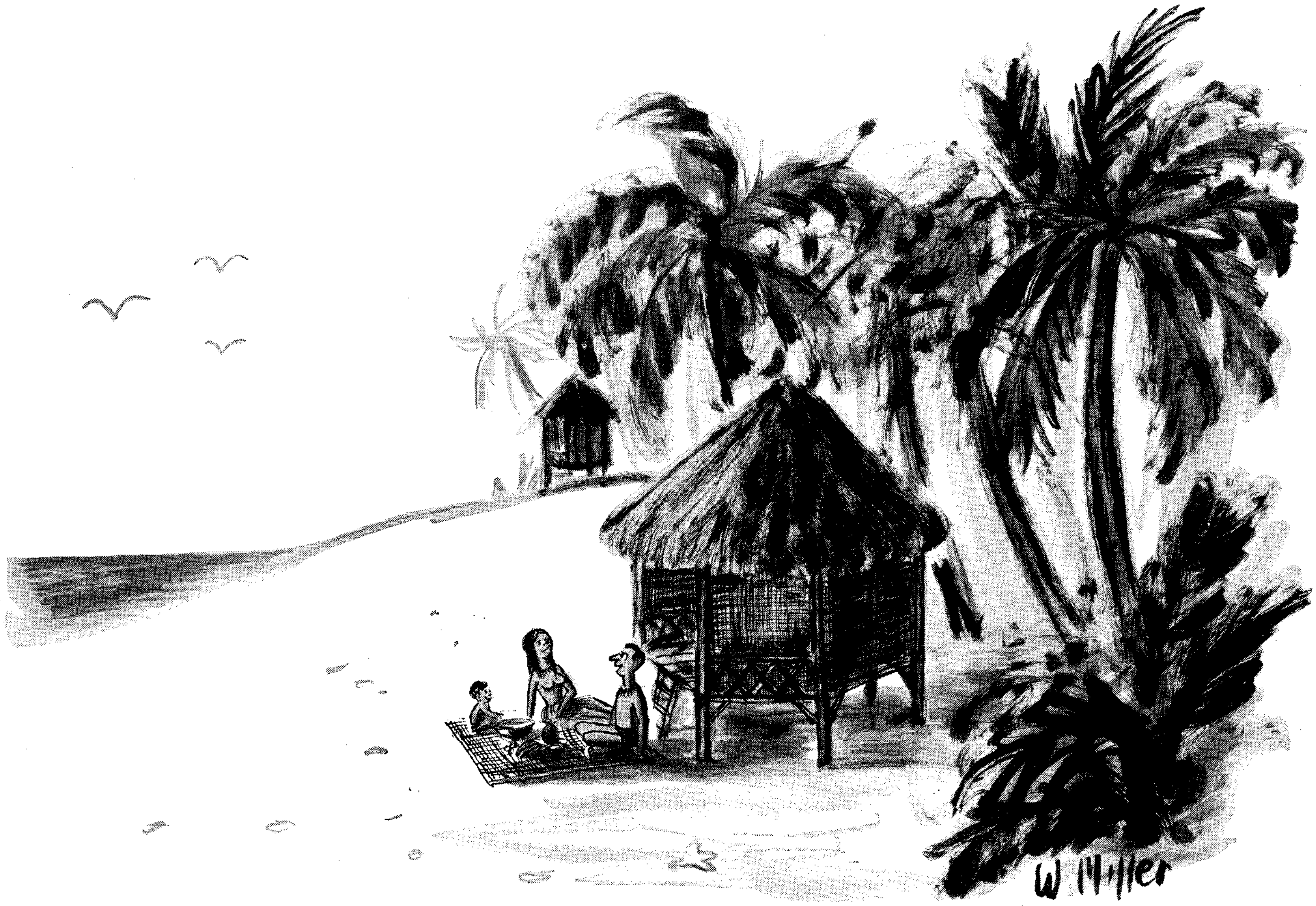
"The subject didn't come up in our conversation. What difference does it make now?"



"You should have told me, Ma."

"God is my judge," her mother said.

Prompted by his high viewpoint, Lesser drowsily recalled a performance he had once attended at a motel on the outskirts of a coastal city. Behind the bar in the cocktail lounge was a vast window that gave on a tank of illuminated water in which two perpetually smiling girls wearing fringed bathing suits did a routine, apparently in time to recorded tangos. The view from the window did not reveal either the surface or the bottom of the tank, so that at frequent intervals the swimmers would casually vanish into or reappear from vague and possibly illimitable regions. In the middle of the act, Lesser left the cocktail lounge and wandered through the motel grounds, which were planted with many kinds of succulents. He came at last to a small swimming pool. It was a cold night, and the pool steamed like one of the gulfs of Malebolge. Far below him, Lesser could see the swimmers silently engaged in their figures. He reflected that if he had first come upon them from this vantage, he would have



"We're mighty fortunate, living, as we do, on an island where the sand is like a golden carpet spread at our feet, the water is like some sparkling wine, and the sun perpetually invites us to bask and revel in its health-giving rays."

• •

thought they were in agony, and he considered how rarely we perceive a thing from more than one standpoint and how often we are deluded.

Unexpectedly (for Lesser could not gauge the depth at which they evolved), the swimmers appeared among the vapors, where for a moment they floated exhausted. Lesser thought their expressions were forbearant, regretful, dispiteous. Then, acting on a signal the presence of which he was unaware of, they dived, and Lesser felt, standing on the brink, peering into the luminous water in which they were descending and diminishing, how often he had found himself, an apprehensive spectator, poised above a writhing mystery.

Lesser fell asleep by the register, half of him on the linoleum, which was as rosy and speckled as a trout, half on the rug, which Grandma had braided during a severe winter. He was awakened by the effects of an electrical storm. It had roused the dogs and children, too; Lesser heard them going by his door and down the stairs. He looked through the grate and saw everybody huddled about the coffee table. Valerie's mother was cutting a strip off a palm frond with sewing scissors. She laid the piece in an ashtray and lit it.

"What did you do that for, Grandma?" Lesser's stepson asked.

"To protect this house against the storm," she said. "It's blessed. Pray."

"I'll say an Our Father," Lesser's stepdaughter said. The faintly aromatic smoke rose through the register.

"TELL me about your father again," Lesser asked Valerie when she got into bed.

"What do you always want to hear that story for?" she said.

"Tell it to me," he said.

"You're a funny boy," she said. "One summer, when I was in the city of Paris—"

"What in the world were you doing there?"

"Oh, you know."

"Please tell it to me just once more."

"I was with young Eddie Quinlan, who always knew the latest dances."

"Were you in love with him?"

"Why not?"

"Then what happened?"

"My father stopped there on his way home from a visit to Italy. He had been where he was born and had bought the whole town meat and wine. They rang the church bells for him. He loved to be a big deal. He got into a cab at Orly and told the cabdriver who he was."

"The cabdriver didn't know him, did he?"

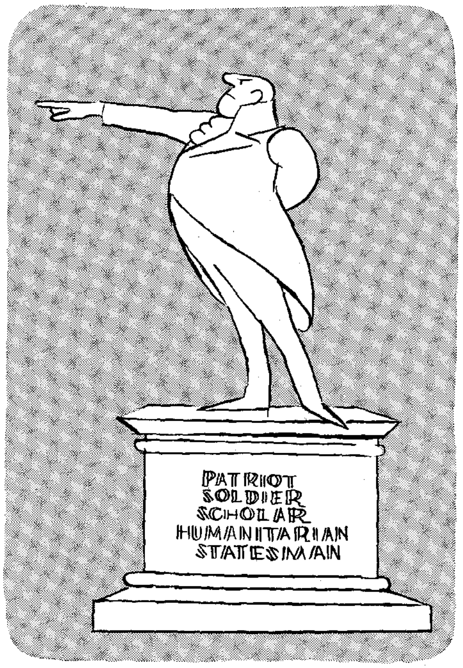
"Of course not. That was Pa's way. Somehow, he got him to understand that he was looking for his daughter but he had lost her address and he had no more money. He told the cabdriver he couldn't miss her, for she had red hair and blue eyes. They drove around Paris for hours and hours while my father looked for me out of one window, the cabdriver out of another. They never found me, so he took the next plane to New York."

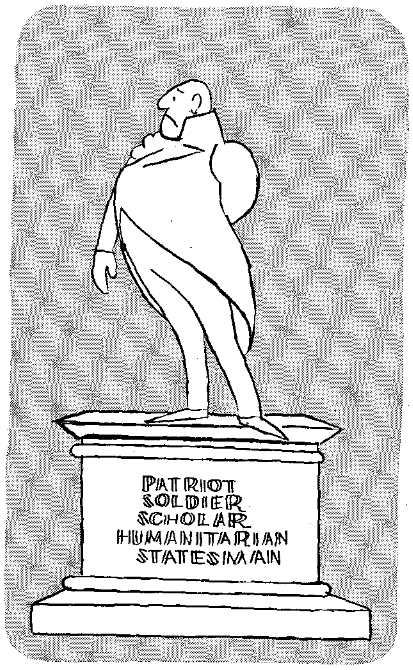
"Where were you hiding?"

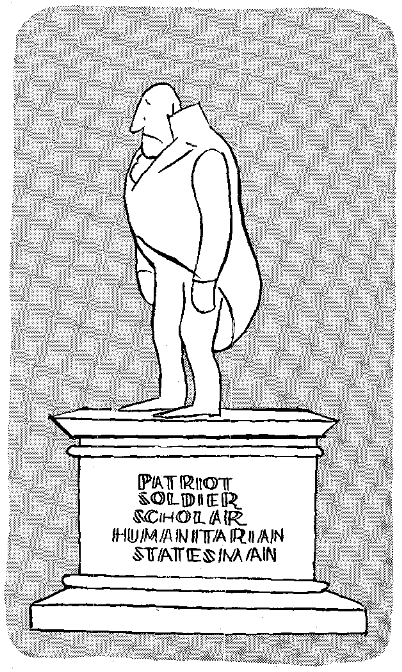
"In a room under the eaves on the sixth floor of the Hotel Félix, on the Rue Molière."

"What were you doing up there?"

"I was making love to Eddie Quin-







lan. When he got home, Pa mailed the fare to the cabdriver. He had given him his name and address."

"And a big tip, too."

"And a tremendous tip. Pa was a crazy tipper. People always did nice things for Pa. All he had to do was tell them who he was, which was nobody, of course."

"You didn't finish," Lesser said.

"Pa died before I could get home from Paris," she said.

"Do you think he would have found you if you hadn't been up there?"

"No," she said. "He told Ma before he died that after they had looked around for half an hour they got thirsty and sat down someplace and had a bunch of shots."

"That's a different ending," Lesser said.

"I knew you wouldn't like it, so I never told it to you before," she said. "It's like what you say about your awful detective stories—the ending never measures up to the beginning, and the mystery is always greater than the solution."

THE following morning, Valerie said to Lesser, "I'm going to show you where I was born."

"I thought it was *here*," Lesser said in vain.

Grandma, her cousin, the children, and the dogs got in the back seat of the rented car; Valerie joined Lesser up front. After a ten-minute drive, Lesser was told to turn off the Litchfield Road. At this point, Valerie said, "Ma, what's happened?"

"It's going on all over the place, dear," her mother said.

They were referring, Lesser gathered, to the dozen new ranch houses situated on one side of the secondary road; the houses were of more or less identical design, painted in several pastel colors, and undoubtedly "low-cost." The pavement ended at the last of them. Farther along, on the other side of the road, was Valerie's birthplace. It was a large, almost ruinous house with a screened porch, and lacking in any architectural distinction. A few severely blighted elms stood in the untended yard, heightening the predominant air of gloom and desuetude. Valerie told Lesser they had moved away when she was twelve, and that an old and reputedly eccentric spinster was the present tenant. It seemed to Lesser that the outing must have disappointed Valerie, for she had grown rather morose. He parked in front of the grim, inglorious house.

"All my children were born at home," Valerie's mother said. "Your wife was born right there." She pointed to a window on the second story; wisteria branched beneath the sill. As if her finger had been a conjurer's wand, a face that appeared to Lesser at first glance to be that of a little girl materialized in the window. This creature smiled and waved at them by fluttering in sequence the fingers of an otherwise immobile hand.

"There she is," Valerie's mother said.

"Isn't that a perfect shame," her cousin said.

Lesser then observed that her face was extensively powdered, that what he had taken for girlish curls was, in fact, a cheap, ill-fitting wig, and that she was wearing a set of huge, dismaying false teeth. Valerie asked Lesser to drive on. Some yards beyond the house, where the road began to ascend a wooded hillside, a sign was posted:

ROAD OFFICIALLY CLOSED
PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK

Up ahead, the road deteriorated into little more than a wagon track. "When we went to school, we used to climb this road to where it meets the Guernseytown Road," Valerie said. "The school bus would stop there for us. Keep going."

"It's closed," Lesser said. "I'm not sure we'll be able to make it."

"Of course you can," Valerie said.

"I think we better go back," her son said.

"Valerie, we'll never in this world get up to the Guernseytown Road," her mother said. "The crews haven't been this way in ages."

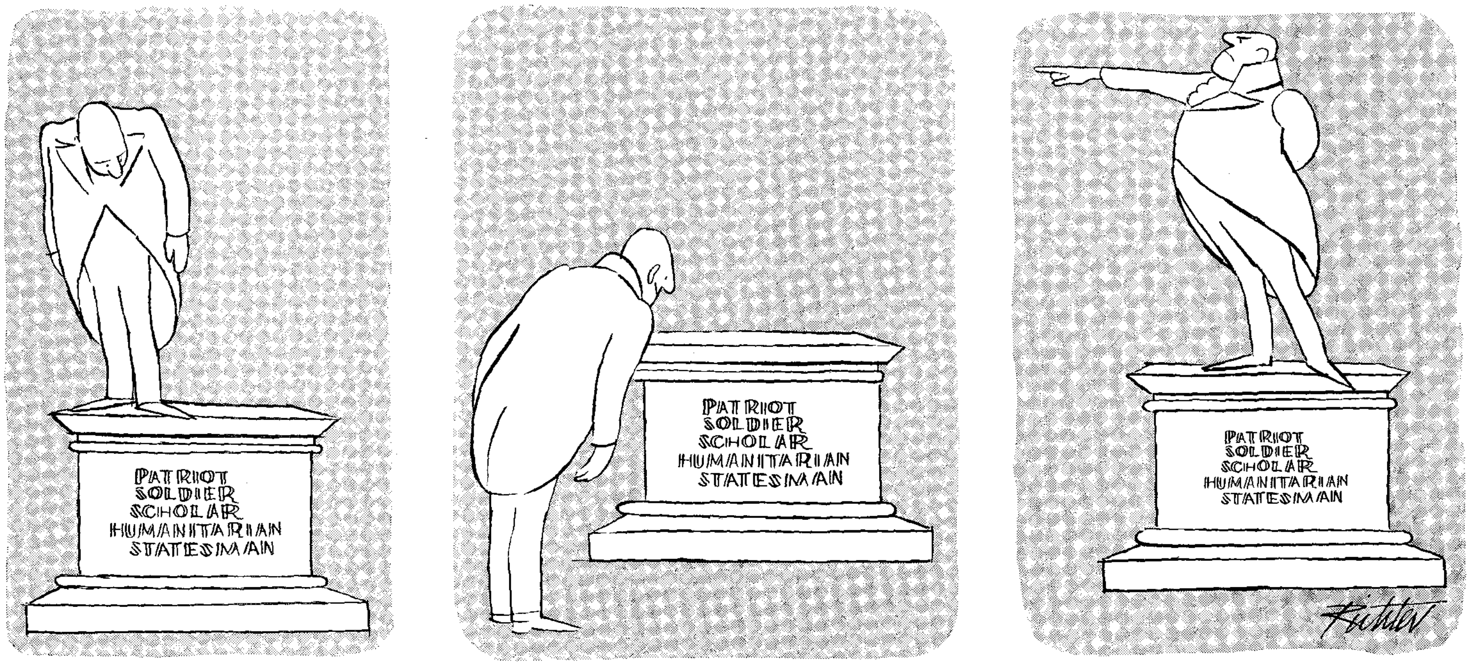
"Howard can," Valerie said.

Lesser realized that, whether it was merely a whim or whether she had some deeper, ineffable purpose, Valerie was depending on him to drive them to the Guernseytown Road. He shifted into low. The road was sharply pitched, narrow, and had many turnings; in some places it was deeply rutted, in others it was partly washed out, revealing a number of smooth, pale boulders; it was murky throughout, because of the encroachment of the second growth.

"Please turn around, Howie," his stepdaughter said.

"We can't anymore," Lesser said. The dogs began to whimper.

"I think you're both being very impetuous," Valerie's mother said. "We're going to get stuck in the mid-



dle of the woods, so help me God."

"I'm supposed to walk out of here in Cuban heels?" the cousin said. "Why doesn't anybody ever tell me anything anymore?"

"Valerie takes after her father," her mother said.

"I see," the cousin said.

"We're going to get lost," the boy said.

"Shut up," Lesser said.

In a few moments, they emerged on the Guernseytown Road. Valerie's mother said, "Clark Gable used to visit weekends with the people over there."

"Is that a fact," her cousin said.

LESSER felt that his marriage was not unlike, and as inexplicable as, the union of the shark and the remora, the bony fish that is the shark's inevitable companion, clinging unmolested to its belly by a suctorial disc, apparently contributing nothing to its welfare and feeding on the bits of food that fall from the shark's jaws while it eats. He, for this admittedly absurd apologue, would be the shark, Valerie the remora. He pictured them ineptly costumed, perhaps wearing pillowcases over their heads and feet; Valerie lying on her back beneath him, her arms about his waist; he sullenly dragging them both across the floor at a fancy-dress party, more as though they were the victims of a remote crash and he was trying to save her life than as faithful impersonators. When he bumped into someone, which happened fairly often, the rooms being crowded and his progress erratic and unsuspected, she would say, "*Excusez-moi*," and he would say, under his breath, "Why must you speak French?" As they regarded the other, brilliant guests through ragged eyeholes, regretting that they had not come as something else, they would, from time to time, be asked by those who chanced to stumble across them—and who, furthermore, understood that at their feet was a couple in meaningful disguise—what they were supposed to be. "The Shark and the Remora," Lesser would say hopefully, as if he were actually saying, "The Hare and the Tortoise," or "The Fox and the Grapes."

"I can't hear you with that thing on," would be the reply.

"I'm sorry," he would say, raising his voice. "We were unprepared."

He wished he could stand up, unmask, and explain the relationship. "You see," he would then say, "it's commensalism—dining at the same table—but the mystery is why she doesn't demand more than immunity from my ravages for the privilege of sharing my meals, and why I even tolerate these incursions."

Lesser had recounted these impressions to Valerie, pretending they had occurred in a dream. Valerie told him, "True. True. I see you forever wondering whether or not I'm getting away with anything, whether you're still intact, and if I *do* manage to get something from you, you feel you've been tragically diminished. Above all, you're so unwilling to be repaid. That is the saddest part. How dare you dream that dream!"

Lesser said, "If I have failed to please you, it isn't because I haven't tried."

Valerie said, "You always try to please me. 'Are you happy?' you say. 'Do you love me?' If you think I'm unhappy, you come over and kiss me—not because you want to kiss me but because you feel I need a kiss to be happy and that your duty is to insure my happiness. Like your father, you're a virtuous man. What you both want to see most of all is the imprint of your good works. If I'm smiling, then I'm happy. What you've done for me was all that was required to make me happy, so I'd better be smiling. You . . . you colonial!"

Lesser said, "You seem to forget that I married you, and that you're the only woman I ever married."

Valerie said, "You can't use this marriage as the answer to everything. It doesn't ultimately prove or demonstrate your love, you know. And another thing, you're so literal. If I say, for instance, I hate you, you say, 'How can you hate me? I'm the nicest person you know.' "

"It's true," Lesser said. "I am."

"Then why don't you say, 'I want to make you happy' or, once in a while, 'I love you'? I'm always to understand how you feel without your ever expressing it. You're so precious with yourself. When I ask something of you in an emotional way, you move away—especially when you know that I'm asking it. You're most uncomfortable when I love you the most. Then there's no response. You seem to resent me, and that's something I hadn't bargained for."

"Let's play gin," Lesser said.

"However," Valerie went on, "I think your saving grace is that you know all these things yourself and accept the responsibility for them—not to change them necessarily but not to palm them off, either. I'm not sure your father has this perception. I hope you lose," she said, starting to shuffle the cards, "for it's in keeping with the way you think about yourself. You're such an ungracious winner."

WHEN Lesser and Valerie returned to the city, a letter and a postcard awaited them. The letter was from Lesser's father; a pair of tickets to a Philharmonic concert were enclosed. "Dear Howard and Valerie," he had written, in the exceedingly legible hand that had changed little from the bygone time of the diaries, "Mother and I were the recipients of these seats, but (not really alas) we have a United Cerebral Palsy function at the Americana the same evening. The program, Mother tells me, is chiefly Beethoven. To her chagrin, I don't attend concerts as frequently as in the past, since I find that my mind too readily wanders, and it was not, I am sure, Beethoven's intention to compose background music. I wonder if this is a symptom of my years. I don't entirely mean my inattention but rather this curious sense of moral responsibility with which I seem to be increasingly imbued. I must ask around among my contemporaries. As, no doubt, I have said more than once, there are not many of us left. Yesterday, walking back from the bank, I found myself, for some unaccountable reason, totting up all those whom I had known who had died during the past year. *Eheu fugaces*, etc. Love, Dad. P.S. Mother says these are '*good seats!*' "

The postcard was from the long-distance swimmer. She had returned to Hawaii, where Lesser had met her. She wrote that for the time being she was living on Queen Emma Square, next to a convent ("Ha! Ha!"), but would soon be moving to the twenty-fifth story of a new high-rise. "I've gotten a neat job with Pan Am," she concluded. "The surf is up. Don't be a stranger. XXX."

It was obvious, Lesser thought, that she hadn't heard of his marriage. He recalled how she always looked in sleep—one leg drawn up so that the knee was nearly level with her breasts, a position that suggested she was trying to scale a wall, to escape—but from what? Her dreams? This world? Her reference to the surf brought to mind a photograph she had once shown him of herself riding on a twenty-foot wave at Makaha. It was somewhat out of focus, being made from a frame of movie film. A moment after it was taken, she went, as she had said, laughing, "down the tubes." Striving to reach the surface in the almost unsustaining mixture of air and water that was the wake of the broken wave, she came instead to the bottom. Another surfer, paddling out, found her, unconscious. "He saw my hair floating," she said. "I was wearing it very long that year."

Lesser listened to his stepchildren, who were, he knew, kneeling together at the vaporous tub, bathing the dogs and singing to them; the mirrors would be covered with their cabalistic signs. "We are the joy boys of radio—hello, hello, hello, hello," they sang. It was an old number he had taught them—at least, as much of it as he had remembered. He wondered whether the swimmer's plight in the white water, her survival, was at all a lesson that could be applied to life at large, and if to any extent it was reversible, in the sense that if one thought he was steadily approaching the bottom he might at last, in his prodigious ignorance, be coming up for air.

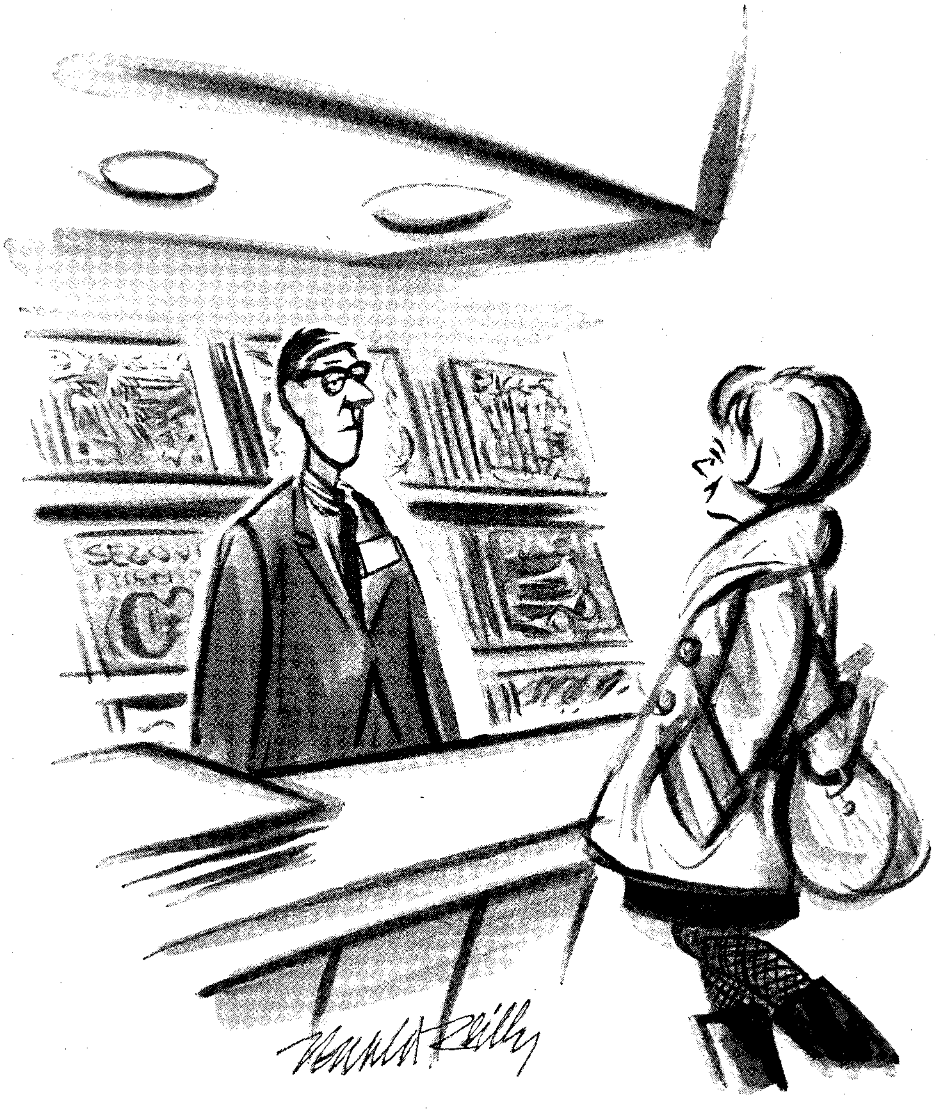
" 'Nani Li'i Natural Color Card,' " Valerie read from the postcard. " 'Say "Nonnie Le'e," it's Hawaiian for "Little Beauty." ' " Lesser gathered she had been standing behind him for some time.

"What's wrong?" he said at length. "That's all I seem to be saying these days, isn't it?"

"The same thing as last week, and the week before that," she said. "The only thing that's different is that time passes."

He felt her hand on his shoulder. They were, he realized, in the attitude of Dante and Vergil in so many of Doré's illustrations—overlooking abysses, on vile, desolate slopes, or crossing great sheets of ice; one fearful and astonished, the other serene.

—Gilbert Rogin



"Do you have a recording of 'Also Sprach What's-His-Name'?"

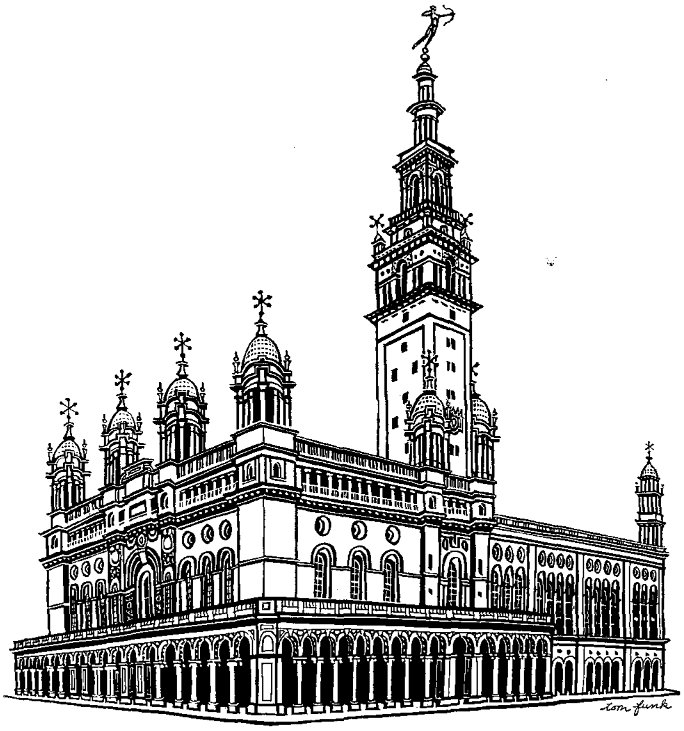
•

OFFICE MANAGER seeks position with broker; will run your business as his own.
—*Adv. in the Journal of Commerce.*

Fair warning, anyway.

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE PALACE OF DELIGHT



ON May 5, 1925, the night of the last event ever to be held in the Madison Square Garden that actually stood on Madison Square, the klaxon-voiced fight announcer Joe Humphreys got up in the ring before the main bout to deliver an elegy. "We mourn our loss," he shouted, "but take with us fragrant memories!"

"I can still smell them hot dogs and elephants, Joe!" yelled a voice from the gallery.

After dealing at the top of his lungs with this interruption ("The more I see of guys like you, the more I believe in birth control!"), Humphreys recited some homemade verses, but when he had got as far as "Farewell to thee, O Temple of Fistiana, farewell to thee, O sweet Miss Diana" (referring to a famous statue of the goddess Diana on the roof), he broke down and sobbed. Earlier that week, a *Herald Tribune* editorial writer had compared the Garden's protean attractions to "the whole wild jumble" of America's years as an immature nation, and had declared that "what passes is not a building but a state of mind." The windowless brick barn at Eighth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street that has been known as Madison Square Garden since the autumn of 1925 has no statue of sweet Miss Diana to inspire odes, and in two years, when this Garden goes out of business, turning over its public-entertainment commitments to the brand-new, pre-stressed-concrete Madison Square Garden that is being erected over the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks on West Thirty-third Street, there may be a few speeches but there will probably be no tears. What will pass is a building; it is the state of mind that will persist. Like a word that has outgrown its etymology, Madison Square Garden, whatever its address, stands for the town's biggest indoor gathering place for New Yorkers intent on fun, games, inspiration, enlightenment, pageantry, scientific sparring instruction, or just a night out in a lingering fragrance of elephants—in short, exactly what it stood for eighty-six years ago, when William H. Vanderbilt first declared the name official.

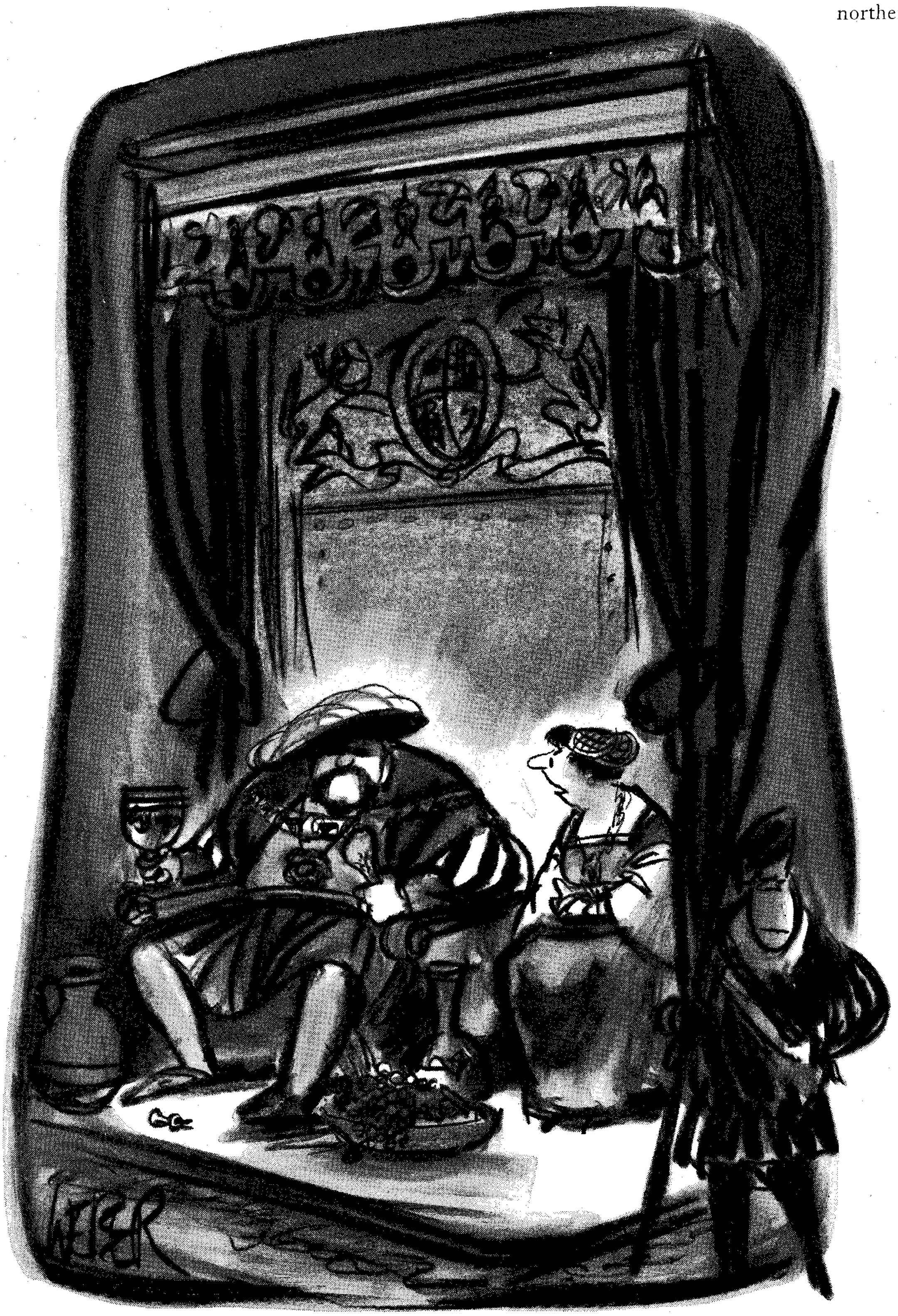
The first-night audience at the newest arena may include a fair number of people who dimly recall when the Garden *was* on Madison Square, but there will probably be few who remember when the square itself was being described, in *fin-de-siècle* guidebooks, as "the central point of life and splendor in uptown New York." O. Henry would find it hard to believe that the focus of converging carriages and surging crowds which he called, even more extravagantly, "the center of the universe" could decline so swiftly into the dingy urban backwater that it has been for more than half a century. The square's transition from obscurity to obscurity actually took something less than three generations. The upward curve began in 1836, when the City Council set aside as a public park four and a half acres of then suburban land stretching three blocks northward from Twenty-third Street at the intersection of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and eastward to the surveyors' markings for a new north-south thoroughfare, to lie between Fifth Avenue and Fourth. Both the new avenue and the square were named for James Madison, who had just died. Six years later, the Council appropriated two thousand dollars to seed the park, and—as a portent of the sporting life to come—the fresh turf was used as a playing field by the first organized baseball club in history, a group of young society gentlemen calling themselves the New York Knickerbockers, who in 1842 began to play a biweekly pick-up game there, soon moving their operations to a lot near the northeast corner of the square. In the fall of 1845, they devised and had printed up the first detailed formal rules for the national game. Although only a heretic would mention the matter in Cooperstown, New York, where, according to the 1907 report of a private commission, Abner Doubleday invented baseball in 1839, a casual version of the game, already called "base ball," had been played in this country since colonial days. The Knickerbockers' rules made history by prescribing, among other lasting refinements, nine men to a side, ninety-foot baselines, and three outs to a team in each inning. Will Irwin wrote in the *Sun* two decades ago that the baseball museum "should stand on Madison Square, New York. Most of the pioneer baseball players whom I knew in the early nineteen-hundreds revered that spot as the cradle of the game. Whenever Sam Crane passed it, he took off his hat and said, 'There was planted the little acorn from which the great oak grew.' "

By the mid-eighteen-forties, as the city's fashionable residential center shifted northward, the borders of the primeval diamond were being filled in with four- and five-story town houses, and in 1857, when William Allen Butler wrote about Miss Flora McFlimsey, who had "dresses for breakfasts and dinners and balls" but nevertheless was "in utter despair because she had nothing whatever to wear," he established the unhappy girl's social position by giving her a Madison Square address. The square's atmosphere was never as austere, however, as that of some of the city's other social enclaves. Not long after it received the nod of fashion, its western side was given over to hotels, beginning in 1859 with the towering Fifth Avenue Hotel, which was seven stories high, and which was soon followed by the Albermarle, the St. James, and the Hoffman House—

the last famous for a scandalous life-size nude by Bouguereau over its bar. Leonard Jerome, the rambunctious stockbroker and part owner of the *Times*, who was to be remembered in history as the grandfather of Sir Winston Churchill, took up residence at the northeast corner of the square, in a red brick and white marble mansion that had not only an attached stable panelled in teak but a theatre wing in which he could play entrepreneur for his actress friends of the moment. At first glance, though, his house appeared only a trifle grander than the Louvre, a palatial bordello that stood cater-corner from him across the square.

AT the southern end of the block to the northeast of the square, bounded by Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets and Fourth and Madison Avenues, a shed had been run up in 1837 as the freight depot for the New York & Harlem Railroad as well as a stable for the horses that were then required by city law to pull the trains as far as Forty-third Street. It was to the northern half of this block that the Knickerbockers later moved their diamond. By 1857 they had been stripped of their informal franchise; the New York, New Haven & Hartford had hitched a passenger depot onto the northern end of the New York & Harlem's freight shed. During the eighteen-sixties, Commodore Vanderbilt got control of the New York & Harlem and merged it with the New York Central, and in 1871 everything, including the New Haven terminal, was moved under one roof at Grand Central Station. Two years later, the abandoned station was leased to P. T. Barnum as permanent circus quarters.

By the spring of 1874, Barnum had spent thirty-five thousand dollars on his new purchase, throwing the shed and the depot together and running a twenty-eight-foot-high brick wall around them, to enclose an area four hundred and twenty-five feet long and two hundred feet wide. The performing arena was an ellipse two hundred and seventy feet long, surrounded by tiers of wooden seats. The seats were protected by pine roofing, but the center of the building was open to the sky, a tarpaulin being kept at the ready in case of rain. On April 27th of that year, Barnum opened the new enterprise as his Great Roman Hippodrome, featuring—besides the obligatory chariot races—waltzing elephants, trick Arabian horses, cowboys and Indians, Japanese tumblers, a panorama of the life of Bluebeard, and, in the basement, the usual complement of dog-faced boys, fire-eaters, tattooed men, and boneless wonders. Three months later, the show went on the road for the summer, and shortly after its return in the fall it ran into the problem of heat. Barnum fitted the corridors and the animal stalls with oversized stoves, known as base burners, but the temperature of the



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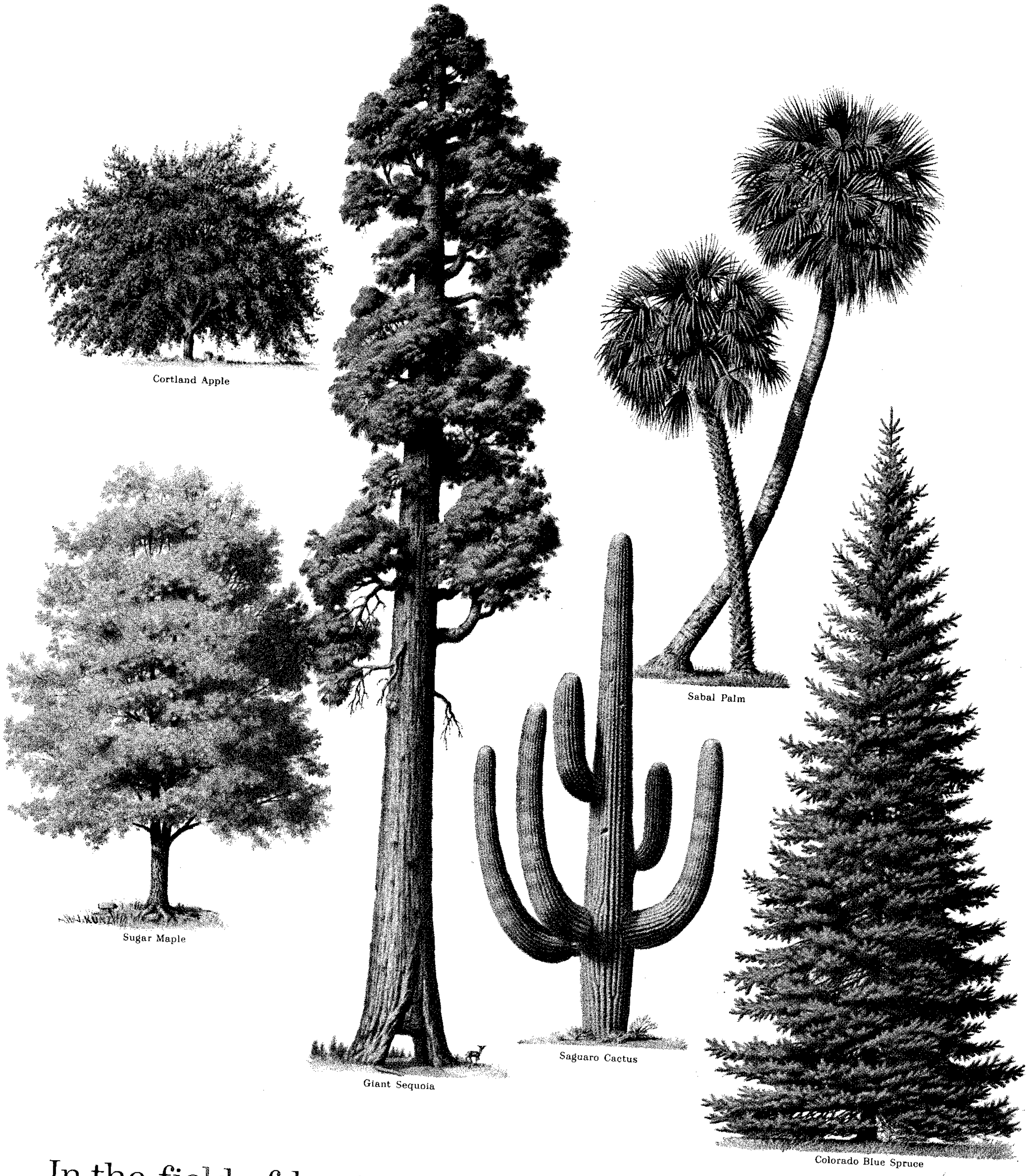
amphitheatre remained what the *Herald* called "Alaskan." Business was poor, and early in February of 1875 Barnum loaded up his menagerie and headed south, having auctioned off the Hippodrome lease. The new leaseholder was Patrick Gilmore, one of the city's most popular bandmasters, whose first step was to rechristen the place Gilmore's Garden. In using the term Garden, the bandmaster was only adopting a euphemism common among American showmen of the time, who often called their entertainment halls by the innocuous name of "garden" instead of "theatre," a term still redolent of iniquity. (Taking an alternate tack, Barnum had called his earlier amusement halls "museums," a euphemism that may have influenced the naming of Madison Square's Louvre.) The *Century* later commented that "the queer, casually developed barrack" Gilmore had taken over "hardly deserved the name of a building and therefore was given the still more inappropriate name of a garden," but Gilmore did import a few potted azaleas and lay out gravel walks, which wound amid a field of chairs and tables, before he opened his new center for band concerts and light opera early that summer. The following February, the Garden was let for two and a half months to the evangelists Dwight L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey. Presumably their followers were warmed by the fires of righteousness.

After this spiritual interval, Gilmore gave the interior of the Garden a coat of baby-blue paint and fitted out its entrance with enough fountains and artistic statuary to make it, according to the *Times,* "the largest and most picturesque resort in the city." But its resort attractions disappeared with the arrival of autumn, and although Barnum and his circus returned each spring, it was for only a few weeks. The Westminster Kennel Club held its first annual bench show at Gilmore's Garden in the spring of 1877, and the arena intermittently gave houseroom to policemen's balls, horticultural exhibits, hospital benefits, Negro cakewalks, and temperance meetings, but for long stretches the casually developed barrack stood empty, and only a spectator whose interest in the entertainment scheduled verged on obsession could be tempted to enter the place in the depths of winter. Before long, Gilmore apparently concluded that the most promising sort of addict was the boxing fan—a type who, in that era, had to accustom himself to every sort of rigor.

In New York, an 1856 statute had specifically branded as liable to arrest anyone who took part in "a contention with fists . . . commonly known as a prize fight," whether as a principal, promoter, referee, second, or witness. About the only effect of this law, however, had been to increase the difficulty of attending matches; often the Fancy had to travel as far as the Canadian border to see a fight. Wherever they went, the old London prize rules prevailed; knuckles were bare, the number and length of rounds were unlimited, and just about anything went, including wrestling and gouging. Gilmore evidently reasoned that a man who would go all the way to the shores of Lake Erie to see such a match could easily be lured to Madison Square to see what he called "scientific sparring exhibitions." In the programs he was soon getting up, the fighters were described as "professors" and the fights as "illustrated lectures on pugilism." More important as a means of circumventing the law, the lectures were conducted under the new Marquis of Queensberry rules, devised for English amateur boxers, which specified a twenty-four-foot ring, three-minute rounds, and—most significant of all—the wearing of gloves. In practice, these were a skin-tight variety that the *Times* scornfully dismissed as "a strip of buckskin across the knuckles," but the Garden management maintained that they made fighting legal, since no "contention with fists" took place—only glove against glove. Remarkably, this piece of legal sophistry was swallowed whole for several years.

Gilmore's lease on his Garden lapsed at the end of 1878, and the New York Central thereupon announced that it was going to run the place itself. The railroad's president was William H. Vanderbilt, whose father, the Commodore, had died the year before, and who was now emerging at last from the old man's shadow to cut a social figure. Though the dog show, the circus, and other special entertainments would be welcome tenants on a temporary basis, his office announced, the Garden should henceforth be regarded as primarily an athletic center. In May, 1879, in what was probably an attempt to give the old eyesore a little class, Vanderbilt announced that it would thereafter be known as Madison Square Garden.

In the summer of 1882, John L. Sullivan, who had won the last American bareknuckle heavyweight championship from Paddy Ryan in Mississippi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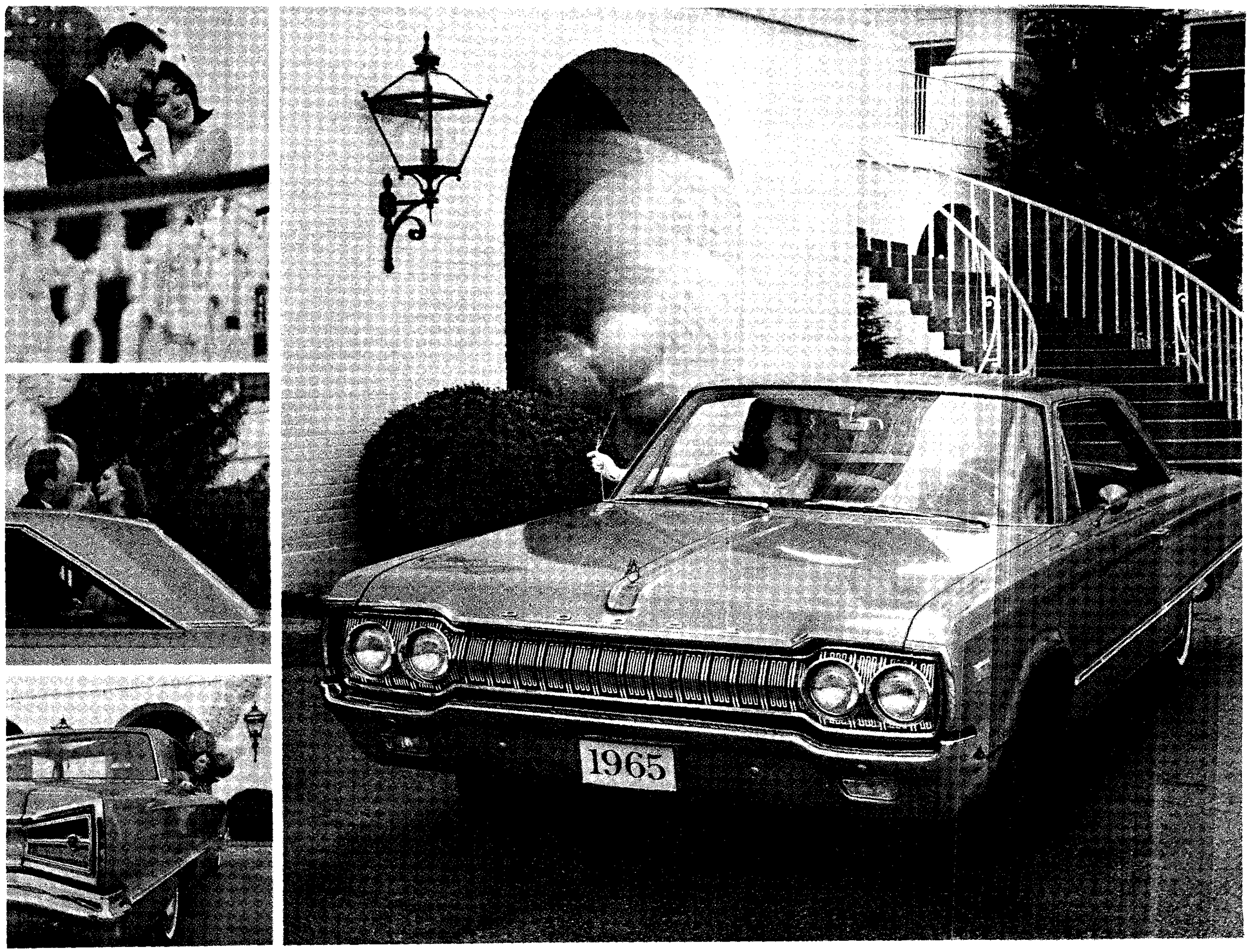

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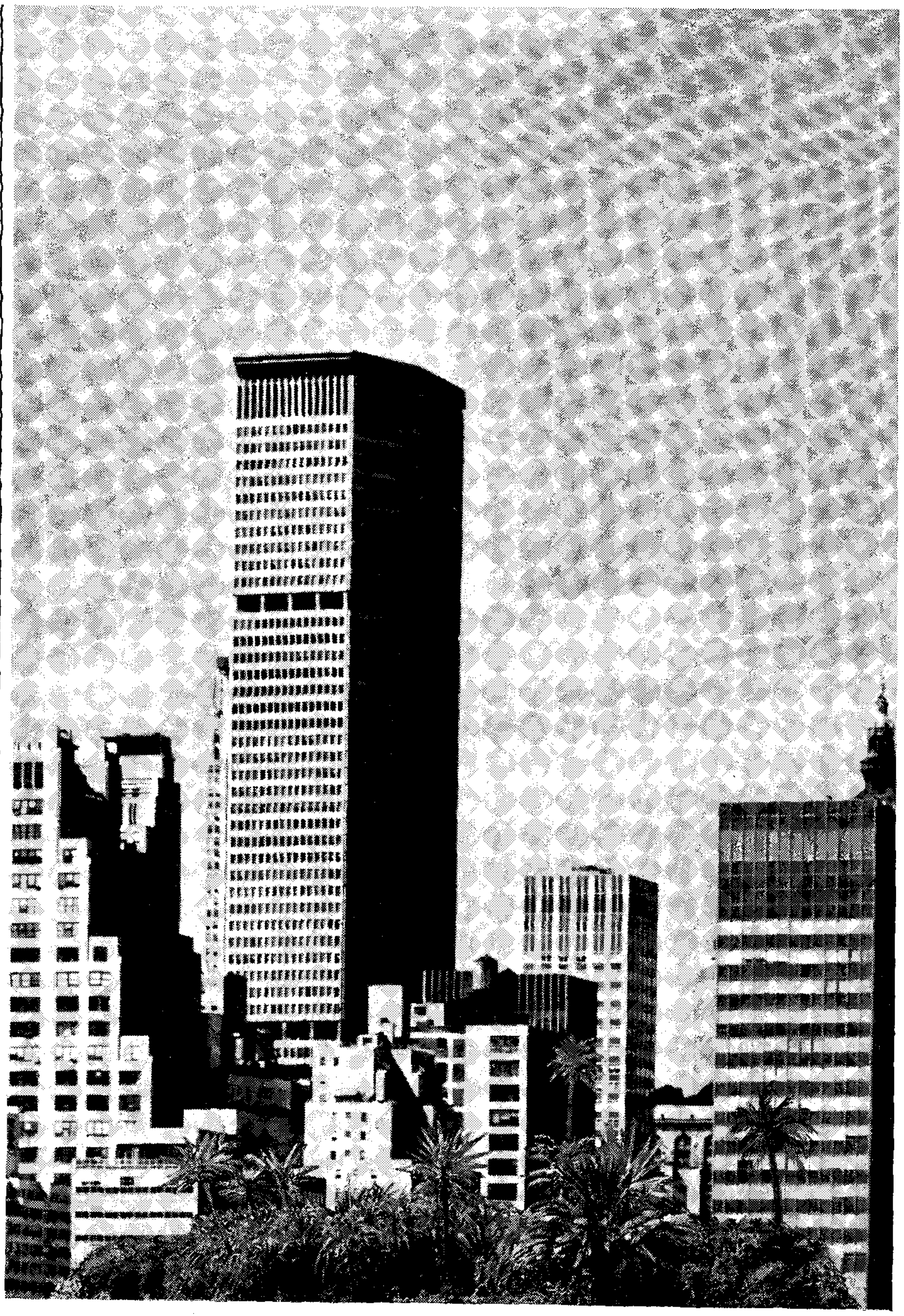
City, Mississippi, on February 7th, agreed to put on the gloves and join the Garden faculty; he would give sparring pointers to anyone who cared to enter the ring with him, and a student who was still on his feet after four rounds would receive a thousand dollars and half the gate receipts. Until Sullivan came along, the center of the boxing world had been London, and excitement ran high when his proposition was taken up by a leading British heavyweight known as Tug Wilson. The match was held in July, and drew what the *Times* described as the biggest crowd in the Garden's history—indeed, the biggest that had ever seen a prizefight. An estimated ten thousand people surged about the various doors shouting and cursing their luck at arriving too late to join ten thousand already wedged inside. The fight was one of the most curious on record. Wilson, who was three inches shorter than Sullivan and thirty pounds lighter, contrived to last out the four rounds and win the stakes by passing the crucial twelve minutes either slithering around the ring in a low crouch, below Sullivan's slugging range, or else stretched out flat on his back. Several times, he slipped to the boards without Sullivan's having laid a hand on him and, gazing thoughtfully at the ceiling, took a count of nine. A few days after the fight, he lit out for Soho with his winnings, and there, out of Sullivan's reach, he wisely remained for the rest of his days.

With the Sullivan-Wilson fight, boxing news moved from the police blotter and the *Police Gazette* to a prominent place in the city's more respectable papers. The *Times*, which had not found room to note Sullivan's winning of the championship from Ryan, now gave him four front-page columns, and the following day it ran a long feature on boxing lore, going back to James Figg's academy of pugilism in early-eighteenth-century London. However, the bluenoses had by no means given up their opposition to boxing. The head of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals enlarged his constituency by writing an open letter in which he demanded to know why the Mayor condoned the inhuman goings on at the Garden. Soon afterward, the police arrested two fighters there, but an obliging judge freed them as harmless "fistic illustrators," because, he pointed out, they had been wearing gloves. (Not long before this, a judge in Cincinnati had let two fighters off in response to the argument that what they had been



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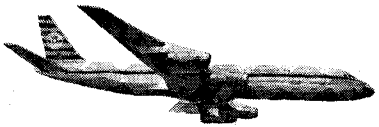

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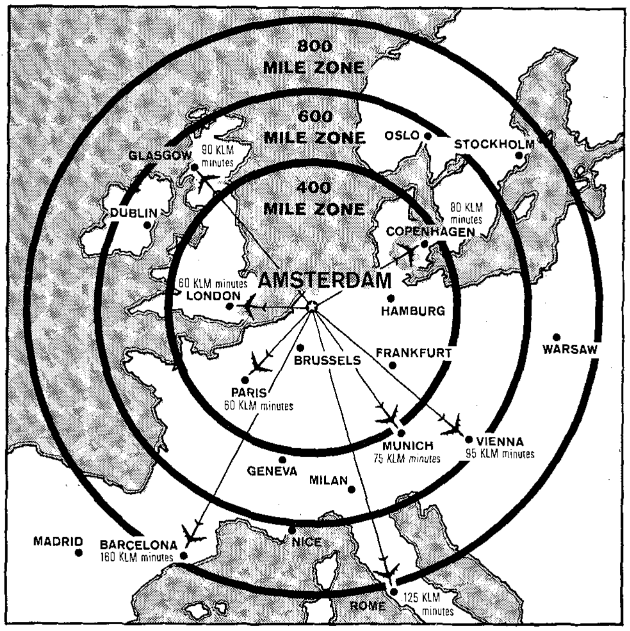
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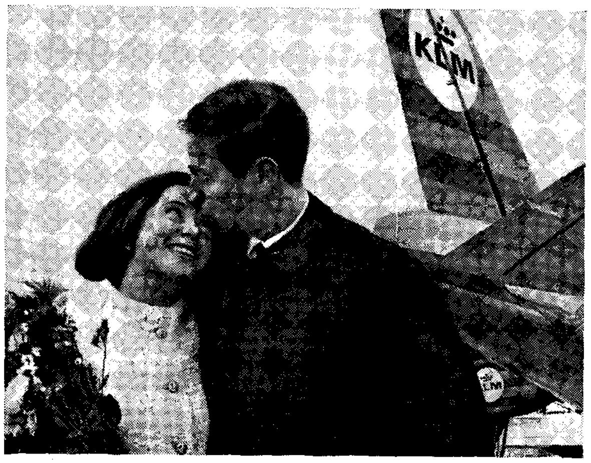

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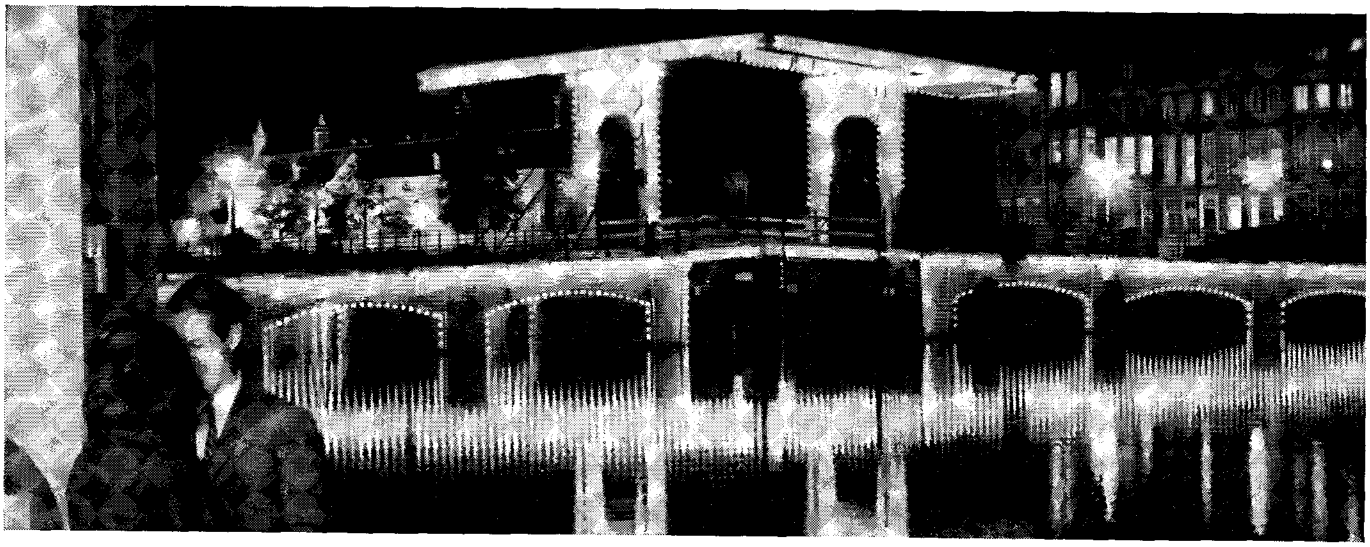

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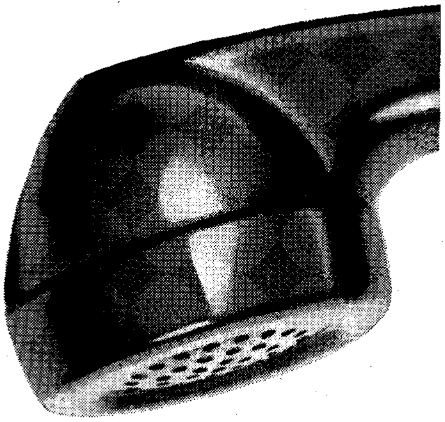

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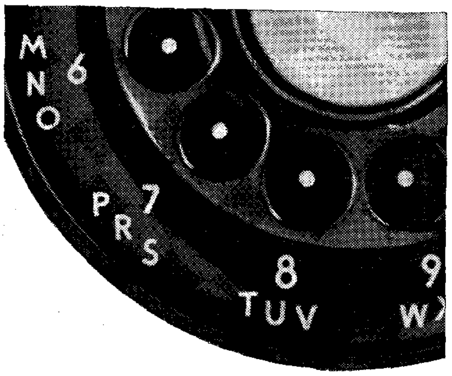
engaged in was a foot race.) With this, the function of the police was reduced to making sure that the fighters were wearing what old-timers called "the mufflers." For the next two years, Alexander Williams, who was captain of the 19th Precinct, which took in Madison Square Garden, and which he had christened the Tenderloin ("I've had nothing but chuck steak for a long time, and now I'm going to get a little of the tenderloin"), took up a post on the steps leading to the ring and ceremonially examined the hands of the fighters who filed past him. His only other responsibility, according to deplorers of the sport, was "to stop the proceedings short of murder." He exercised this option in May of 1883, when Sullivan met the British champion Charlie Mitchell. Once again, the Garden was jammed. Describing a typical fight night of the era, the *Times* reported that in the boxes "tier after tier of silver-headed walking sticks, opera hats, white shirt fronts, and evening ulsters rose to the eaves, while a cloud of tobacco smoke ascended to the roof, obscuring the small boys who dangled their legs from the rafters." In the first round, Mitchell committed lèse-majesté by knocking the champion down. Sullivan responded with such fury that Williams stopped the fight halfway through the third round, shouting, "John, do you want to *kill* him?" Sullivan was reported to have nodded vigorously.

As 1884 advanced, the Garden continued to prosper by seeing to it that fight fans got their money's worth short of murder, but the spoilsports were picking up strength. Local ministers and the S.P.C.A. had discovered an 1859 modification of the anti-prizefighting statute which banned public fights without mentioning fists and thus rendered the glove argument moot. Some of the press took up the issue, and the sesquipedalian *Times* noted that when Sullivan "punches at the region known as the epigastrium, he is apt to forget his position as a passionless expositor of the eternal verities of sparring." The criticisms of Sullivan piqued him to such an extent that one afternoon the champion, upon being accosted by a worshipful young fan who wanted to know what he ate to give him such strength, snarled, "Blood! Every day I drain a boy about your size." In mid-November of 1884, during the second round of a fight between him and one Alf Greenfield, Sullivan and his opponent were arrested on the charge that they "did wickedly . . . carry on a glove fight . . . in a cruel and inhuman man-



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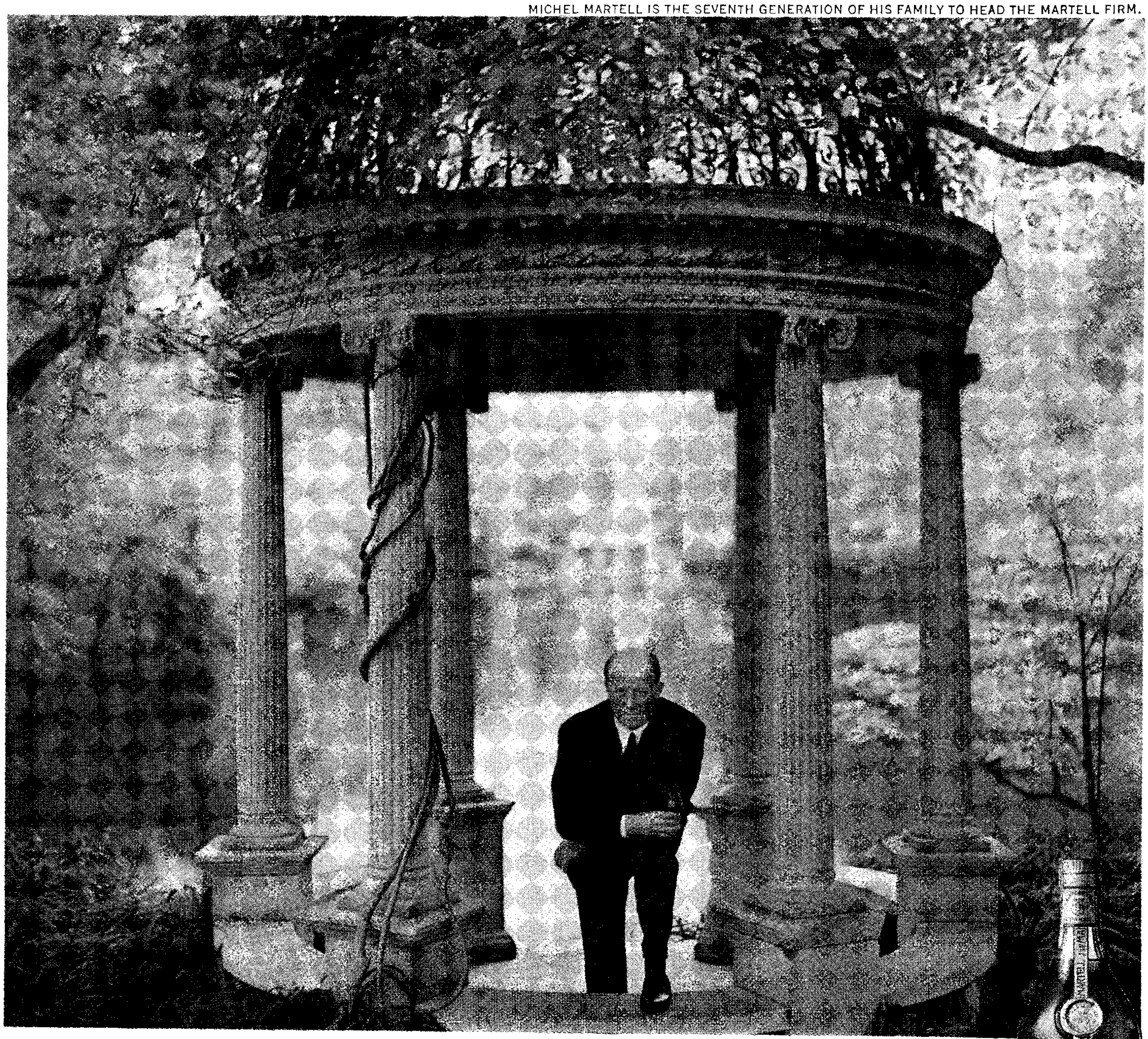

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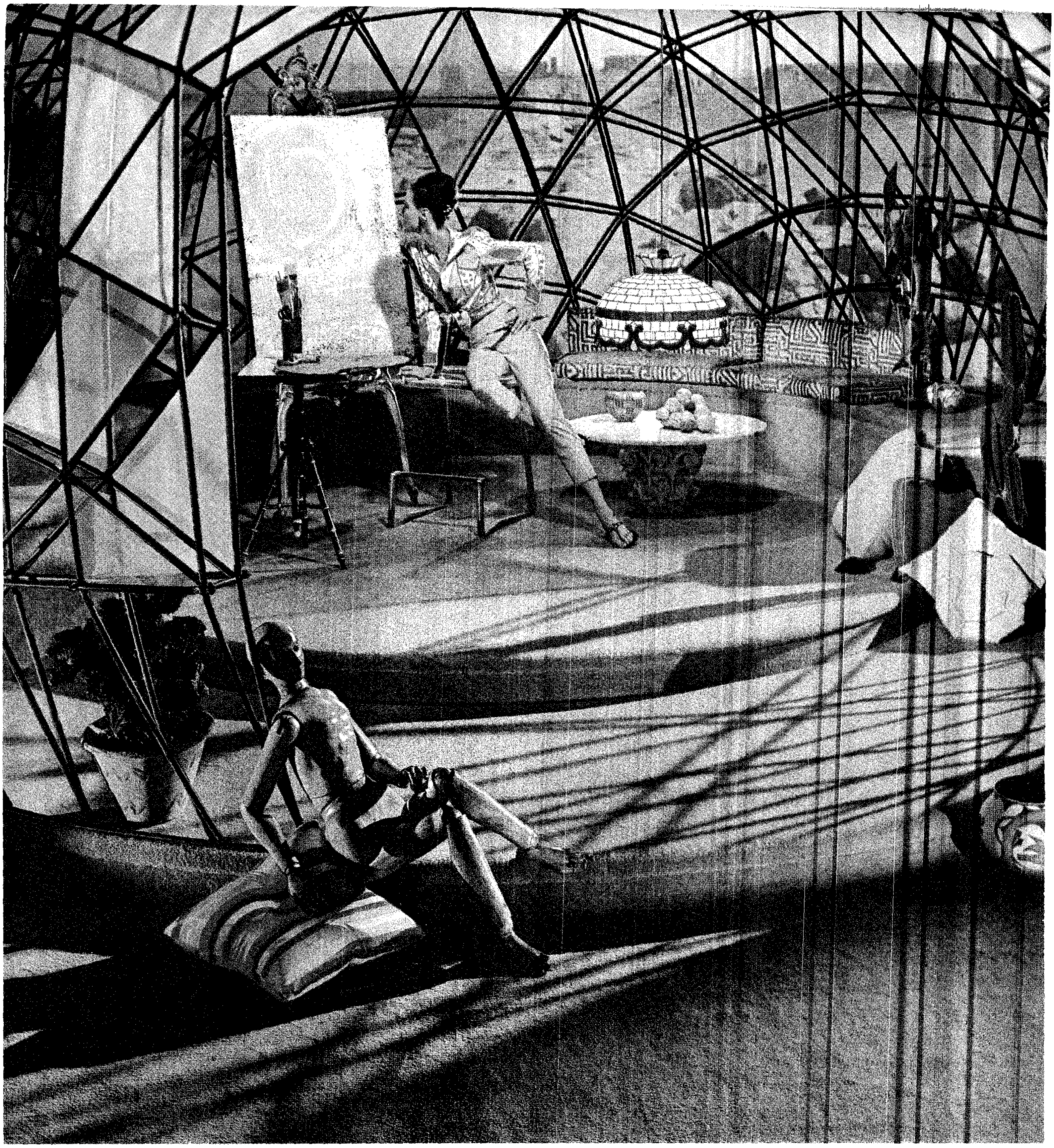

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ner, outraging decency, shocking humanity, and tending to corrupt public morals." The jury conferred only five minutes before acquitting both defendants, but this time the church-going electorate did not give up. In mid-January, 1885, Sullivan met Paddy Ryan before a crowd of eleven thousand at the Garden, and the police stopped the fight after fifty seconds. Subsequently, the Garden tried a few bona-fide illustrated lectures on pugilism, but the fans stayed home. The arena had to seek other sources of income, and so did many of the fighters. A dozen of them, including Sullivan, appeared in December in an all-pugilist minstrel show at the New York Theatre, and Sullivan's next appearance at the Garden was as a sideshow attraction in Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth. During an interview at this time, Sullivan said bitterly, "There'll never be another ring fight in Madison Square Garden."

DURING the next years, the Garden schedule was a hodgepodge of cattle sales, flower shows, Elks conventions, revivals, masked balls, temperance lectures, and working girls' assemblies. The concert garden, reconstituted every summer, prospered modestly, but every winter the arena's Alaskan temperatures sent the box office to a new low. In desperation, Vanderbilt's idea men tried to convert this liability into an asset by flooding the main floor and turning it into the largest indoor ice rink in history. A sudden thaw defeated them. The only ray of light was the National Horse Show. It had made its first annual appearance in November, 1883, the National Horse Show Association having been organized ad hoc a few months earlier. For this elegant spectacle, the Garden's entire ellipse was banked with flowers, which were changed every night. Champagne was served in the boxes, and ladies had their footmen trundle in Morris chairs, loveseats, and Afghan lap robes from home, so they could watch the proceedings in comfort; in the basement stables one of the horses slept on linen sheets embroidered with a family crest. But the Horse Show lasted only two weeks out of the year; after that it was back to Elks conventions and temperance lectures.

In 1884, Vanderbilt announced that the unprofitable Garden would have to be razed. He could hardly have picked a more strategic moment, for the sponsors of the Horse Show, finding that they were in danger of being all jodhpured up with no place to go,

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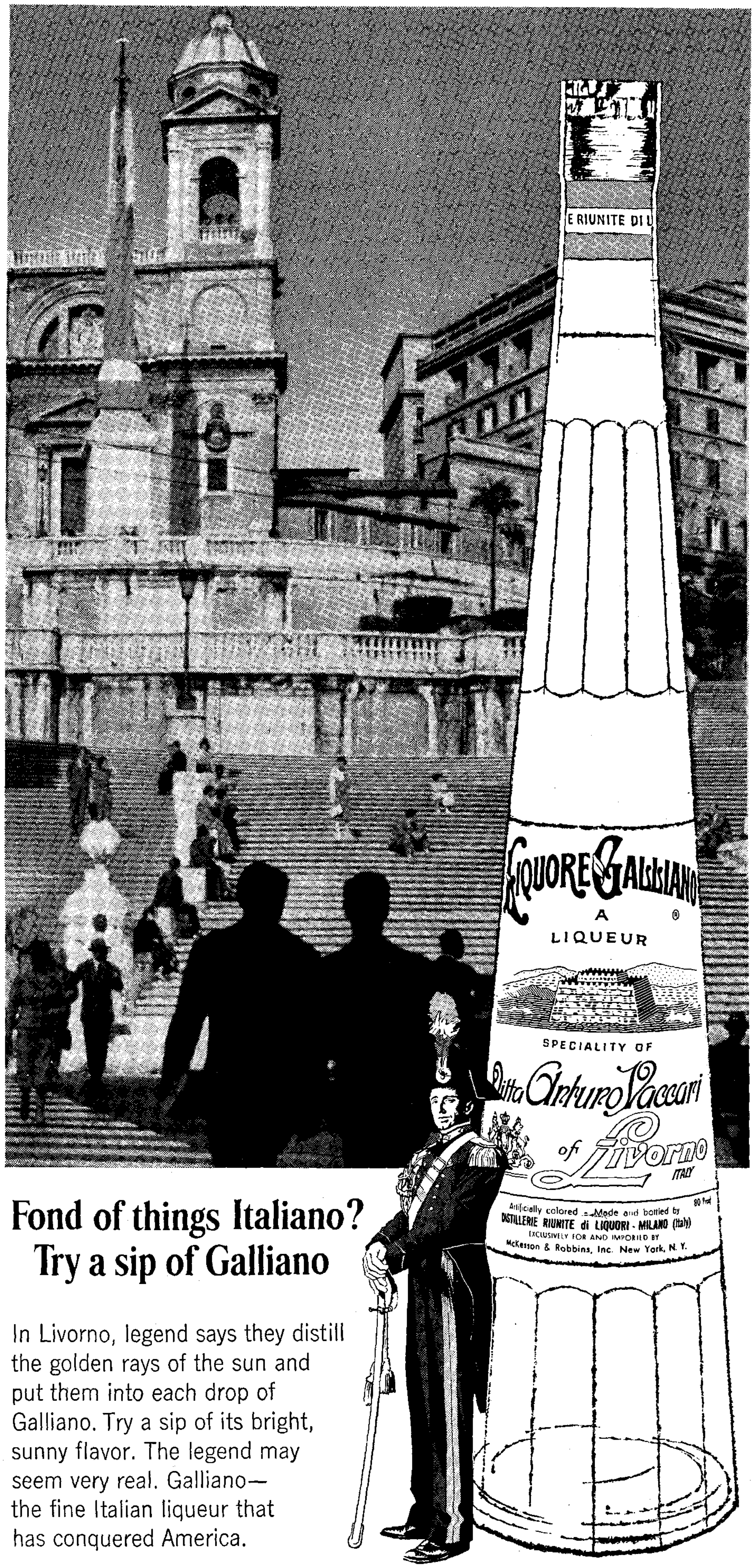
sprang into action, and a syndicate mostly composed of the Association's officers bought what *Harper's Weekly* described as "the patched-up, grimy, drafty, combustible old shell" for four hundred thousand dollars. Among the members of both the syndicate and the Horse Show Association were Hiram Hitchcock, William F. Wharton, Charles Lanier, and Frank Sturgis, but it was J. P. Morgan, a man who could take horses or leave them alone, who was reported to have put up the largest share of the purchase price. This was not the first time that the banker had become involved with the Garden. He had also sponsored Moody's and Sankey's appearance there in the winter of 1876. Though he was a devout Episcopalian, he had a weakness for Sankey's rousing Fundamentalist hymns, and night after night he had led the singing from a front-row seat on the stage. While this revival was going on, the *Times* had commented that the Garden "seemed a great people's hall or 'tabernacle,' where all, of whatever class, race, position, or sect, were welcome . . . rich and poor, master and servant, side by side." Possibly it was the success of this unaccustomed venture into egalitarianism that caused Morgan, as his son-in-law afterward recounted, to think of the later Garden as "a sort of 'people's palace.' " Or perhaps he had read Walter Besant's enormously popular novel of the eighties, "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," which told of a British heiress who concluded that the rich men who expressed their charitable instincts in the form of hospitals and almshouses had forgotten "the necessity of pleasure;" so, for her part, she set out to build "a Palace of Delight—a great people's hall," with a theatre, a conservatory, a ballroom, an art gallery, and a skating rink, where the poor people of London could for a few hours be equal to the richest. Whatever the source of Morgan's notion of the Garden, it was one that he eventually laid out a considerable fortune to see realized.

In the summer of 1887, the officers of the new Madison Square Garden Corporation announced that they were putting a million and a half dollars' worth of common stock on the market, and that as soon as all the stock was sold, the old arena would be replaced by one, on the same site, offering a more appropriate background for the annual equestrian extravaganza—and, incidentally, for *panem et circenses* during the fifty other weeks of the year. The fund raisers knew they would



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not be hindered by the fact that, to social climbers of the day, an invitation to join the Horse Show Association was a summons from the kingdom of the most high (that same year, Louis Keller used the Association's roster as the nucleus of the first *Social Register*), so the syndicate was able to put the bite on the bankers Adolph Ladenburg and James Stillman, who had more money than social standing.

WHILE these negotiations were going on, and business was continuing as usual at the Garden, a contest was held to determine the design of its successor. To no one's surprise, the winning drawings were by McKim, Mead & White. Though this firm was only a few years old, it had become the leading architectural partnership in the country. Charles F. McKim, the senior partner, was a quiet, meticulous man, comparatively austere in manner and taste, whose insistence upon Roman classicism in the buildings of the 1893 Chicago Exposition had a great influence on the early-twentieth-century look of American cities. William R. Mead, an engineer, was often described as the firm's anchor or rudder—and it was usually added that he had his work cut out for him in controlling the ebullient youngest partner, Stanford White. Born in 1853 into a family of considerable intellectual attainments and moderate social prominence, White reminded one of his friends of Vercingetorix—"strong as a prizefighter, but gentle . . . with bright red hair," which stood out from his oversized head like a halo. As a robust, noisy, fun-loving, versatile man, he was, in 1887, on the doorstep of fame and fortune. As an architect, he was an eclectic, designing churches, private houses, hotels, casinos, and clubs in Greek or Roman Classical, French or Spanish Renaissance (early or late), Colonial, Georgian, Byzantine, François I, or Louis XVI style, or whatever jumble of them all he felt would achieve his effect—an effect that, as the *Tribune* once noted, "never failed to be beautiful and alluring." The *Tribune* qualified this bit of praise, however, by adding, "if not convincing," and John Jay Chapman, among others, complained of White's weakness for festive ornamentation. On the other hand, a British admirer of the firm's work wrote in the early twenties that a McKim, Mead & White building was easily recognizable by a "nobler and more reticent manner than that of its neighbors." The firm as a whole received the fee—seventy-five thousand

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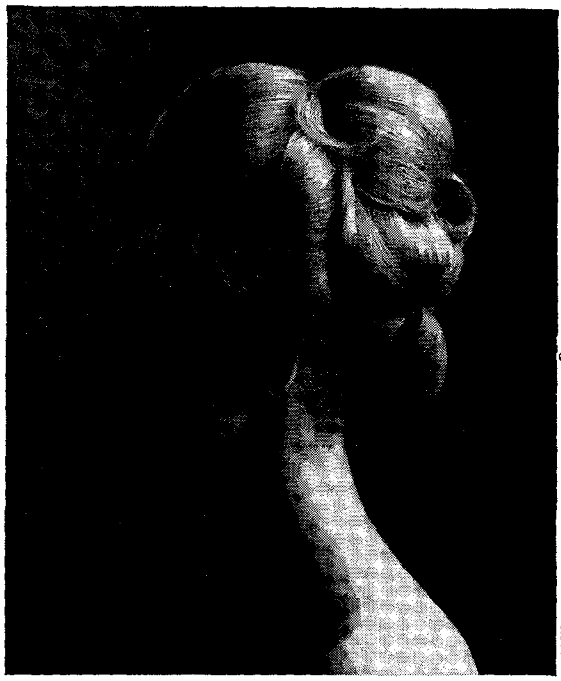

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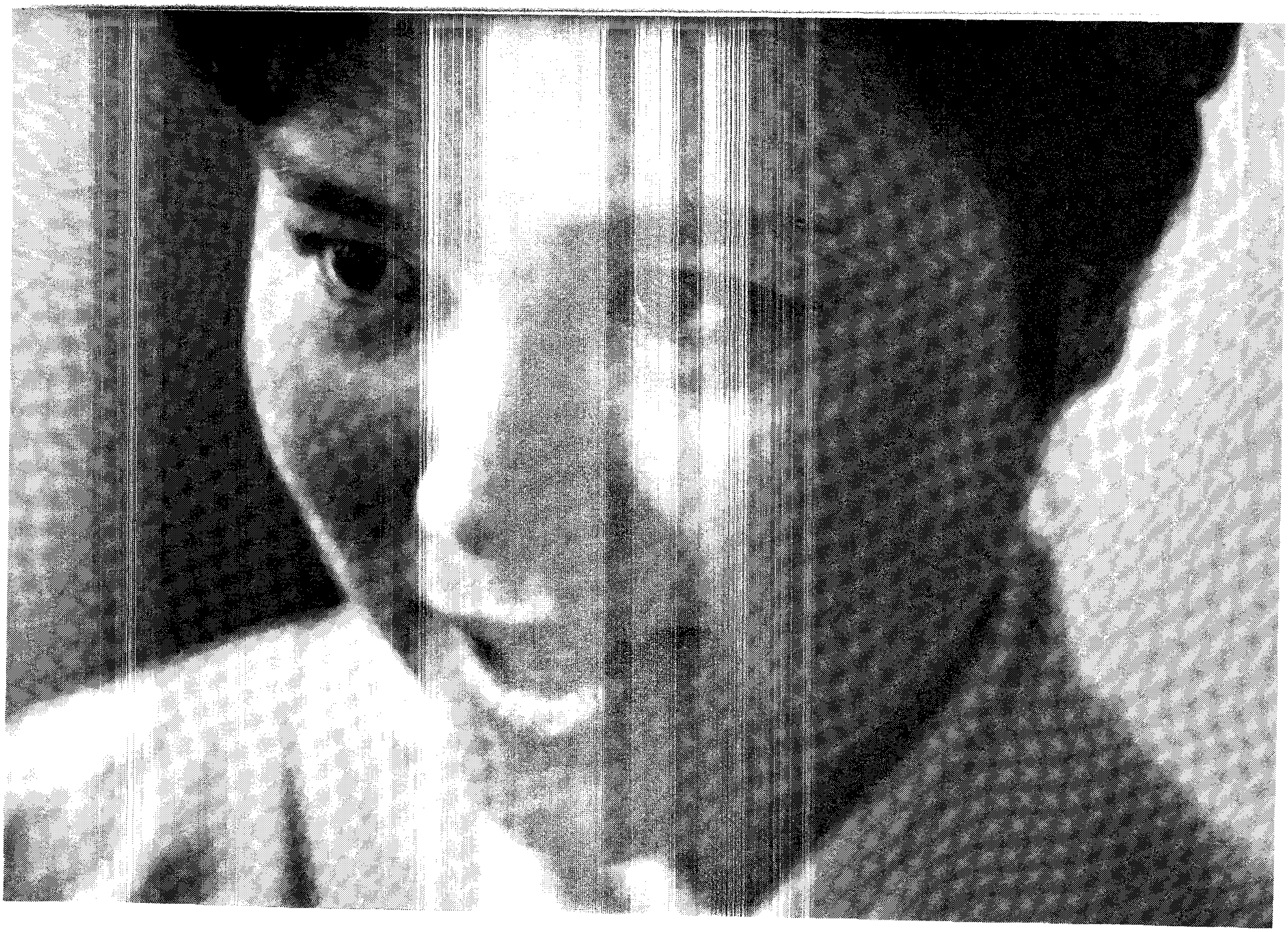
dollars—for the highly unreticent design for the new Madison Square Garden, but when another architect complimented McKim on the design, the senior partner said only, "White," and was silent for the rest of the evening.

For a time, White's Garden was in danger of being left on the drawing board, for when the stock market took a downward turn in 1888, some of the new stockholders began proposing alternative uses for the land; it would make an ideal site, they thought, for a new main post office, for an apartment house, for a giant department store. But Morgan owned three thousand shares of the common stock, which had a par value of a hundred dollars, and he would have none of this. Nor was White a passive spectator of the debate. He had been from the beginning a substantial investor in the Corporation, and in time he owned eleven hundred shares of its stock, plus three hundred and fifty through McKim, Mead & White. With the help of the Horse Show men, Morgan and White swung the vote, and in July, 1889, the sledgehammers finally went to work on the old Garden. By midwinter, the walls of the new Palace of Delight were going up as White had conceived them.

White's first preoccupation in a building was never with form but with color. (William Dean Howells recalled once standing with him on the deck of a Staten Island ferry when a stoker fell from a nearby tug and was mangled by its screw. "The poor devil!" exclaimed White, and then, involuntarily, "My God! What color!") His prescription for the exterior of the Garden called for a combination of bright-yellow brick and white Pompeian terra cotta. The inner walls of the arena were painted pale red, and its ceiling, eighty feet above, was supported by a huge cat's cradle of brilliant cream-color iron arches. The auditorium was the largest then in existence, occupying the full two-hundred-foot width of the block and about five-sixths of its four-hundred-and-twenty-five-foot length. There were seats for eight thousand people, and several thousand more could be accommodated on the main floor, the number varying with the sort of event in progress. Filling out the structure to the building line were a twelve-hundred-seat theatre, in the northwest corner, and, in the southeast corner, a fifteen-hundred-seat concert hall. Above the south, or Twenty-sixth Street, façade, White's design called for a tower, whose pinnacle, three hundred feet above the street,



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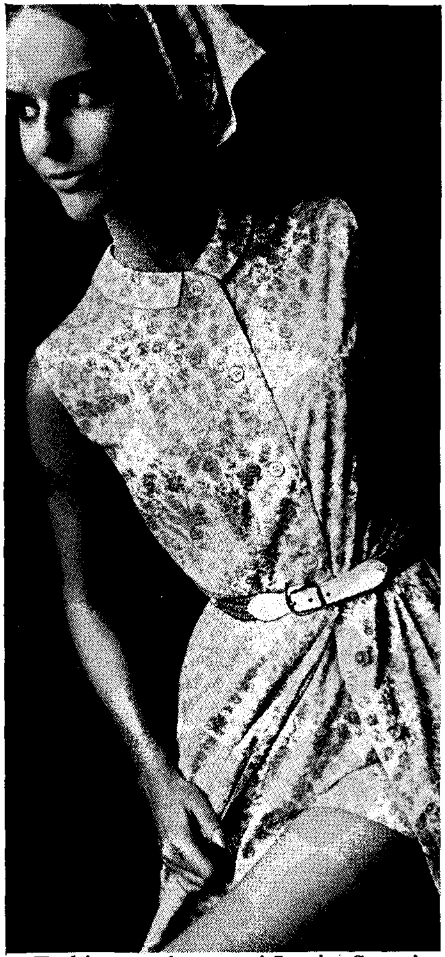

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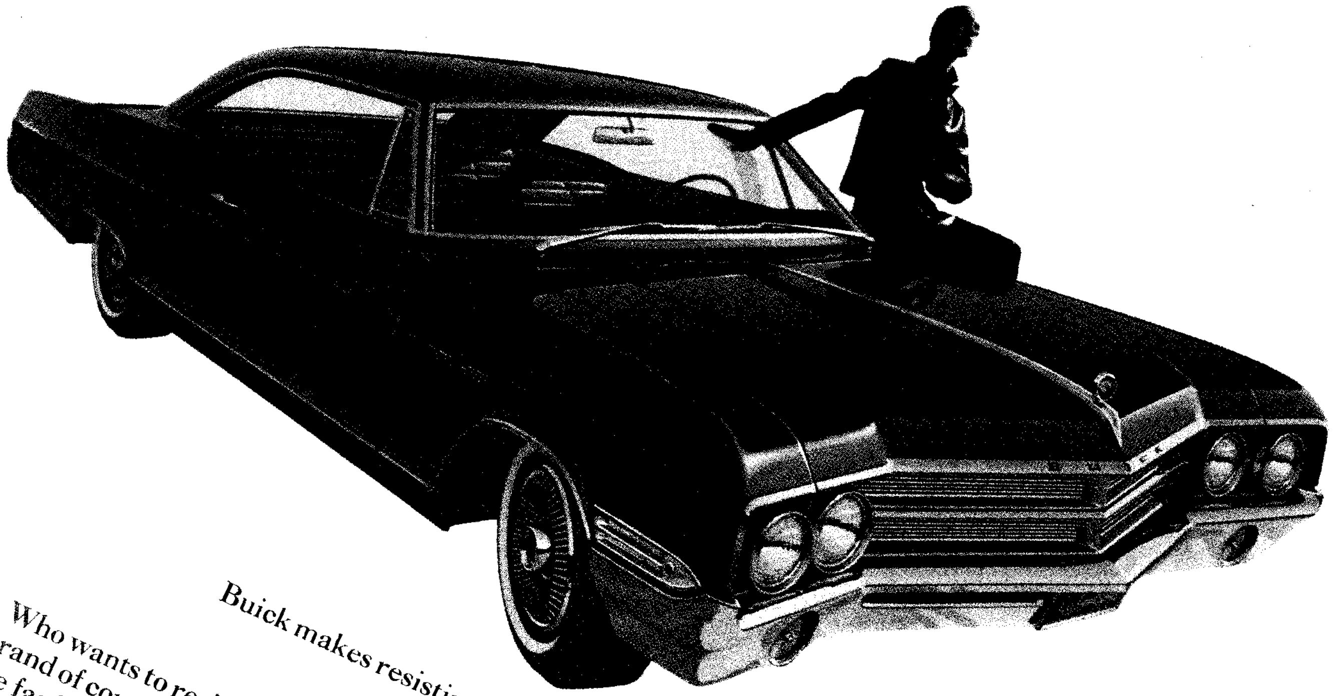
would make the Garden the second-highest structure in town, after the Pulitzer Building. In the southwest corner was space, as yet untenanted, for the largest restaurant in town, and the western third of the roof, overlooking Madison Avenue, had been reserved for a future outdoor cabaret to be known as the Roof Garden. The exterior of the building was Middle Spanish Renaissance except for a lavender marble grand entrance, on Madison Avenue, which reminded some people of the entrance to the Paris Opéra, and eight small cupolas, which sprang from the roof and reminded some people of similar ornaments on St. Paul's, in London. In addition, the sidewalk along the avenue and for a hundred feet eastward on each of the side streets was spanned by a broad colonnade of Roman arches. (For a time, the Mayor delayed granting a permit for the colonnade, on moral grounds.) The entire design was a modern architect's nightmare of loggias, niches, girandoles, galleries, cartouches, carved flora and fauna, and columned belvederes, all of which *Harper's Weekly* contentedly described as offering "almost nothing for adverse criticism." Indeed, the magazine's only suggestion for improvement was for further ornamentation.

THE new Garden was supposed to be finished in time for the circus to open there in April of 1890, but the work fell behind, and Barnum was forced to pitch a tent in the old Polo Grounds, at Fifth Avenue and 110th Street. The amphitheatre was finally ready in early June, but then multiple conspiracies kept its baroque doors from swinging open. Oscar Hammerstein, who ran the Victoria Theatre, on Forty-second Street, and managers of other local theatres converged on City Hall in an attempt to hold up the Garden's theatrical license. When the first-night program was announced—forty-eight European dancers in a ballet called "Choosing a National Flower," followed by an orchestral concert in which Eduard Strauss, of the Vienna Strausses, would conduct, among other things, a new "Phonograph Polka," dedicated to Thomas Edison—the musicians' union started a campaign to prevent the invasion. The most prominent local costumer, Dazian's, indignant upon learning that the dancers were bringing their own wardrobes, persuaded the United States Customs to seize the baggage at dockside. With Morgan's help, all of these protests were eventually squelched, though the Garden was able to ransom the costumes only a few hours before the dress rehearsal. In the end, the grand première, on June 17th, got poor notices (a reviewer in a local magazine called the *Critic* went as far as to say he would rather have listened to the "Phonograph Polka" on the phonograph), and Strauss blamed everything on the acoustics (he would as soon conduct in the open street as in the *verdammt* new Garden, he said).

At such inaugural rites, however, the play is not necessarily the thing. The delayed opening had put to its severest test the liaison between the Garden and New York society, to whom an evening in town in the depths of June was ordinarily unthinkable. The Garden directors rose to the occasion, not only summoning their wives and daughters back from their dilatory domiciles but insisting that they dress in their formal and extravagant best. As a result, the *Times* reporter was able to pronounce the evening "one of the most brilliant ever witnessed within an auditorium in this city." Nearly the entire Horse Show Association membership was there, and so were Mayor Hugh Grant, Governor David B. Hill, General William Tecumseh Sherman, and Chauncey Depew, then president of the New York Central. "There is no trace or flavor of the circus, the walking match . . . or pugilism about this new Garden," the *Times* noted. One touch that impressed the *World* as being actually too brilliant was the livery that White had designed for the ushers—yellow, with white satin scarves and cardinal-red waistcoats ornamented by enormous silver buttons. After the first night, when the one-shot audience had returned from the Garden to its estival retreats, not to reappear until the opening of the Horse Show in November, the exotic uniforms were toned down, and Eduard Strauss was replaced by old Patrick Gilmore. Cakewalks, walking matches, six-day bicycle races (the new craze), and, eventually, the circus began to fill up the schedule, and it was not long before the new Garden had much of the flavor of the old.

When the Garden's main structure had been up only a few weeks, the *Times* reported that it was "being accepted as one of the great institutions of the town, to be mentioned along with Central Park and the bridge of Brooklyn." But after the tower was completed, in November, 1891, the citations took on a positively lyrical note, which made the earlier praise



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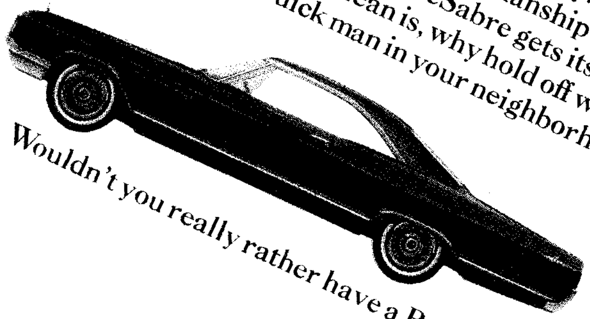

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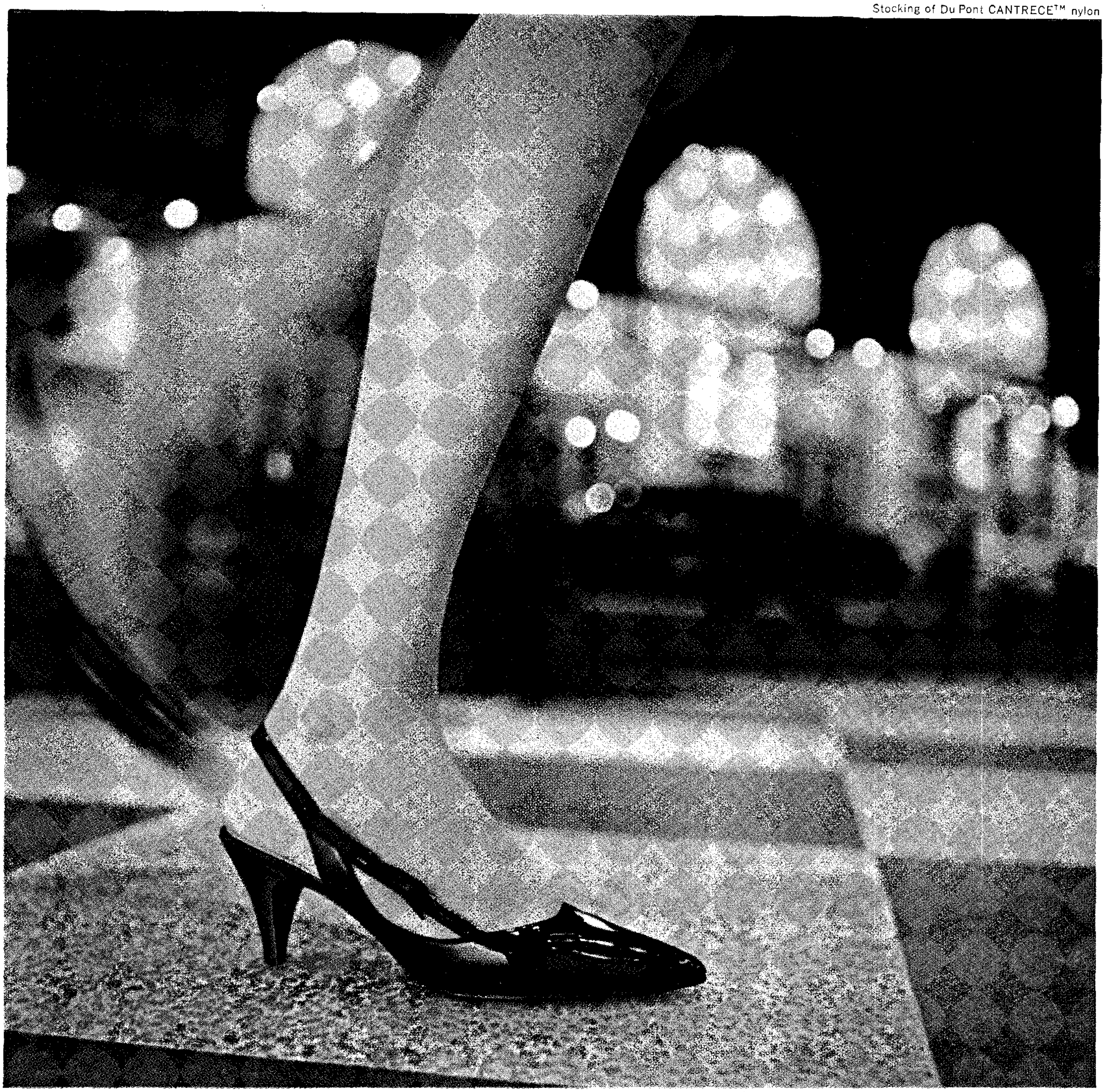

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sound feeble. "We do not understand how we lived so long even half-content without it," the *Century* wrote of the new addition. Cass Gilbert, the architect of the Woolworth Building, later called it "one of the world's most beautiful towers," and insisted that it had even more grace and charm than the Giralda Tower, in Seville, from which it was adapted. The tower had, in fact, nearly been left unbuilt. By the time the main part of the Garden was up, construction costs had reached $1,575,000, so the company's building committee decided to dispense with the ornamental appurtenance. When White heard this, according to a *Sun* reporter, he "kicked furiously to each member of the committee in turn, and afterward to everyone in any way connected with the building, down to the bricklayers." The contractor reportedly told the committee, "White is raising such a row . . . he is simply hounding me into my grave," and, in the interests of self-preservation, he offered to advance half the necessary four hundred and fifty thousand dollars if the corporation would guarantee the other half. "And so," the story goes, "Mr. White became reasonable again."

White's tower, which rose between the still untenanted restaurant and the amphitheatre, was severely Moorish for half its height, with narrow slits of windows. Then it flowered above into a diminishing series of five elaborately ornamented and galleried loggias typical of the florid Late Spanish Renaissance style that might never have seen a Moor. The tower was thirty-eight feet square at its base, a lot of this space being taken up by an elevator shaft and an encircling staircase, which together rose to the second loggia, from which just the staircase continued up to the topmost gallery. From here, anyone buying a twenty-five-cent ticket could see northward as far as Yonkers and southward to the Neversink lights below Sandy Hook. For the tower's opening night, White made the first spectacular use in the city of Edison's new incandescent lights, stringing sixty-six hundred of them around the Garden's outer walls, and lavishing fourteen hundred more on what the newspapers called his "pillar of fire." In addition, he trained ten giant searchlights on the tower's weathervane—the eighteen-foot copper figure of Diana, revolving on ball bearings, which kept her bow and arrow forever pointing into the wind. Augustus Saint-Gaudens—that "God-like sculptor," as Robert Louis Stevenson called him—had designed her as a fa-

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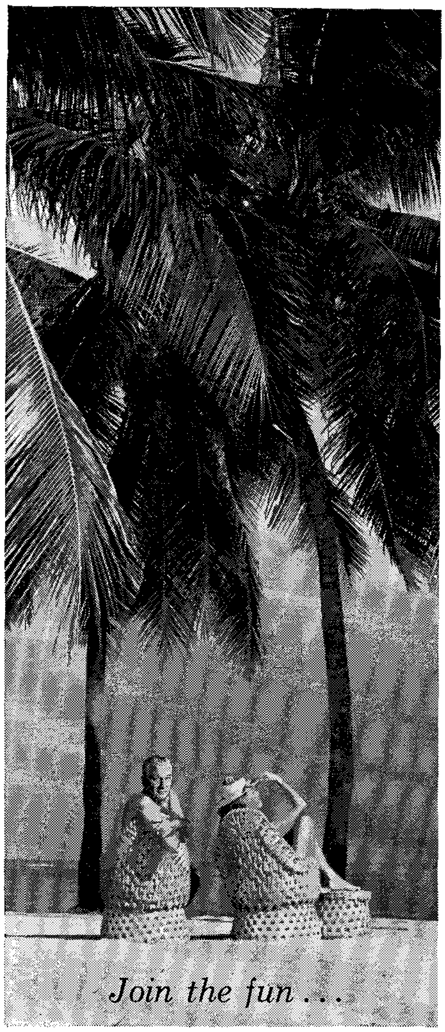

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vor to his good friend White. "The Square is now thronged with clubmen armed with field glasses," the New York *Mercury* reported early in 1892. "Where babyhood once disported itself, today elderly gentlemen, Delmonico elegants, Casino Johnnies, and every other variety of local dude linger in listless idleness." The blame for this, declared the *Mercury*, lay squarely with Diana. Though she was more undeveloped nymph than voluptuous goddess, she was "adorned only in her beauty and a thin veneer of gilt." Anthony Comstock, the celebrated protector of the town's morals, threatened to have all concerned arrested, and the Philadelphia *Times* called her typical of "the depraved artistic taste of New York." Indignantly, our own *Times* sped to her defense. "The nudity of Diana . . . might not suggest itself as nakedness to ordinary minds were not Philadelphia always with us," it declared, continuing, "Her every gesture testifies that she is on the trace of Actaeon, a prurient creature who peeped at the goddess and her nymphs," and concluding tartly, "Actaeon today would live in Philadelphia." Diana remained on her pinnacle until about a year later, when White and Saint-Gaudens decided that she was too tall in proportion to the tower. At considerable expense, White had her brought down, and Saint-Gaudens fashioned a new version, this one only thirteen feet high. As a boom derrick hauled the new goddess into place, the crowd watching from the park below let out a roar of approval upon seeing that she wasn't wearing a stitch more than her predecessor.

UNFORTUNATELY, the building that Diana so gloriously crowned was a financial lemon from the day it opened. Five months after its hapless première, the corporation's capital stock was increased to two million dollars to keep it in business. By the late nineties, the Garden had a two-million-dollar mortgage—the mortgage bond issue having been backed by the House of Morgan. The Garden cost about twenty thousand dollars a month to operate, with repairs, taxes, and insurance coming to about seventy thousand a year. Rentals, on the other hand, seldom went above fifteen hundred dollars a night, and there were long gaps between bookings. The corporation lost eighteen thousand dollars the first year and sixteen thousand the second, and in the few years in the nineties when it made a small profit, it never paid a dividend. Frank Sturgis, the president

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ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.
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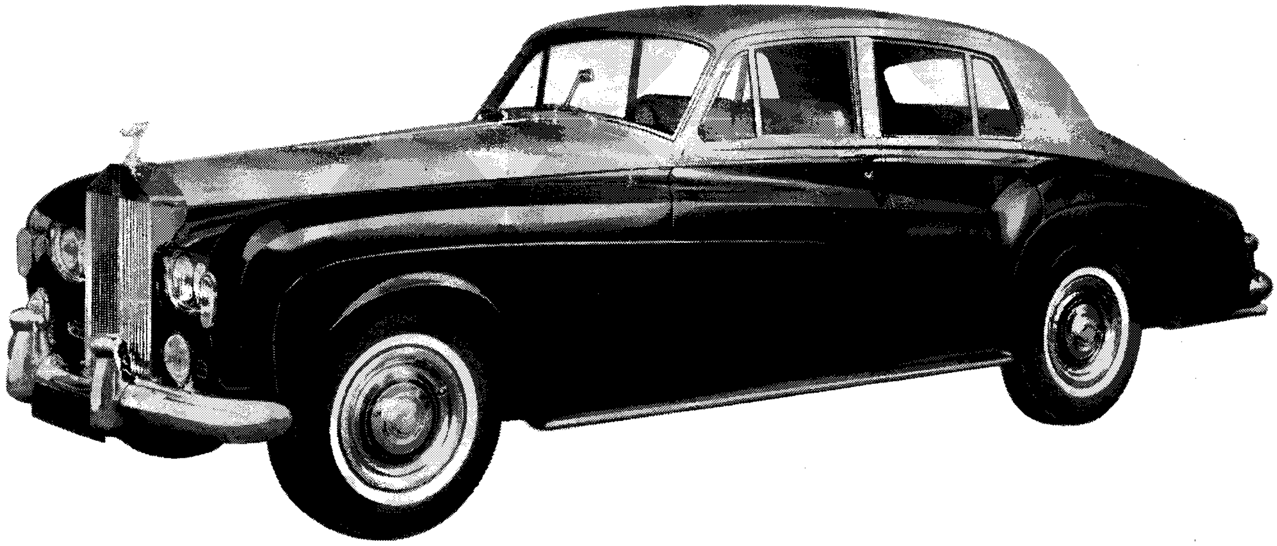

Gentlemen: Please send me a Rolls-Royce Owner's Manual and the latest catalogs, for which I enclose a check for $6.00.

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Find name and address of your nearest Rolls-Royce dealer in listing on page opposite, fill in here, then mail coupon to him with check for $6.00.

How to buy a Rolls-Royce

It comes as a shock to many people to hear that you can walk into a Rolls-Royce showroom and drive away in a new Rolls-Royce.

But the fact is, you can. There are many dealers throughout the United States, and nothing would please them more than to welcome you and sell you a new Rolls-Royce right now.

Here's how we suggest you go about buying one—the steps to take, what to look for, how to discover for yourself that one of the world's most luxurious cars is also one of the world's most unexpected pleasures to drive.

1. Send the coupon and a check for $6.00 for a Rolls-Royce Owner's Manual and the latest catalogs to your nearest Rolls-Royce dealer (see listing) or to Rolls-Royce Inc., Room 465A, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020.

The more you know about a Rolls-Royce, the more apt you'll be to buy one. The Owner's Manual—116 pages, hard cover—is the most complete single source of information available. The catalogs give facts about models, size, color selections, things like that. Your $6.00 will be instantly refunded when you buy a Rolls-Royce.

2. Stop by the showroom or ask your dealer to bring a Rolls-Royce to your home or office.

Kick the tires. Take a good look at the outside of the car. Familiarize yourself with the dashboard—rear window defroster switch, adjustable shock absorber switch, low-fuel warning light, built-in picnic tables—and all the other standard equipment on a Rolls-Royce.

3. Take a test drive. Adjust the armrest on the door to suit your fancy and head straight for the heaviest traffic you can find—to get rid of any old-fashioned ideas that a Rolls-Royce is hard to handle.

Next, head for the open highway and a full-throttle acceleration test—0 to 60 mph in 10.5 seconds or less in most tests.

Automatic transmission, power assisted steering and braking make driving anywhere a pleasure.

4. Let your wife take a test drive. Many women tend to shy away from driving a Rolls-Royce—until they get in it, drive it around a bit, discover that it's a family car—and issue an ultimatum to buy one by such and such a date—or else.

Suggestion: Invite your wife out for lunch or dinner while you're testing the car. That's one of the best ways to discover what it would actually feel like to own a Rolls-Royce of your own—an important thing to know before you get around to laying any money out.

5. Thoroughly investigate all the details of buying and owning a Rolls-Royce.

Prices start around $17,000 ($300 less for a Bentley—same car, different grille) not including local taxes.

Air conditioning and a host of other accessories are available at extra cost.

Check into parts and service. Investigate the possibilities of a *used* Rolls-Royce or Bentley—and don't shy away from the ones five or ten years old.

Don't hesitate to ask about any aspect of the Rolls-Royce that interests you. Write to Mr. George Lewis, Rolls-Royce Inc., 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Better yet, talk to your Rolls-Royce dealer. His sole objective is to sell you a Rolls-Royce or Bentley.

ROLLS
ROYCE

of the Madison Square Garden Corporation, wrote that, because of the "extravagance of the Garden's construction," no one could wring a cent of profit out of the enterprise.

The man responsible for a large share of the extravagance seemed to accept as a personal challenge the predicament of what the *World* was soon calling "Mr. White's yellow-and-white-elephant house." The decade and a half after it opened was White's most productive period. A hundred and thirteen of the hundred and forty buildings for which he is usually given major credit went up in those years. He was also continually involving himself in civic projects; in 1892, for example, for the quadricentennial of Columbus's discovery of America, he turned Fifth Avenue into such a glittering carnival of colored lights that *Harper's Weekly* declared he should be named Municipal Commissioner of Public Beauty. During this period, too, he was so active designing and producing giant shows to pad out the Garden's schedule that the *Times* later called him "the supreme master and promoter of all the fun hatched there." He put on a Toy Fair, an Industrial Fair, and an Actors' Fair, and, in 1893, he set up a gigantic pictorial panorama of the Chicago Exposition to save New Yorkers the long trip west. At various times, he turned the arena into replicas of the Globe Theatre, old Nuremberg, Dickens' London, and the city of Venice—the visitors floating about from exhibit to exhibit in gondolas. In 1899, trying still another water cure, he created in the middle of the amphitheatre a miniature Caribbean, on which real ships refought the Battle of Santiago. Hardly any of these projects paid off, but the Garden did enjoy a few fiscal highlights. The Shakespearean actor Richard Mansfield filled the adjoining theatre for years. Paderewski made a triumphal appearance in the concert hall. Adelina Patti crammed the big arena itself on each of her recurrent farewell appearances. And, of course, the circus brightened each spring's quarterly report. On the other hand, the corner of the building that had been set aside for the city's biggest restaurant eventually had to be converted into a supernumerary exhibition hall. Both Sherry's and Delmonico's, each of whom was offered it rent-free, had declined to try to satisfy the gustatory whims of the Garden's grotesquely varying clientele—to be ready on successive weeks to provide bologna and soda pop for the circus crowd, tea and chicken salad for the Temperance Leaguers, and lob-

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AT FINE STORES
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CHARLES JOURDAN'S ZINGY SPRING PROFILE
REVEALS THE SURE TOUCH OF A GREAT DESIGNER.
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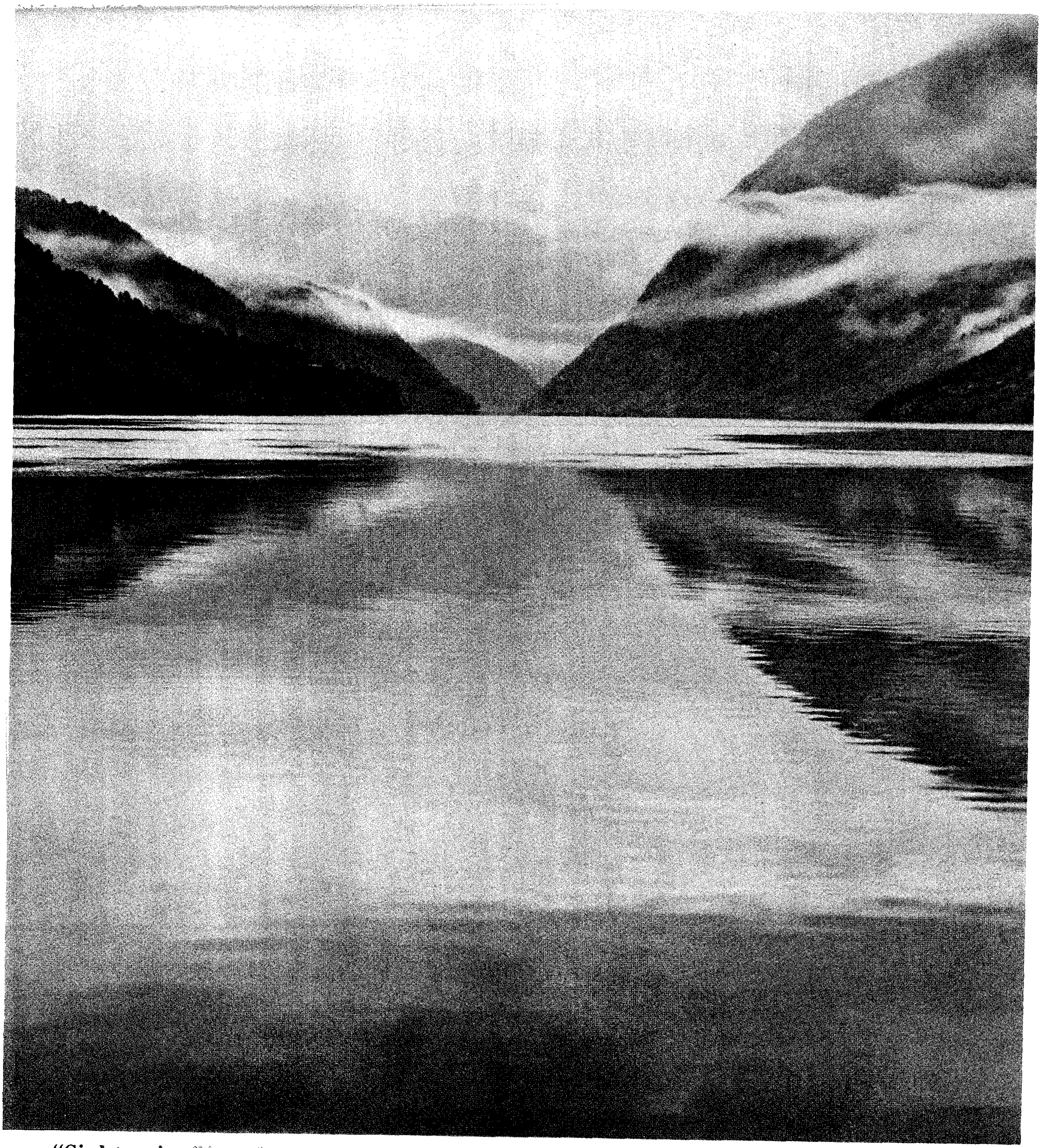
THE SHOE SALON, SECOND FLOOR, FIFTH AVENUE,
AND AT WHITE PLAINS, MANHASSET AND SHORT HILLS



“Sightseeing” is a cheap word for what you experience in the fjord country of Norway.

If you go to Niagara Falls or the Grand Canyon, or down the Rhine past all the castles, you see marvelous sights and everyone goes “ooohh” and “aahhh.”

When people go into the fjord country they “ooohh” and “aahhh” too. But only at first . . . they soon become very quiet. For everywhere, on all sides, there is astounding beauty—great steep heights, waterfalls, deep quiet water. Mists rise, float, fade away. Light and color change constantly—sometimes hazy and ethereal, sometimes brighter and more intense than anything you've ever seen.

What do you experience in the fjord country? There is only one word for it. The word is *peace*. When you leave Niagara Falls or the Grand Canyon you have nice memories and maybe good snapshots. When you leave the fjord country you have something else.

SAS flies to Bergen, gateway to the fjord country, and to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo, Helsinki. Leaving from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal and Anchorage. And within Europe, SAS serves more cities than any other transatlantic airline. See your travel agent or write: SAS, Dept. SX, 138-02 Queens Blvd., Jamaica, New York 11435.

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SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

Chevelle Malibu Super Sport by Chevrolet

Touch the accelerator to Chevelle's 350-hp V8 engine and you'll probably say Grrrrrrr8, too. Read what Chevelle has over other cars its size and you may even say Grrrrrrr8 Scott!

Let's begin on the premise that you're looking for value in the next automobile you buy.

The '65 Chevelle Super Sport has a Full Coil suspension. Foam-cushioned front and rear seats. Curved side windows. Air-washed rocker panels. Four protective inner fenders. Self-adjusting brakes with bonded linings. And a nine-step acrylic lacquer finish.

No other car of its size, no matter how much more it may cost, offers more. In fact, there're a couple of cars at Chevelle's price that don't even come close.

Then there's room

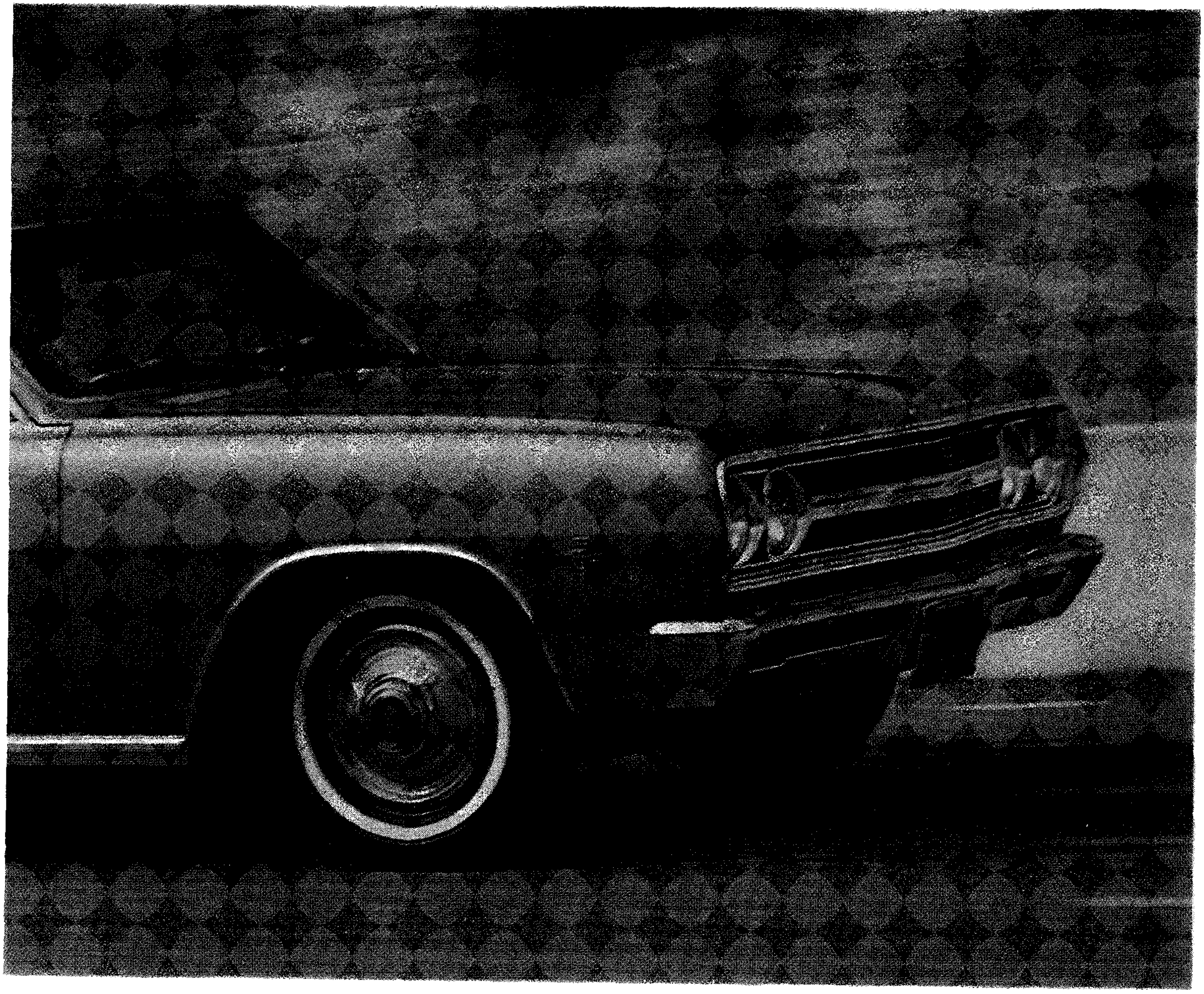
Other cars boast of five- and six-passenger roominess. But are they as wide overall as Chevelle? Do they have curved side windows for more shoulder room? Are they backed by a huge 27.3-cubic-foot trunk?

Nice thing about Chevelle—those same passengers don't have to be skinny, or have a pair of toothpick shoulders. And they can own the chunkiest set of luggage in town.

What surrounds room

The inside of a Malibu Super Sport is a world of rich vinyls and thick door-to-door carpeting. There's an electric clock with a sweep second hand. An ammeter. Even the steering wheel and seat belts are color-keyed.

Malibu Super Sport Coupe—Grrrrrrr8 Scott!



. . . GRRRRRRR8

To this you may add things like Four-Season *air conditioning and* AM-FM Stereo radio – the accessory list is a long one.

Ride

Much of Chevelle's youthful appeal springs up from its ride. And it should. That ride is patterned after cars costing far more.

With 10 feet of coil spring at each wheel, a hefty perimeter frame, and hundreds of tiny shock and sound absorbers, every street is easy street in a '65 Chevelle.

And finally, Grrrrrrr8 itself

Grrrrrrr8 is Chevelle's answer to those who say you can't have all that good cake and power too. It comes in the form of four V8's. The standard 195-hp. The 250- and 300-hp jobs you may order. And finally, the 327-cubic-inch Turbo-Fire 350-hp.

But enough talk. Drive a youthful, sporty, roomy, powerful, easy-to-handle, easy-to-keep-up, more-for-your-money Chevelle today.

Bet you come back a little wiser. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

EXTRA LIGHT
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
"BLACK & WHITE"
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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Now there are two "Black & White" Scotch Whiskies ...and one is Extra Light!

equal in quality... identical in price

In "Black & White's" Great Original Scotch, you'll find the body and bouquet of a traditional Scotch. It has the *character* that only "Black & White" knows how to give—the special character of Scotland in every drop.

"Black & White" ***Extra Light*** **Scotch** has a smooth, glowing clarity. It is not merely a *light* Scotch, but a light Scotch with the famous "Black & White" *character*. Whichever you choose—you're always right with "Black & White."

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N.Y.C. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS ster and champagne for the operagoers. And before long another element showed up to confound would-be caterers—the hot-sausage-and-beer customers, or prizefight fans, whom the Garden, choosing solvency over strict legality, was cautiously beginning to tempt back to their old haunt.

In the years since prizefighting had been officially banished from the city, it had found little hospitality elsewhere—even in Mississippi. (In 1889, Sullivan was convicted of prizefighting there and fined a thousand dollars.) Only New Orleans and the Western states and territories remained wide open, and fighters of any renown preferred starring roles in vaudeville to the hazards of the illegal prize ring; when the Garden management tried to pry Sullivan, the champion, loose from a successful tour in a melodrama called "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," even the promise of a fat purse failed to budge him. In February, 1892, however, the Garden persuaded Sullivan's leading challenger, Jim Corbett—a well-spoken fellow who wore his hair in a pompadour—to postpone his local appearance in another melodrama called "Sport McAllister" and take on three minor fighters for three exhibition rounds apiece. The Garden's position was that it was performing a valuable public service by giving New Yorkers a chance to judge Corbett's sparring style. The public valued the service so highly that there was a mob scene. When the doors opened, the *Herald* reported, "the human tide beat against the portals in big waves," and many of the spectators who managed to get in—in the new Garden, as in the old, ten thousand proved to be a capacity fight crowd—had bloody noses and "big dents in their hats." Among the people who had been considerately assigned to the best seats in the house were two police commissioners and the superintendent of police. Wearing the new six-ounce gloves, Corbett knocked out two of his opponents and badly damaged a third, but there were no arrests. Corbett went on to win the heavyweight title from Sullivan in New Orleans the following September; then, as a means of forestalling public resentment over his victory, he hired the Garden to stage a benefit boxing exhibition for the popular old gladiator. The idea of the benefit match was a godsend—the anti-pugilism forces were hardly anxious to be accused of taking the food out of the mouths of worthy beneficiaries—and at prudently spaced intervals over the next several years the Garden held box-

French trains are so comfortable you'll hate them

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In France, 99.6% of the trains are on time. A great help if you're making connections or high-tailing it back to a Parisian bistro from a day in the country. But no help at all if you enjoy the relaxed, pampered life in which these trains abound. French trains spoil you shamelessly. With individual seating in roomy compartments. Big picture windows. And a noiseless, bumpless ride that won't ruffle the composure of your boeuf bourguignon or your '57 Pommard. Our free folder will show you how the French translate train travel into an experience extraordinaire. Write French National Railroads, Dept. NY2, Box 223, Madison Sq. Sta., N.Y. 10010.

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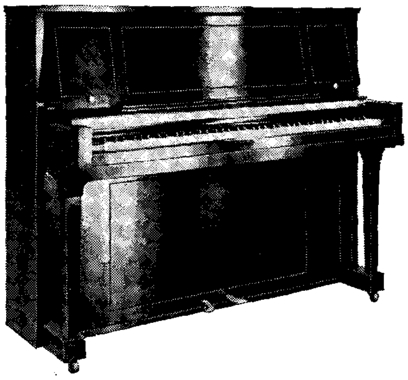
FOR TICKETS, RESERVATIONS, & LOW-COST, 1ST CLASS "EURAILPASS," SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE US BEFORE YOU LEAVE

For travelling in France "the railway is the right way."

ing exhibitions for the benefit of various charitable causes. (Their percentage of the take was usually unspecified.) The sport was given an added boost in 1896, when a state law declared boxing legal (decisions were allowed but no knockouts) in buildings owned by, or leased for at least one year to, established athletic clubs. This law was so brutally abused that it was repealed within four years, but before August 31, 1900, when the repeal was to go into effect, the Garden signed a sham lease turning the arena over to a group of fight promoters who called themselves the Twentieth Century Athletic Club. Several times weekly, fight nights at the Garden drew crowds of between eight and ten thousand fans. The gate often reached twenty-five thousand dollars, of which half went to the house, though the press openly speculated on the size of Tammany's cut. Early in August, 1900, when Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out Gus Ruhlin, the *Times* noted that the police had entered the arena only at the end of the match, and only to see if Ruhlin had been killed, "for in that event it would have been necessary to make an arrest." On the night of August 30th, fight fans paid $56,350 to see Corbett knock out McCoy. That midnight, however, the spree was over. Joe Humphreys led the audience in singing "Auld Lang Syne" as professional boxing once again became illegal in the state. In the November, 1901, election, a Fusion slate drove Tammany out of office and brought William Travers Jerome in as District Attorney. This unlikely namesake and son of two of the noisiest ringsiders at the old Garden—William Travers and Lawrence Jerome, respectively—was determined to enforce every law to the hilt, and by 1910, when Tammany was running the District Attorney's office again, big-time boxing had moved its headquarters to the Far West, where the law was amenable to reason.

WITH the departure of boxing, the Garden's financial condition again became critical. At one point, ex-Mayor Abram Hewitt had proposed that the federal government take it over for the new main post office. Had Washington responded favorably to Hewitt's suggestion, Stanford White would have lost his second home. From the day the Garden opened, he had been acknowledged to be not only its leading entrepreneur but its presiding host. On a fight night in the mid-nineties, for example, the young newspaperman Stephen Crane watched from the gallery as the architect, who was a



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The Steinway is a wonderful teacher, and a constant incentive to learn. You will enjoy the smooth response to touch made possible by its technical supremacy in hundreds of hidden places. The Professional, above, stands up incredibly under punishment. In tone it is the closest thing to the Steinway Grand, Instrument of the Immortals. Victor Borge said, "Even what YOU are doing sounds better on a Steinway!"

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deep inverted pleats to move from spring into summer on a simply designed dress by Nantucket Naturals of fibranne rayon, clay green or cool blue, 8 to 16 sizes 50.00

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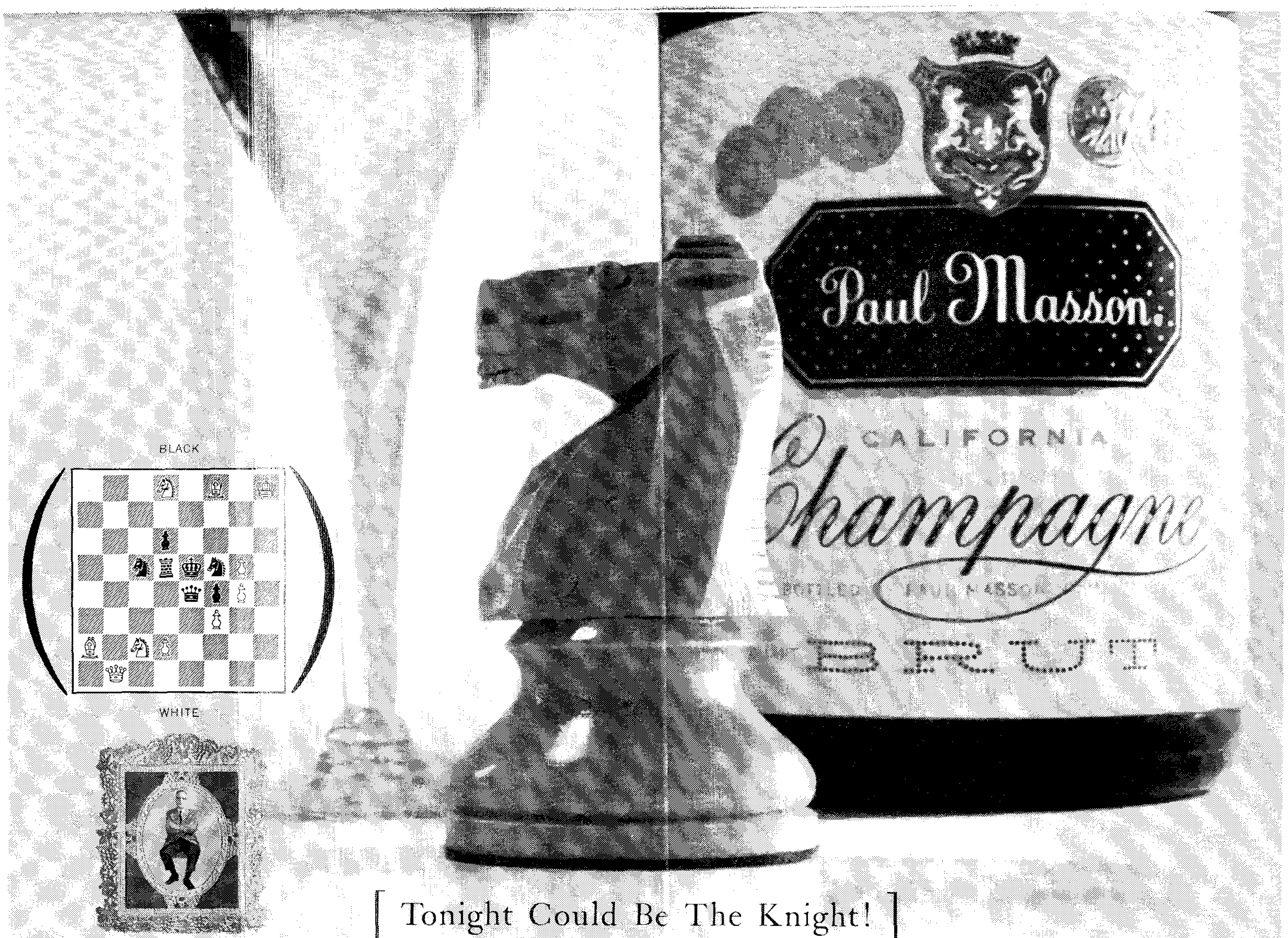


[Tonight Could Be The Knight!]

THIS YEAR PAUL MASSON GIVES AWAY KOLTANOWSKI!

OUR Fifth Annual Chess Tournament has two innovations:

1) Since the official drink for this year's tourney is Paul Masson Champagne we have decided to go the whole grape and have an official slogan too, "Tonight Could Be The Knight."

In view of this, George Koltanowski, Chessmaster and World's Blindfold Champion, has devised a tricky problem around knights.

2) While Mr. Koltanowski has been both lavish and imaginative in selecting prizes heretofore, he has possibly gone overboard this time. *The grand prize this year is Koltanowski himself!*

Yes, the winner will have Koltanowski all to himself for an evening of chess. Or, if he would like to invite in forty or fifty of his dearest friends the Master will play them all simultaneously.

Moreover, he will furnish the refreshments: frosty Paul Masson Champagne for the bubbly-breaks.

Second through one-hundredth prizes are 99 sets of one-dozen tulip champagne glasses as shown.

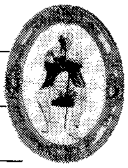
And every entrant will receive his 1965-66 numbered Chess Registry Card, on the back of which, for handy reference, are Koltanowski's *Further* Seven Rules For Better Chess.

So go to it: White to play and mate in two moves. It is pleasant to think of you pondering away with chess in your mind and a champagne glass in your hand. Good luck!

Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. Y-6, Saratoga, Calif.

Here is my solution for Mr. Koltanowski________________.

I shall be delighted to receive my numbered Chess Registry Card for 1965-66 with Koltanowski's *Further* Seven Rules For Better Chess on the back even if I'm wrong. I do hope mine is among the first correct answers checked after April 1, 1965 and I win a prize.



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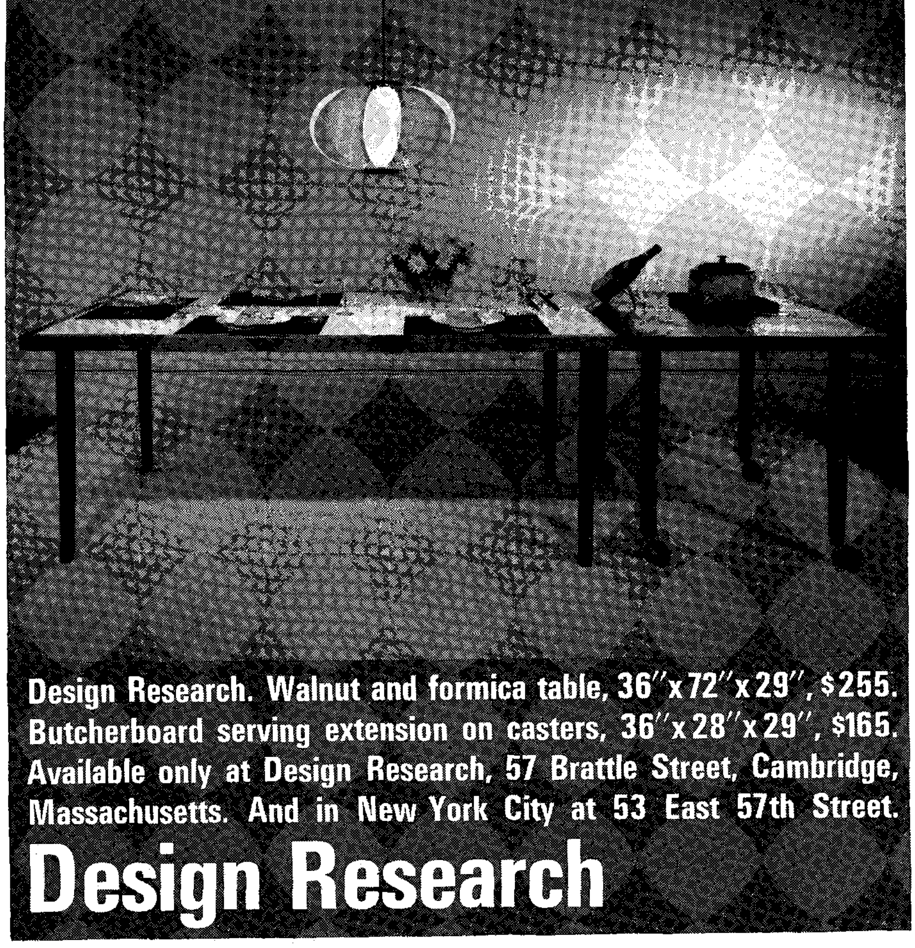


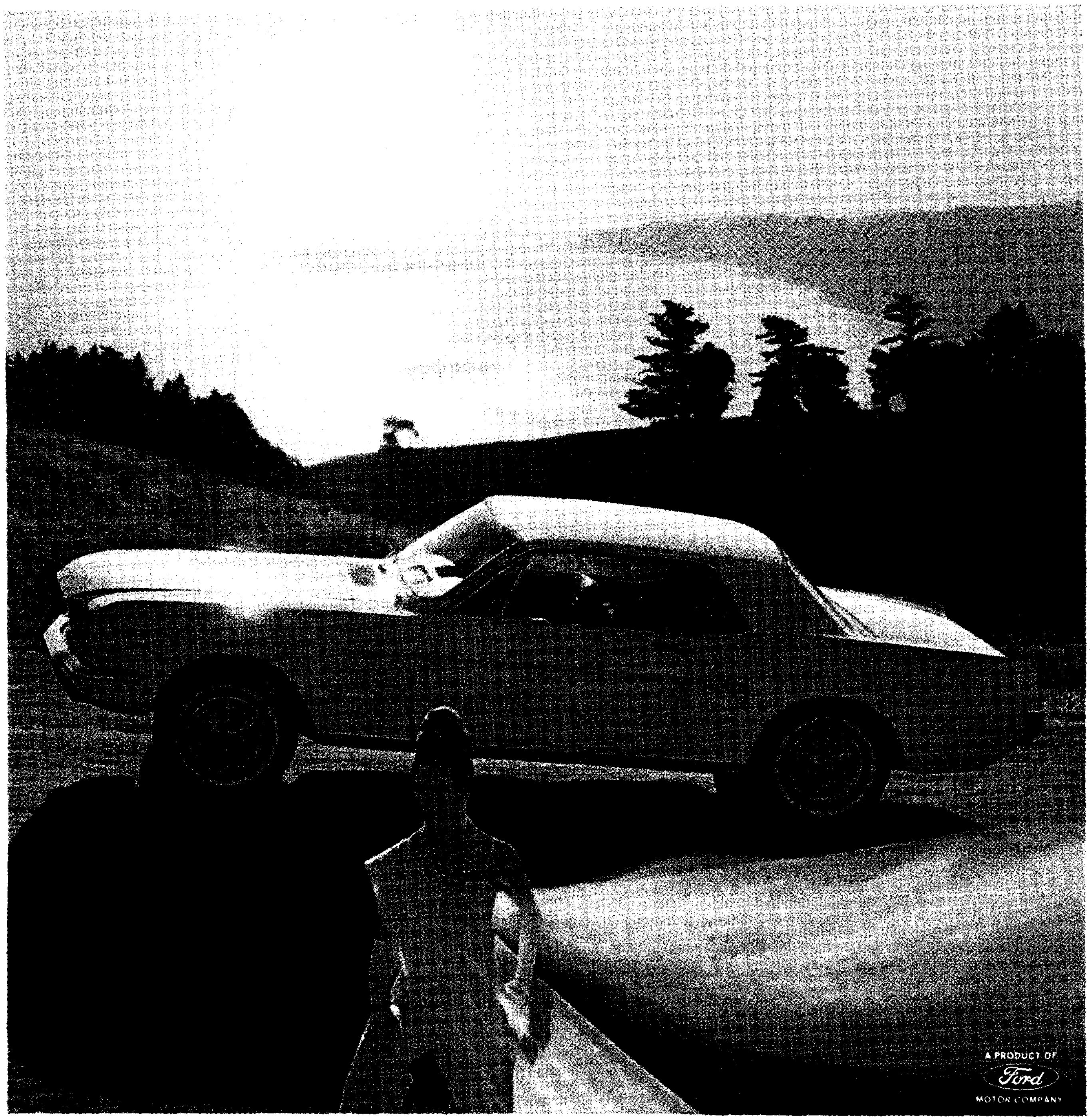
SELECTED FOR THE 11th ANNUAL INDUSTRIAL DESIGN REVIEW

Design Research. Walnut and formica table, 36″x72″x29″, $255. Butcherboard serving extension on casters, 36″x28″x29″, $165. Available only at Design Research, 57 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. And in New York City at 53 East 57th Street.

Design Research

dedicated boxing fan, sat in his red-curtained box entertaining Mark Twain, the celebrity of the evening. Later, if White followed his hospitable custom, he escorted Twain up to a studio, high in the tower, that was maintained there by him and by Peter Cooper Hewitt, the grandson of Peter Cooper and himself a notable scientist and inventor. The narrow rooms surrounding the elevator-and-staircase core were decorated with tiger-skin rugs, flaming-red draperies, wall-wide oil paintings, dainty taborets, ormolu tables, two-foot crystal lamp globes, and Oriental divans. "It was an attractive place for suppers after the play or the Horse Show, and invitations to a function there were always highly prized," the *Times* reported. Among those who undoubtedly prized them were not only the Horse Show crowd but White's friends from the theatrical world. Years later, Frank Crowninshield recalled this mingling of people from different backgrounds as the beginning of café society. Any warm evening after May of 1892, if the varied company palled, guests could lean out the windows and take in the show at the Roof Garden below. In this "patch of paradise suddenly called into existence," as a first-night critic called the cabaret, some three hundred tables were set among flowers, fountains, and shrubbery lit by Chinese lanterns. The opening show featured Spanish shadow dancers and a roving mandolin trio, and each summer for the next fourteen years White had still another set of auditions, rehearsals, and box-office receipts to attend to, giving him yet a further excuse to linger until all hours in his favorite corner of Madison Square.

It was, of course, at the Roof Garden that White was killed, on the night of June 25, 1906—"shot from behind," his son, Lawrence, loyally wrote, "by a crazed profligate whose great wealth was used to besmirch his victim's memory during the series of notorious trials that ensued." On the evening of the shooting, White had dined with the twenty-year-old Lawrence White, and afterward had headed, as usual, for the square and taken the elevator to the Roof Garden, where a new show was about to open after a poor spring season. He bustled about backstage consulting the chef and the show's director, and then, soon after the curtain rose, settled at a table near the front, from which he watched the show, his large head, with its bristling red thatch, cocked on one side, and his chin resting on his hands. Near the end

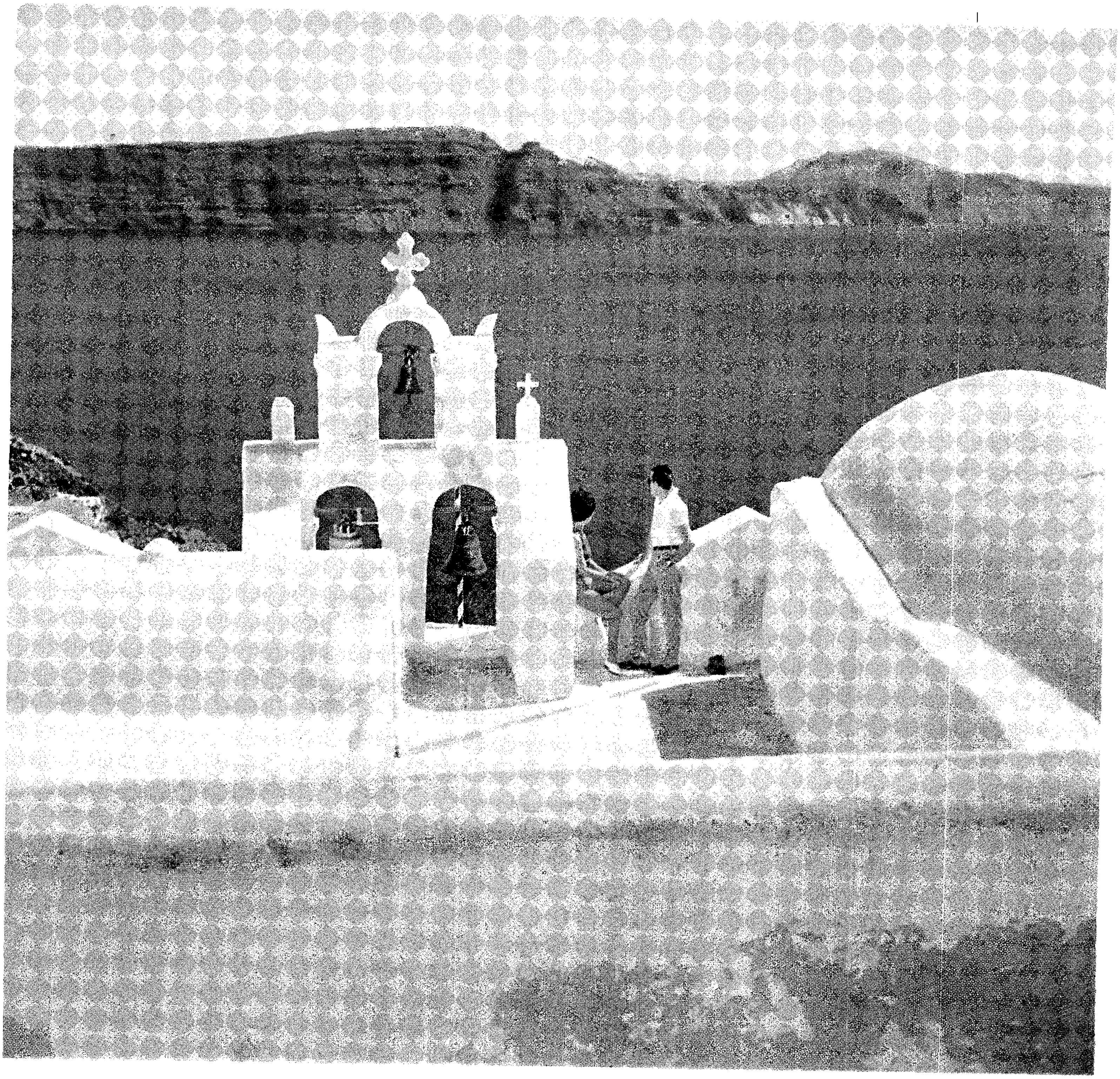


THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE MUSTANG HARDTOP

Life was just one diaper after another until Sarah got her new Mustang. Somehow Mustang's sensationally sophisticated looks, its standard-equipment luxuries (bucket seats, full carpeting, vinyl interior, chiffon-smooth, floor-mounted transmission) made everyday cares fade far, far into the background. Suddenly there was a new gleam in her husband's eye. (For the car? For Sarah? Both?) Now Sarah knows for sure, Mustangers have more fun.

Best year yet to go Ford

MUSTANG!
MUSTANG!
MUSTANG!



Ride a donkey to the top of Santorin.

You'll probably want to walk down.

Once upon a time,
thousands of years ago,
a volcano rose from the sea,
dropped its lava on the
flanks of a high rock, and
presto, an island was born.
Santorin.

The view from the top
is breath-taking. The houses are
brilliant white. The sea, a deep blue.
And the geraniums that grow
on the side of the cliffs
are aflame with scarlet.
You get up there by donkey.
And that's fun.
But coming down, walk.
You'll enjoy the view more.

Santorin is just one of
the numerous islands in the
Cyclades, each with its
own unique kind of beauty.

Civilization here goes back 5,000
years. The harbors are charming,
the hotels excellent,
the local wines delicious, and the
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For more information about
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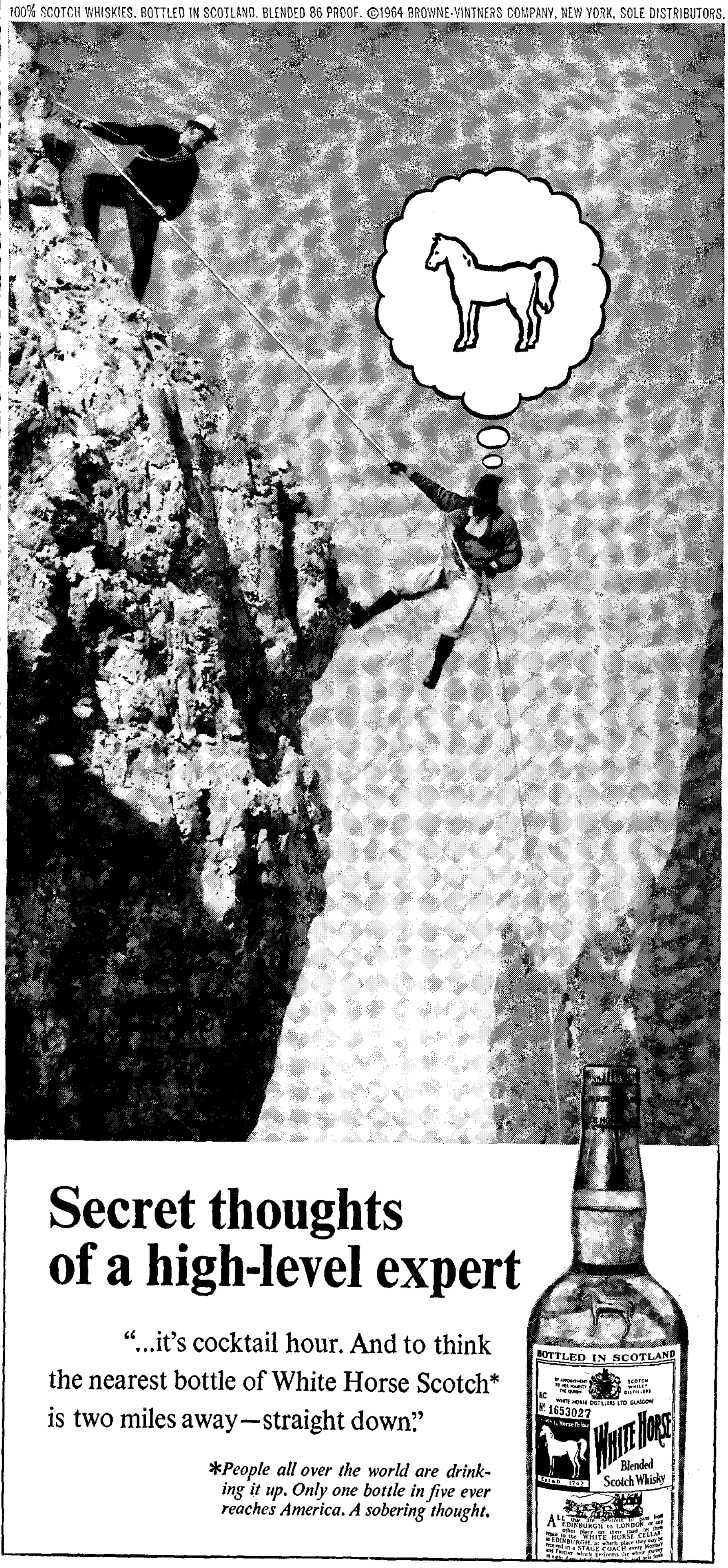
GREECE

of the second act, as half a dozen buxom dancers in pink tights pranced around a giant bottle of champagne and the tenor sang "I Could Love a Thousand Girls," an eccentric thirty-five-year-old Pittsburgh millionaire named Harry K. Thaw, followed by his wife, an ex-"Florodora" girl whose maiden name was Evelyn Nesbit, started to walk out on the performance. Suddenly, Thaw turned back and, after pacing up and down the aisle for a few moments, made his way among the tables, flung open his long black cloak, and, in front of nine hundred witnesses, killed White with three pistol shots, two of which passed through the victim's head.

Evelyn Nesbit had met White in the summer of 1901, when she was sixteen years old. When Thaw came up for trial, she testified that on the night of September 25th of that year the architect had drugged and then seduced her in an apartment over the F. A. O. Schwarz toy store, on West Twenty-fourth Street. She further testified that eighteen months later, when she was living with Thaw as his mistress, she had told him of the seduction. Thaw's own sexual habits, according to witnesses in other, separate legal proceedings against him both before and after the murder trial, would have interested the Marquis de Sade. His lawyers argued, nevertheless, that he had been driven to such a frenzy by the account of White's seduction that three years later—or more than a year after Miss Nesbit had become Mrs. Thaw and more than two years after she had last exchanged a word with White—he had committed murder. Owing to a legal technicality—the question was not whether the story she had told was true but what state of mind it had induced in Thaw—Evelyn Thaw's testimony was not subject to ordinary cross-examination, nor was the prosecution permitted to introduce evidence it had proving that on September 25, 1901, when the seduction was supposed to have taken place, White had been present at an important civic dinner. Even so, the device of saving Thaw's skin by transforming his victim into an arch-criminal would probably not have worked—given the unsavory reputation of both Thaws—if Evelyn Thaw hadn't proved to be one of the most effective defense witnesses in history. To begin with, she was, in the opinion of Irvin S. Cobb, who covered the story for the *World,* "the most exquisitely lovely human being I ever looked at." Her bouquet of charms, as catalogued by Cobb, included "a



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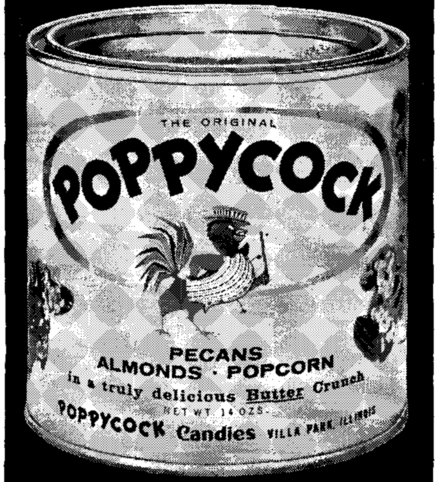
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It started out to be caramel corn with a few nuts in it—to sell for about eighty-seven cents a can. But something happened in the kitchen. We suspect that Mae, the cook, fell in love with the dairy man, because accidentally one day she slipped an extra couple of crocks of butter into the caramelizing pot. The popcorn just couldn't absorb it all. So to cover up her mistake, she shoveled in scoopful after scoopful of whole pecans and almonds. "Heavenly day, Mae" we said, "we can't afford to sell this gorgeous stuff for eighty-seven cents a can." She said "Oh Poppycock! Charge $2.00." And that's how our product came by its name, its price, and its delicious distinction. Poppycock is sold mostly in the fancier food and department stores.

head that sat on her flawless throat as a lily on its stem, eyes that were the color of blue-brown pansies and the size of half dollars," and "a mouth made of rumpled rose petals." Throughout the trial, she dressed in a pleated skirt and a middy blouse with a large bow at the throat—"a trumpery woman tricked out as a schoolgirl," Thomas Beer later called her. Moreover—in the prosecution's view, at least—her histrionic talents had been wasted on the "Florodora" chorus. If her story was true, Samuel Hopkins Adams wrote in the *World*, "Stanford White was as damnable a scoundrel as ever pursued his lustful purpose through the wreckage of human lives," but if it was false, Adams went on, her testimony was "a memorable, a magnificent, and a profoundly wicked triumph of dramatic art." The young woman's account of her alleged rape was so detailed that President Theodore Roosevelt considered barring from the mails any newspaper that carried it in full. During a period of eleven weeks in the spring of 1907, the trial raised the circulation of New York City papers by a hundred thousand readers a day. Nor was the case only a home-town sensation; in Chicago a man killed himself after reading the testimony, and a young woman in Salt Lake City and another in Des Moines were carted off to madhouses because, their families claimed, they had followed the trial too closely. Anticlimactically, the jury could not reach an agreement, so in 1908 another trial was held, in which Thaw was found not guilty by reason of insanity, and was consigned to the Matteawan Hospital for the Criminally Insane. "Will no one say one word for Stanford White?" William Travers Jerome had cried from the prosecutor's stand during the first trial. White, for whom, John Jay Chapman wrote, "friendship was a religion," had turned out to have no friends in court and virtually none outside it. His cronies among the leaders of the social and theatrical world had left town in squads (though they all made it back in time for the auction of his household goods). From Paris, his old friend James Gordon Bennett cabled to his newspaper, the *Herald*, "GIVE HIM HELL!" and the *Herald* obliged. (Later on, however, the *Tribune* expressed a few editorial qualms: "Surely the jury had a right to know that White was elsewhere on the night of the alleged outrage. . . . No incident of the trial . . . produced so disagreeable an impression as the impossibility under the rules of evidence of defending a dead man's character against charges of the basest villainy. There, certainly, justice failed.") Richard Harding Davis was a heroic exception. He wrote for *Collier's* a blazing defense of White's character, and as a result his books were removed from the shelves of a New Jersey public library. Only in December, 1921, did a group of the architect's prominent friends summon up enough courage to attend a public ceremony in his honor, dedicating some new bronze doors at the entrance to the New York University Library "in memory not only of his genius but his lovable and generous character."

After White's death, the Garden was a focal point of fervor and excitement for perhaps a third of the nights in the year, but no one with either his proprietary interest or his vitality came along to try and fill in the profitless stretches. Each year, the deficit grew. As the terra-cotta walls blackened and crumbled, the owners stopped frivolling away money on ornamental electricity, and Diana was left to twirl on her pinnacle in the dark. The once elegant colonnades now harbored peanut venders, tramps, and—as had been predicted long before—intimations of immorality in their shadows. During the semiannual six-day bicycle races, the arena became a flophouse. Homeless bums lugging moth-eaten blankets would buy fifty-cent gallery seats before the opening gun sounded on Monday morning and camp out through the last lap on Saturday night, and some of them also lived in style for the following month on what they had lifted from the paying customers.

In November, 1908, the beleaguered board of directors put the Garden on the market, recommending that it be torn down and the site used for an office building. Having gone for twenty years without a cent of return on their investment—to say nothing of digging into their pockets to meet the annual deficit—they announced that "they feel they have done their duty by the community and wish to be relieved of the burden." The city received the news, in the words of the *World*, "with the sentiment that might have occurred in Rome over the announcement that the Colosseum was to be razed." The consternation proved premature, for no buyer turned up until 1911. Then the F. & D. Co., a group of local real-estate men reportedly backed by a syndicate of Dutch bankers, bought the building for less (no one cared to say how much less)

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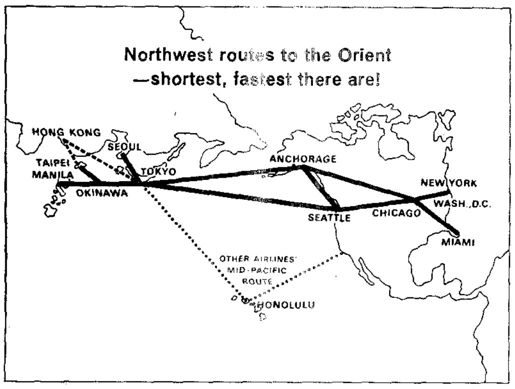
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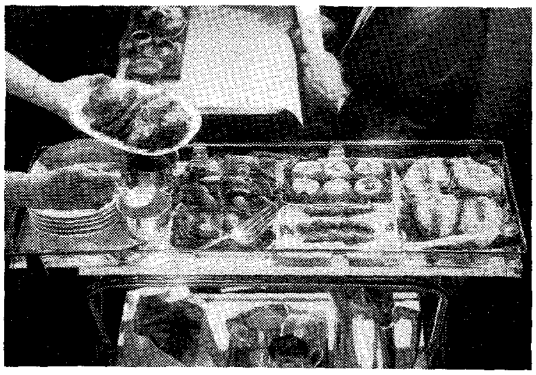

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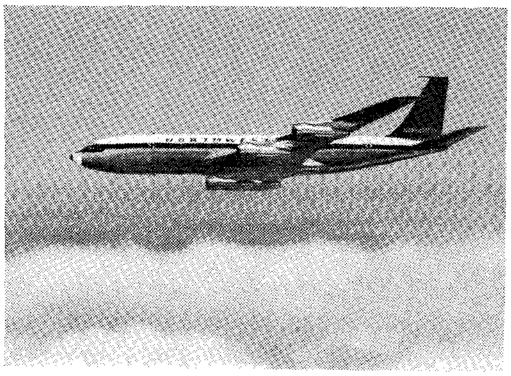

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than the asking price of three and a half million dollars. When the new owners took title, in February, 1912, the New York Life Insurance Company held a $2,300,000 mortgage; a second mortgage, for $650,000, was held by a representative of J. P. Morgan, a stubborn man. The F. & D. Co. went bankrupt in November, 1916, and when New York Life foreclosed its mortgage, Morgan's second mortgage turned out to be a total loss.

IN a drama about the Garden, the last act would open on a rising note with the appearance on the scene of George Lewis Rickard. Rickard—who was known as Tex, in honor of his home state and his frontier mannerisms—had operated gambling saloons in Alaska during the gold rush, and by 1906 he was the proprietor of several in Goldfield, Nevada. That year, he made his first venture into fight promotion, in furtherance of a civic scheme to lure well-heeled suckers to Goldfield and sell them mining stock. Rickard, who had seen one professional fight in his life, got Joe Gans to meet Battling Nelson in a lightweight title bout for a thirty-four-thousand-dollar purse. Seventy-five hundred prospects arrived in two hundred Pullman cars from all parts of the country and paid a record-breaking $69,715 to see Nelson lose on a foul. (Any of the visitors who invested in Goldfield's gold fields likewise lost.) Four years later, Rickard promoted the Jack Johnson-Jim Jeffries fight in Reno, sharing heavily in its two-hundred-and-seventy-thousand-dollar gate receipts: He still regarded boxing promotion as a sideline, however, and not until 1916, after putting in a stretch as a cattle rancher in Paraguay, did he enter the Garden picture. At that time, public boxing was again technically legal in New York, but only if it complied with a statute called the Frawley Law, which banned not only knockouts but decisions. Rickard's first promotion at the Garden (which was still owned by New York Life) was a match between Jess Willard and Frank Moran, which, even under the law's inhibiting conditions, drew a hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars—the fattest gate in Garden history up to that time. By 1919, however—after Dempsey had beaten Willard in Toledo and agreed to let Rickard promote his future fights—the Frawley Law was repealed, and boxing in New York was once more consigned to private clubs. Rickard occupied himself with oil promotions and kept an eye on Albany, where

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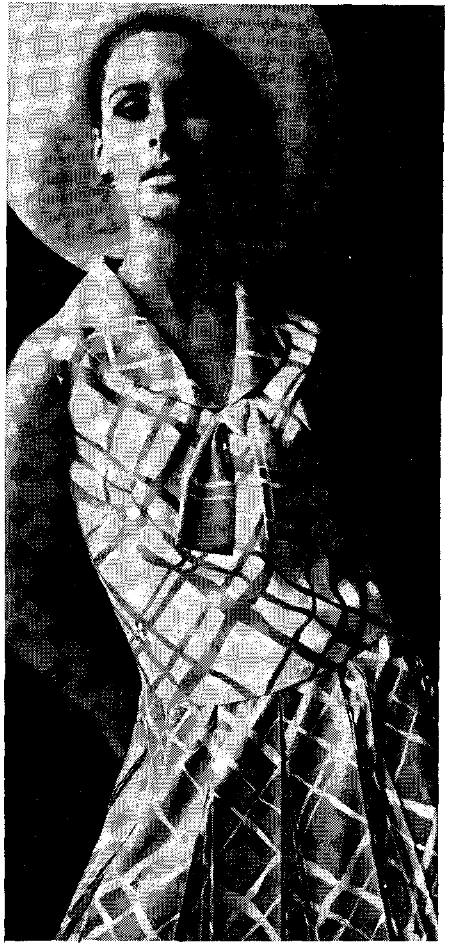

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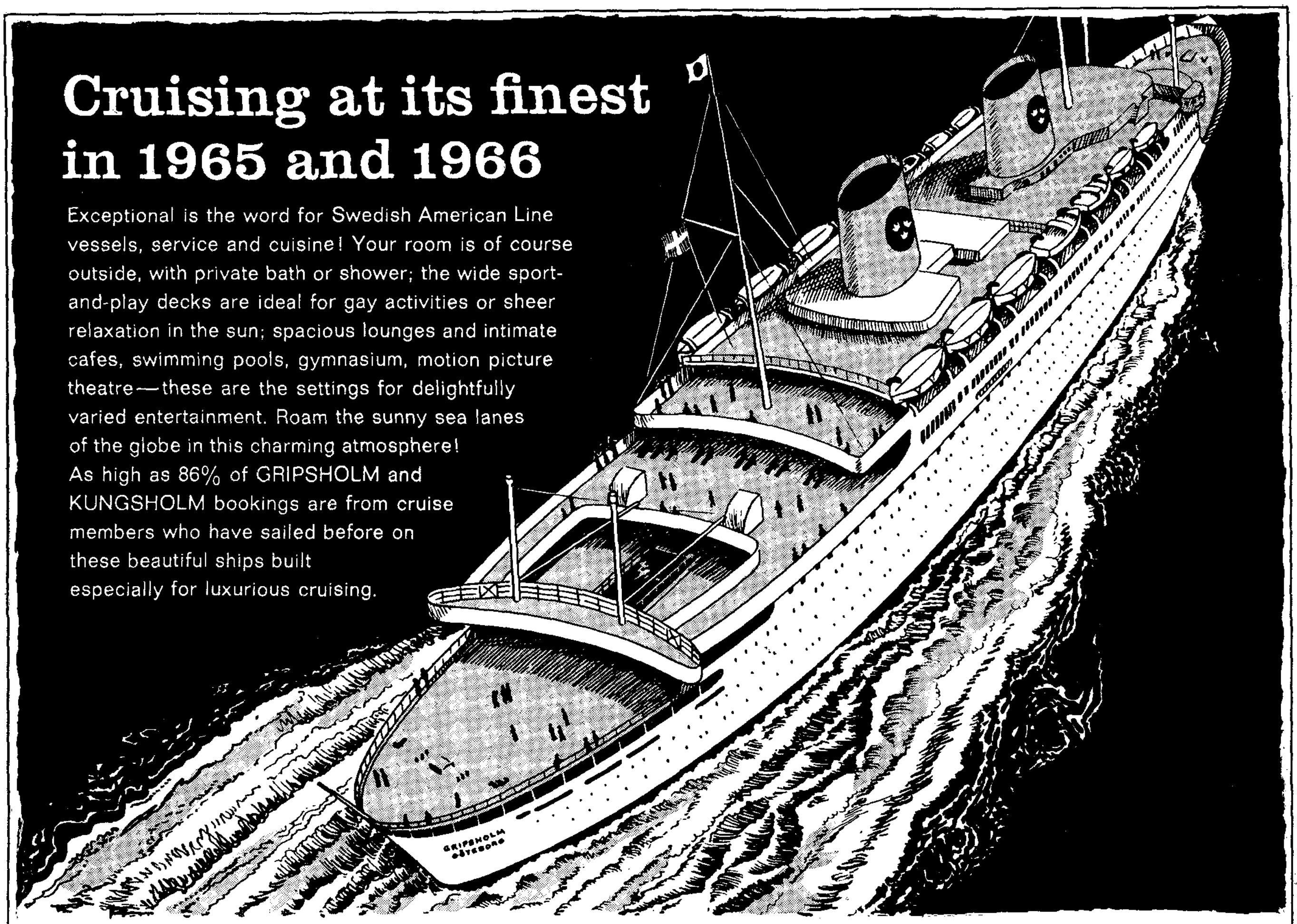

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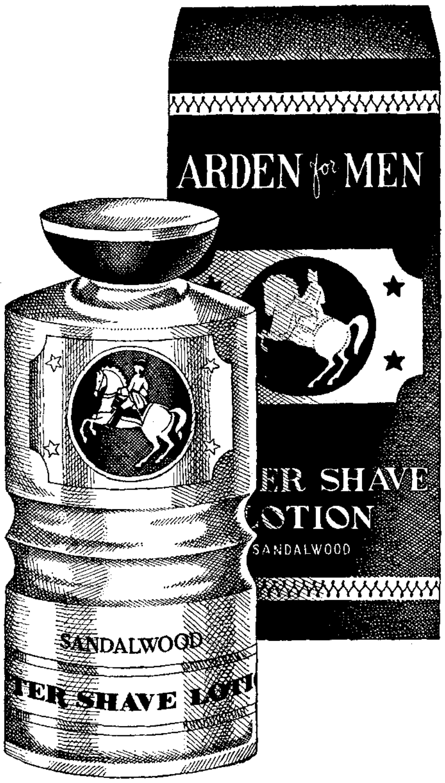

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another bill legalizing boxing was in the works. (One promoter later claimed to have distributed three hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars to push it along.) It was Jimmy Walker, then Democratic leader of the State Senate, whose name was finally attached to a law, passed in late 1920, that permitted prizefights to be held in New York, in much the same form as they are allowed today; that is, fifteen rounds to a decision or a knockout, with all principals and their seconds subject to licensing by a three-man State Athletic Commission. Two months after the law went into effect, Rickard signed a ten-year lease on the Garden, at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. (A binder of fifty thousand dollars was put up by John Ringling after Rickard suggested that Ringling's rival, Sells-Floto, might be interested in the spring circus rights.) On Rickard's opening night, September 17, 1920, the lightweight Joe Welling won a decision over Johnny Dundee—the first time in the city's history that two boxers had met in a public hall to fight to a decision or a knockout without all present having to keep an ear cocked for the cops. In five years, the take from boxing came to more than five million dollars, and, at that, none of it was from any of the spectacular heavyweight battles of the time. Only a very few of the sport's more famous victories took place in the arena on the square—or, indeed, in its successor on Eighth Avenue. By the time prizefighting had ceased to be a crime in New York, the potential number of paying customers at heavyweight title bouts could not be accommodated in any indoor arena. Dempsey, the champion during most of Rickard's regime, appeared at the Garden in only one unimportant fight.

With the infusion of money from such unimportant fights, however, the Garden became so trim and spruce that in January, 1921, Anne Morgan, daughter of the Garden's perennial benefactor, asked Rickard if she could borrow the arena for one night in order to raise money for her favorite charity, the American Friends of France. The event, which featured Benny Leonard beating back Richie Mitchell's bid for the lightweight championship, drew a glittering black-tie audience and a record-breaking gate of $136,408. It also aroused Rickard's charitable instincts, and soon afterward he concluded an agreement that assured him of the maximum favorable treatment from at least one sector of the press: he agreed to allot ten per cent of the take from

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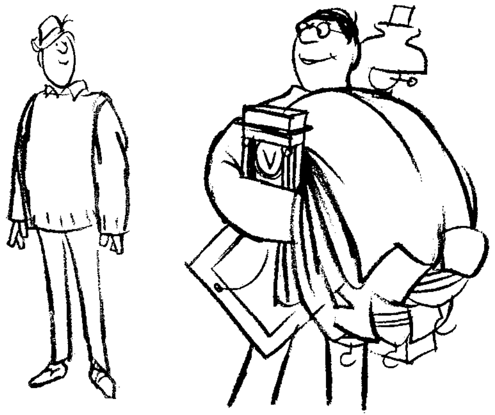

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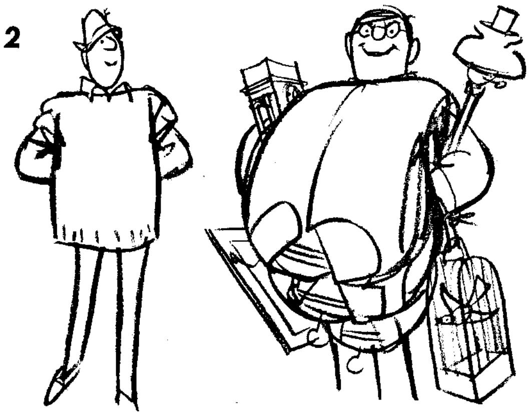
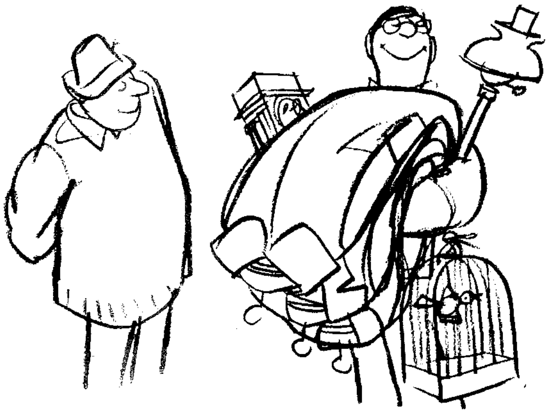


Really?

I'm taking the advice of that famous old sage, Horace Greenleaf.

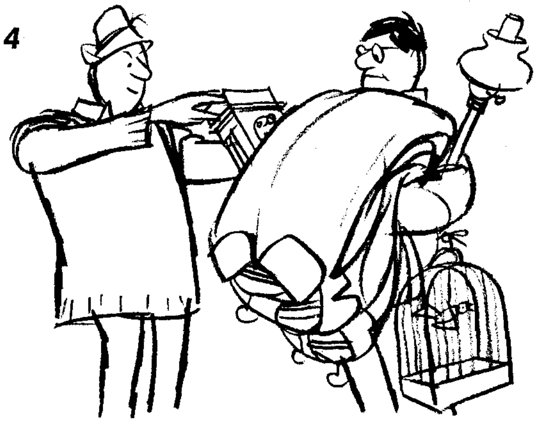
3



You are?

Yessiree, I'm doing just what he said, "Go West there, youngster."

4



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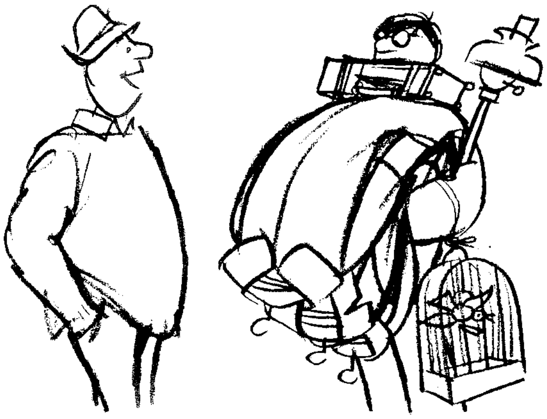

Well, if you ever need any more advice—and I'm sure you will—you'll have the opportunity to get it even in Bottletop.

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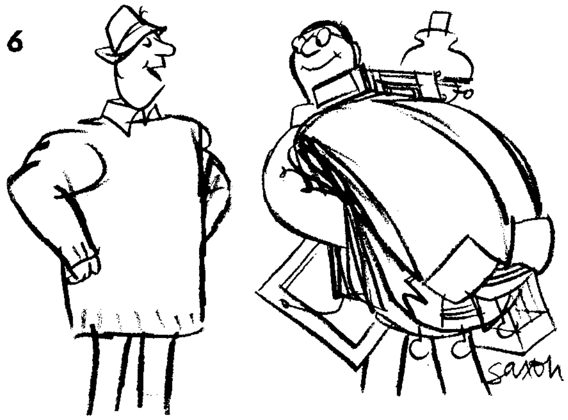

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"WE can learn little from history unless we first realize that she does not, in fact, repeat herself," Harold Nicolson once wrote. Nonetheless, on January 21, 1922, Tex Rickard was arrested on a charge of criminally assaulting a fifteen-year-old girl in his office in the Garden tower. The story, which the alleged victim told the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, was that the promoter had met her and two of her friends, aged eleven and twelve, at the Garden's swimming pool the previous summer, and on several occasions thereafter had taken all of them upstairs to his tower quarters. Within a week, the S.P.C.C. had turned up another fifteen-year-old girl with a similar story, and early in February a grand jury indicted Rickard on two counts of second-degree rape and two of abduction. The first of the young complainants told her story sitting in the very chair, in the very courtroom, in which Evelyn Thaw had testified so stunningly fifteen years before, but on this occasion twenty-eight character witnesses, including Kermit Roosevelt and Major Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, stood ready to vouch for Rickard ("the finest and noblest sportsman I ever knew" was how the Major described him), and Max Steuer, for the defense, was allowed to call witnesses to swear that on the afternoon of the alleged crime Rickard had been watching the Penn-Dartmouth football game from a box at the Polo Grounds. The jury voted to acquit, and all counts were eventually dropped.

During Rickard's years on the square, the most spectacular event held in the Garden—at least by his estimate—was not pugilistic but political. This was the Democratic Convention of 1924, the climax of the building's long ancillary history as a political arena. In the days of the first, railroad-shed Garden, an attempt to fill the big hall had been regarded as too dangerous a challenge for a politician; the smaller Cooper Union was generally favored for campaign rallies. By the nineties, however, Madison Square was the political center of the city each election fall. The Republican headquarters were at the Fifth Avenue Hotel; the Democrats caucused next door, at the Hoffman House; and reviewing stands for torchlight parades were put up at the south end of the

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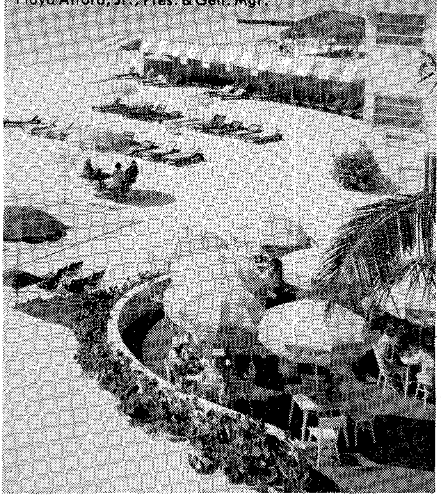
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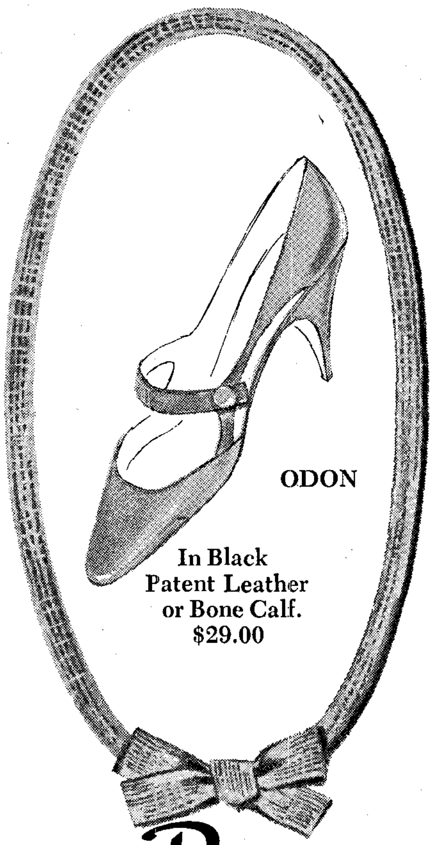
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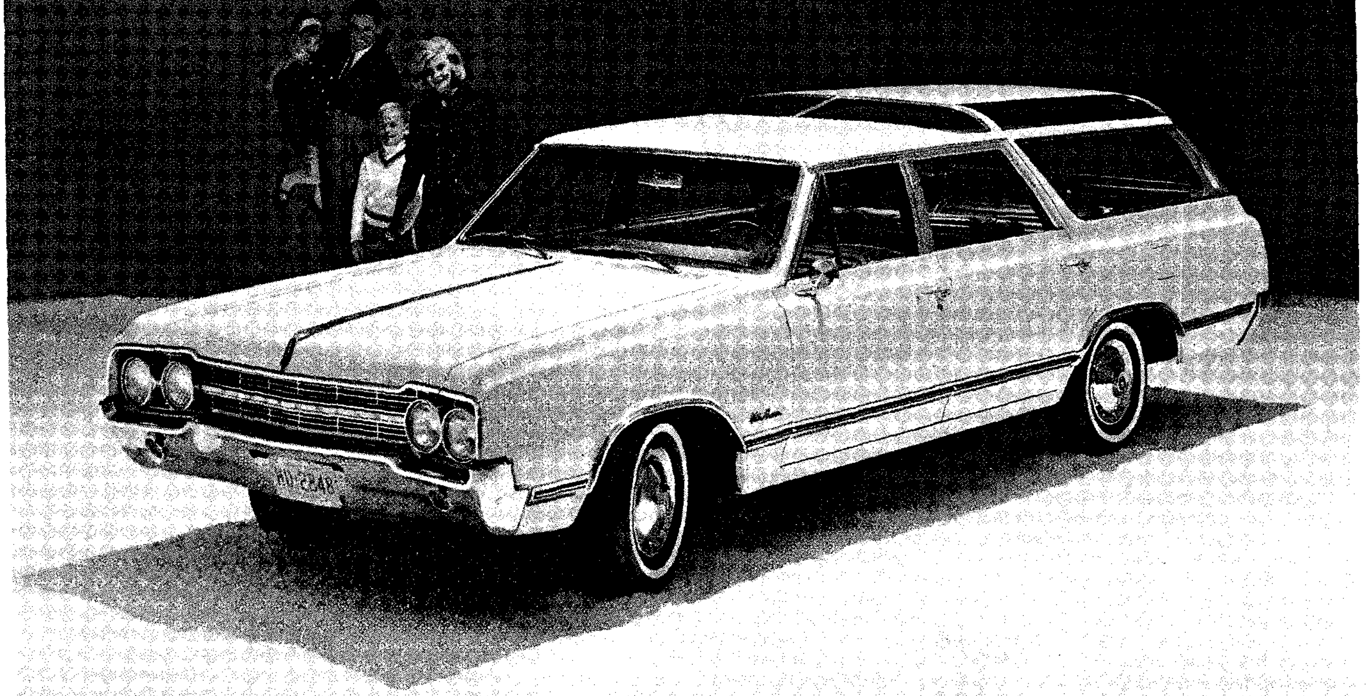

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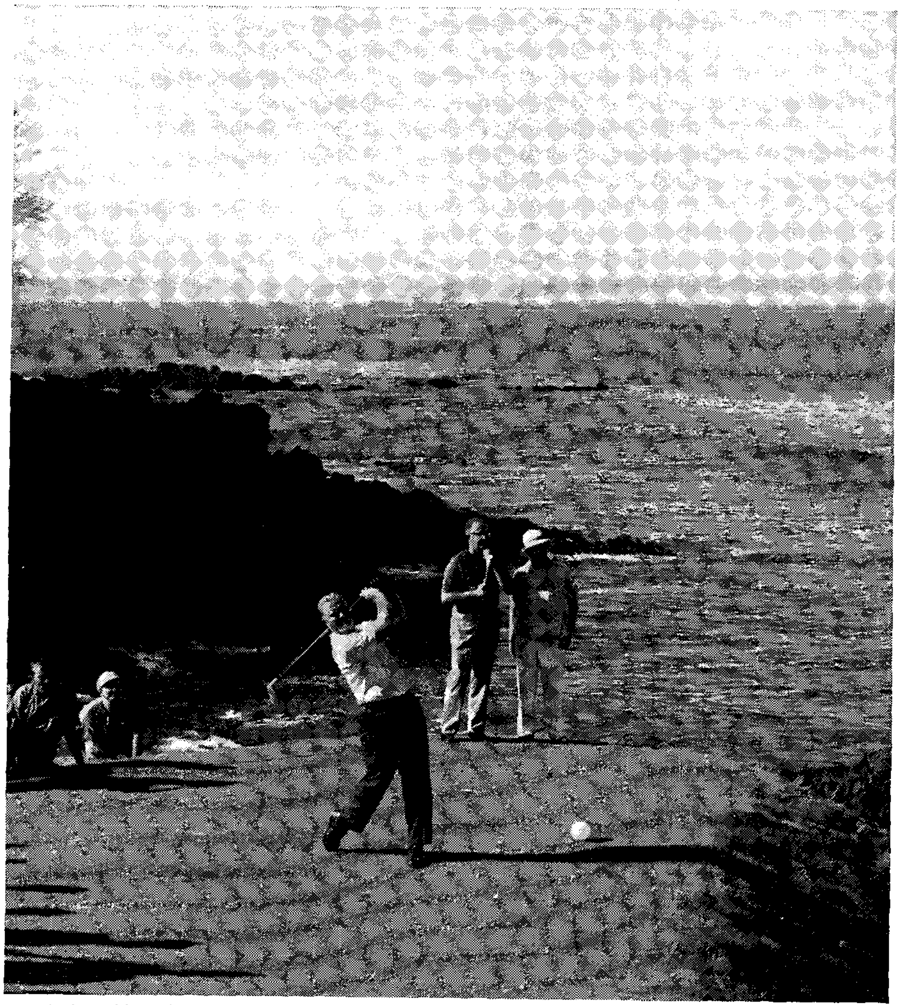
OLDSMOBILE DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION square. The first Presidential candidate to appear in the second Garden was Grover Cleveland, who in September of 1892—a less frenetic day—made the only important speech of his campaign there. He won in November, and thereafter every major-party nominee for the White House, up through Warren G. Harding, made a point of appearing at the people's palace at least once. On August 12, 1896, William Jennings Bryan, *nominated in Chicago* by the Democrats after his "cross of gold" speech, came to the Garden to make his formal acceptance speech—his first invasion of the East, which he had called "the land of the enemy." It was the hottest August 12th in New York history, yet seventeen thousand people were reported to have turned up to hear the Boy Orator from the Platte—who, unaccountably, decided to *read* the speech, a two-hour one. Long before he was done, most of his damp and wilted audience had fled outdoors to the leafy square. Bryan returned to the Garden again and again in other years, but happier receptions only seemed to stir the press to revive the public memory of that disastrous début. Some people claimed afterward that the stampede to the doors had been set off by William Randolph Hearst, who was at the time beginning to preen his own political feathers. Certainly Hearst tended to look on the neighborhood of the square as his private principality; his living quarters were just to the west of it, on Twenty-fifth Street, and the Hearst-owned *Journal* office was at its southern end. At regular intervals for the next two decades, he took the Garden over for a night, festooning the tower with campaign slogans urging his election as congressman, governor, or mayor, and, recurrently, urging his nomination for the Presidency. On the night of his only significant triumph—his election to Congress in 1902—his victory fireworks blew up prematurely and killed eighteen people in the shadow of the Garden.

Despite its four-star rating on the political circuit, the Garden had never housed a national convention before 1924, when the Democrats were lured there by Rickard's promise to charge them no rent. (In the only previous national convention held in the city, the Democrats had met at Tammany Hall in June, 1868, and nominated Horatio Seymour, who was soundly beaten by Grant that November.) By the time the thousand and ninety-eight delegates were called to order on Tuesday, June 24th, the Garden had been restored to



Jack Nicklaus during "Big 3 Golf" as Bob Rosburg and golf architect Robert Trent Jones look on.*

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something like its old, splendid image. Scalloped bunting masked much of the exterior dinginess, and red-white-and-blue pennants streamed down from all sides of the tower. The arena had been painted blue and white from baseboard to skylight, and had been hung with thirty-five hundred flags. The animal stalls had been freshly painted and were given over to telegraph and radio technicians. But as the week wore on, the reconstituted splendor began to crack and wilt in the summer heat, and, in the words of the *American*, "to give forth . . . if faintly, the atmosphere of the long-vanished circus." William G. McAdoo and Al Smith were the leading contenders for the nomination, with other favorite sons pinning their hopes on a deadlock. The *Herald Tribune* reported that Diana had been set on a special pivot to signal the winner: "If she swings south, it's Underwood; if west, it's McAdoo; if southeast, it's John W. Davis; and if she just swings round and round and round, it's Al Smith." Hearst was there on the fringes of the crowd, still hoping for a miracle. Bryan, an old man now, was back in the midst of things, leading prayers, denouncing rum, and touting McAdoo. Before the Convention started, the town's most notorious pickpockets had been rounded up and held in the Tombs on five thousand dollars bail apiece; nevertheless, on the fifth day Bryan's watch was stolen. After the thirty-eighth deadlock ballot—punctuated by the famous recurrent chant of the Alabama delegation casting twenty-four votes for Oscar Underwood—he launched into a two-hour philippic nominally praising McAdoo but so patently hinting that the Californian should be scuttled in favor of Bryan that, in its first and almost only moment of unanimity, the entire Convention turned on him. In what was called "the wildest scene that the Garden had witnessed in the memory of those that took part in it," the old arena reverberated during most of the speech to the sustained hissing and booing of fourteen thousand people, who also shouted at intervals, "Throw him out! Throw him out!" The Garden, Elmer Davis noted in the *Times*, had indeed proved to be Bryan's "land of the enemy," and his performance had "produced more pugnacity, ill-feeling, bad blood, and un-Christian ferocity than is seen in the Garden in a whole boxing season." During the next—and last—year of Bryan's life, any mention of the Garden drew tears from him. When the dismal Convention finally adjourned, sixteen days and a hundred and three

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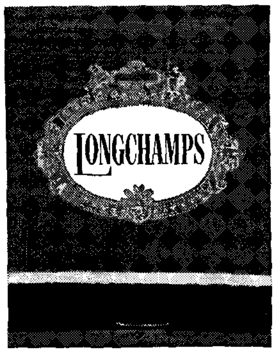

Even if you know all about Turkey, Hamilton Fish, FDR, the Navaho Indians, archaeology, Pope Paul, Stan Musial, oceanography, and Robert Goulet,

television can still teach you a thing or two in March.

Telephone Hour
Starring Robert Goulet, Eydie Gorme and Mildred Miller.
Tuesday, March 2 (10-11 PM)

FDR
Strife; The Blue Eagle; That Man in the White House; Rendezvous with Destiny.
Fridays, March 5, 12, 19, 26 (9:30-10 PM)

Turkish Islam, Vestige or Revival
Attitudes of Turkish citizens towards Islam, which was once the state religion.
Sunday, March 7 (10-10:30 AM)

The Twentieth Century
The Navahos and Annie Wauneka; Taming the Mekong; The Warsaw Uprising; The Farmer.
Sundays, March 7, 14, 21, 28 (6-6:30 PM)

World War I
The Tide Turns; Battle of the Argonne; The Armistice; Wilson and Peace.
Sundays, March 7, 14, 21, 28 (6:30-7 PM)

Profiles in Courage
Hamilton Fish; Charles Evans Hughes; Edmund Ross; George W. Norris.
Sundays, March 7, 14, 21, 28 (6:30-7:30 PM)

The Pope and the Vatican
The Roman Catholic Church under the leadership of Pope Paul VI.
Tuesday, March 9 (10-11 PM)

Grand Award of Sports
Ceremonies in honor of the outstanding athletic stars of 1964 in sixteen sports categories.
Wednesday, March 10 (9:30-11 PM)

The Bold Men
The story of people who defy death for science, money, fun and danger. Van Heflin narrates.
Saturday, March 13 (7:30-8:30 PM)

National Invitational Basketball Tournament
From Madison Square Garden, New York City.
Saturdays, March 13 and 20 (3-5 PM)

Dinah Shore Special
Musical-variety with Bob Hope and Henry Mancini.
Wednesday, March 17 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Impeachment
Drama about attempted impeachment of a state governor. Starring Dan O'Herlihy.
Thursday, March 18 (10-11 PM)

Man Invades the Sea
Documents man's future life in the ocean's depths, including films of experiments in which men have lived and worked underwater.
Thursday, March 18 (10-11 PM)

Inter-American Highway: Bridge of the Americas
Natural wonders, archaeological sites and modern cities are highlighted in a 3,000-mile journey.
Tuesday, March 23 (10-11 PM)

Hour of Excellence: World Champion Cardinals
The history of the baseball team, and projections for 1965. With Stan Musial.
Sunday, March 28 (4:30-5 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Mondays: CBS Reports

Tuesdays: That Was the Week That Was

Wednesdays: ABC Scope

Saturdays: Sunrise Semester/Mr. Mayor/Exploring/Wide World of Sports/Mr. Magoo

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Watch Mr. Wizard/Directions/Issues and Answers/Frontiers of Faith/Sports Spectacular/Sunday/Alumni Fun/Sports in Action/Science All Stars/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Meet the Press/Walt Disney

NOTE: Times, programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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ballots after its start, having nominated John W. Davis (who was soundly beaten by Coolidge that November), the *Times* headlined its editorial on the subject, "WELCOME LONG OUTWORN."

WHEN the New York Life Insurance Company, later in 1924, announced that the Garden would shortly be razed to make room for a forty-story building that would house the company's main offices, there was little outcry over the vanishing of the town's Colosseum. Rickard had by then persuaded a Wall Street syndicate to put up nearly six million dollars for an eighteen-thousand-seat arena at Forty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, to be opened in the fall of 1925. He was awarded full marks for sentiment, if not for geography, when he announced that he couldn't imagine giving it any name other than Madison Square Garden. "There was no other place just like the Garden, or which occupied so distinctive a place in the life of the city," declared the *Times* in May, 1925, when, with rather more than fair warning, the old building's end finally came. Probably no other country in the world, Morris Gilbert remarked in the *Herald Tribune*, would lament a thirty-five-year-old building as an ancient relic of a forgotten age. As for Diana—"probably the best-loved statue ever exhibited in the city," according to the Columbia Historical Portrait of New York—Cass Gilbert suggested that some wealthy gentleman would surely come forward and see to it that both tower and weathervane were rebuilt on the uptown New York University campus, most of whose other buildings had been conceived by Stanford White. No such gentleman did come forward, but New York Life reported fifty-six requests for Diana, including two from hotels—one in Paris and the other in Coney Island. Frank Campbell, the undertaker, offered to pay for her transportation to City Hall Park, adding, rather cryptically, that she would provide "a striking balance" to the statue of Civic Virtue already installed there. Saint-Gaudens' son insisted that the copper nymph should be destroyed, on the ground that distance was what lent her enchantment; close up, he said, the great sheets of copper, held together by rivets thicker than those on an ocean liner, would be merely grotesque. In the end, it was decided to give her to N.Y.U., which agreed to find a place for her atop some university building, and on the morning of May 6th, before a group of invited guests, including White's son, acetylene

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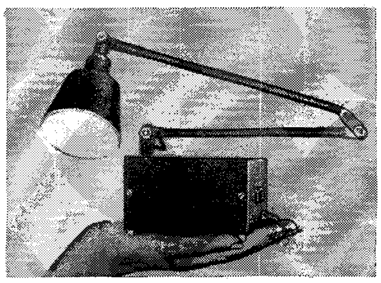

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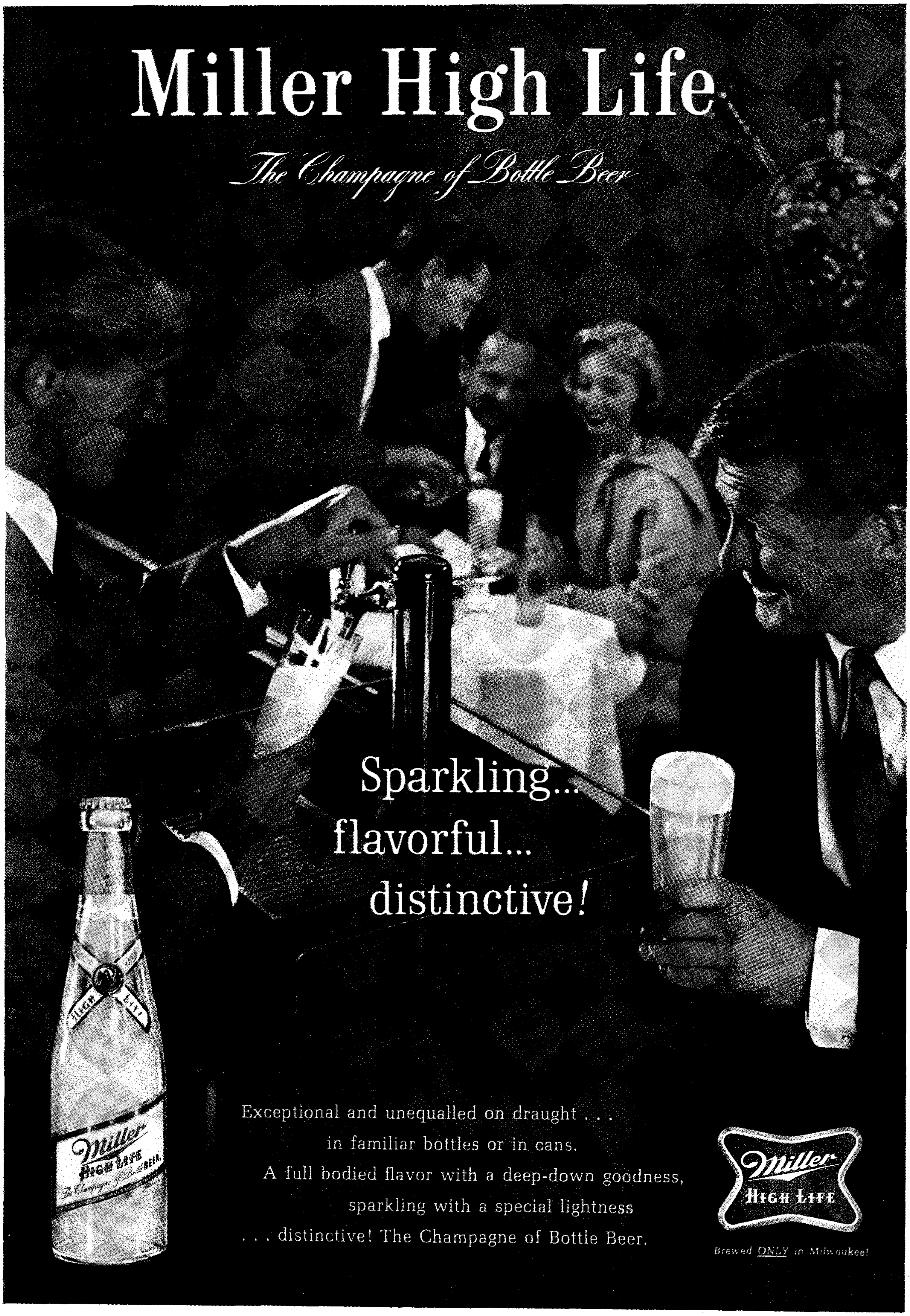
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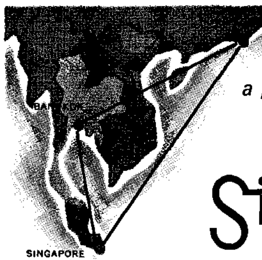

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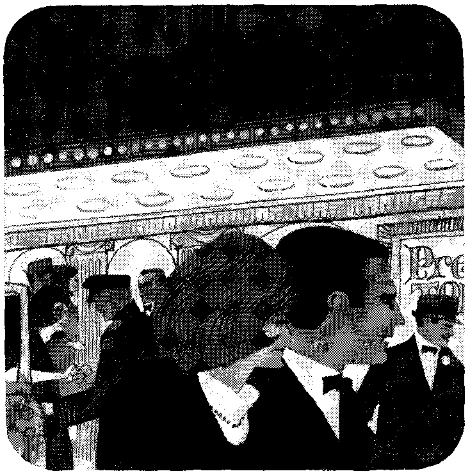
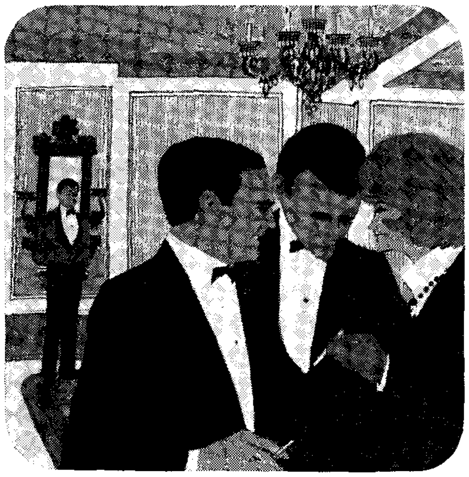
Singapore

torches cut through the statue's base. "I had no idea how lovely she was," said Cass Gilbert as she was brought down. "There is something wistful about her eyes." A five-ton truck hauled her off to a Brooklyn warehouse, swathed in ropes and burlap. As it turned out, N.Y.U. never did find a spot for her, so after spending two decades in her cocoon Diana was retrieved by New York Life and given to the Museum of Art in Philadelphia, that home of Actaeon, where—nudity, rivets, wistful eyes, and all—she now occupies a commanding position at the head of the Great Stair Hall.

The last event in the old Garden, on the night of May 5th, featured two lightweights, Sid Terris and Johnny Dundee—the same Dundee who had helped inaugurate legal prizefighting at the Garden five years earlier. The receipts were $41,401, and the paid attendance was 10,106. Many of the gallery spectators were, in Rickard's words, "very old men who looked as if they had been of some importance in days gone by." At ringside were Alfred B. Maclay, president of the National Horse Show Association; Jimmy Walker; John Ringling North; Jack Dempsey; Kid McPartland; and William Muldoon, the chairman of the State Athletic Commission, whose memories went back to the first Garden, where he had appeared as a wrestler in the eighties. After Joe Humphreys had broken down in the middle of his ode to the Temple of Fistiana, he pulled himself together and bellowed out for the last time under the leaky old roof, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, in this corner . . ." In the twelve-round bout that followed, Terris, a savvy young East Sider who had been in the fight game only a couple of years, was a four-to-one favorite over Dundee, a fifteen-year veteran of three hundred fights. "Comparatively a shell of his old self, and jabbing almost exclusively with his left . . . the old warrior fought with the desperation of a man making his last stand," the *Times* reported. "But it was a futile bid to avert the inevitable." The crowd, however, was with Dundee all the way, cheering each blow of his that almost landed, and roaring approval when, a couple of times, Terris lost his footing. At the end of the fight, Dundee, although he hadn't taken a single round, was still on his feet. As soon as the decision for Terris was announced, the audience began to boo. A sergeant from the 69th Regiment solemnly rose and played taps in honor of the Garden's last night, but hardly anyone could hear him over the noise of the crowd.—ANDY LOGAN





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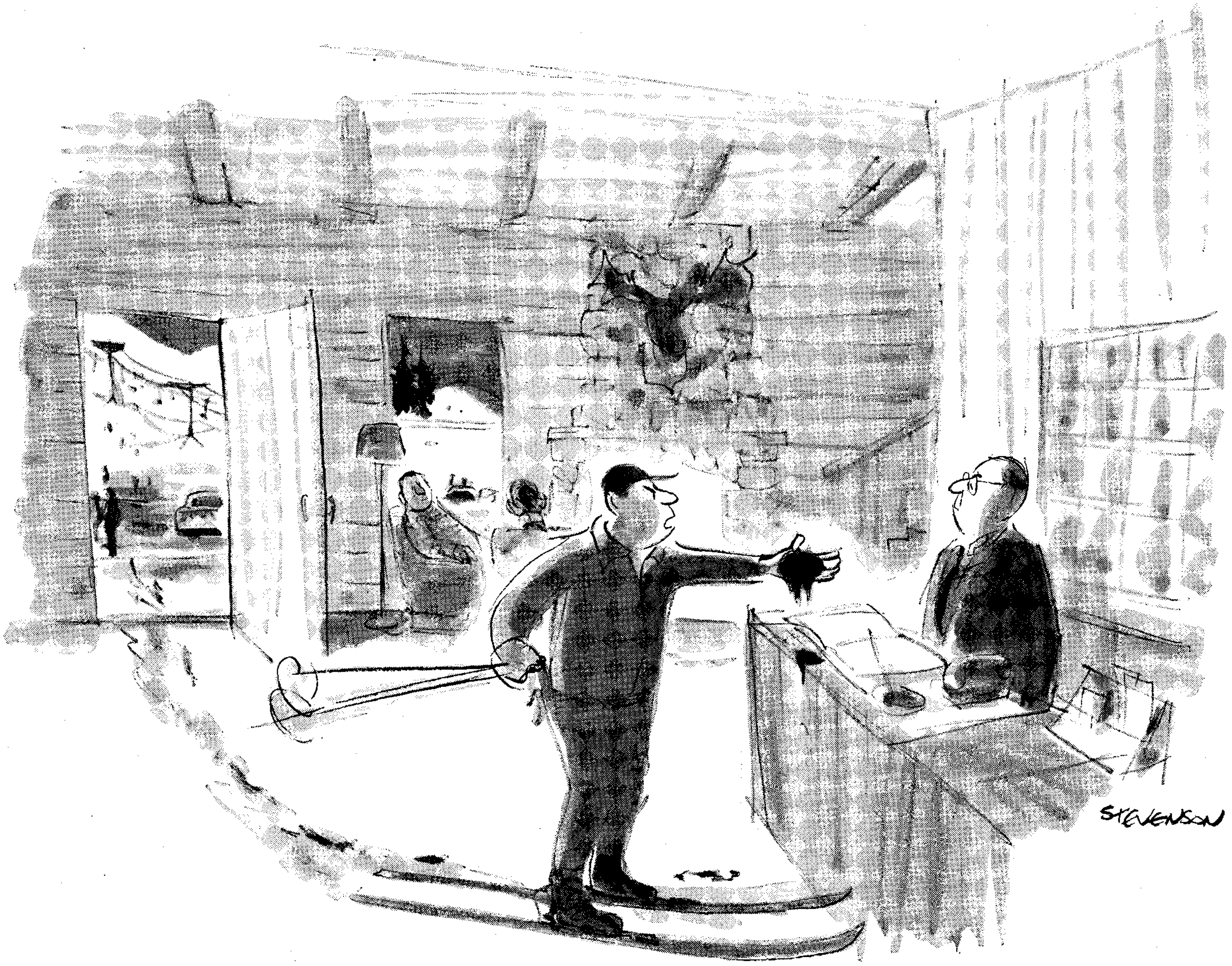
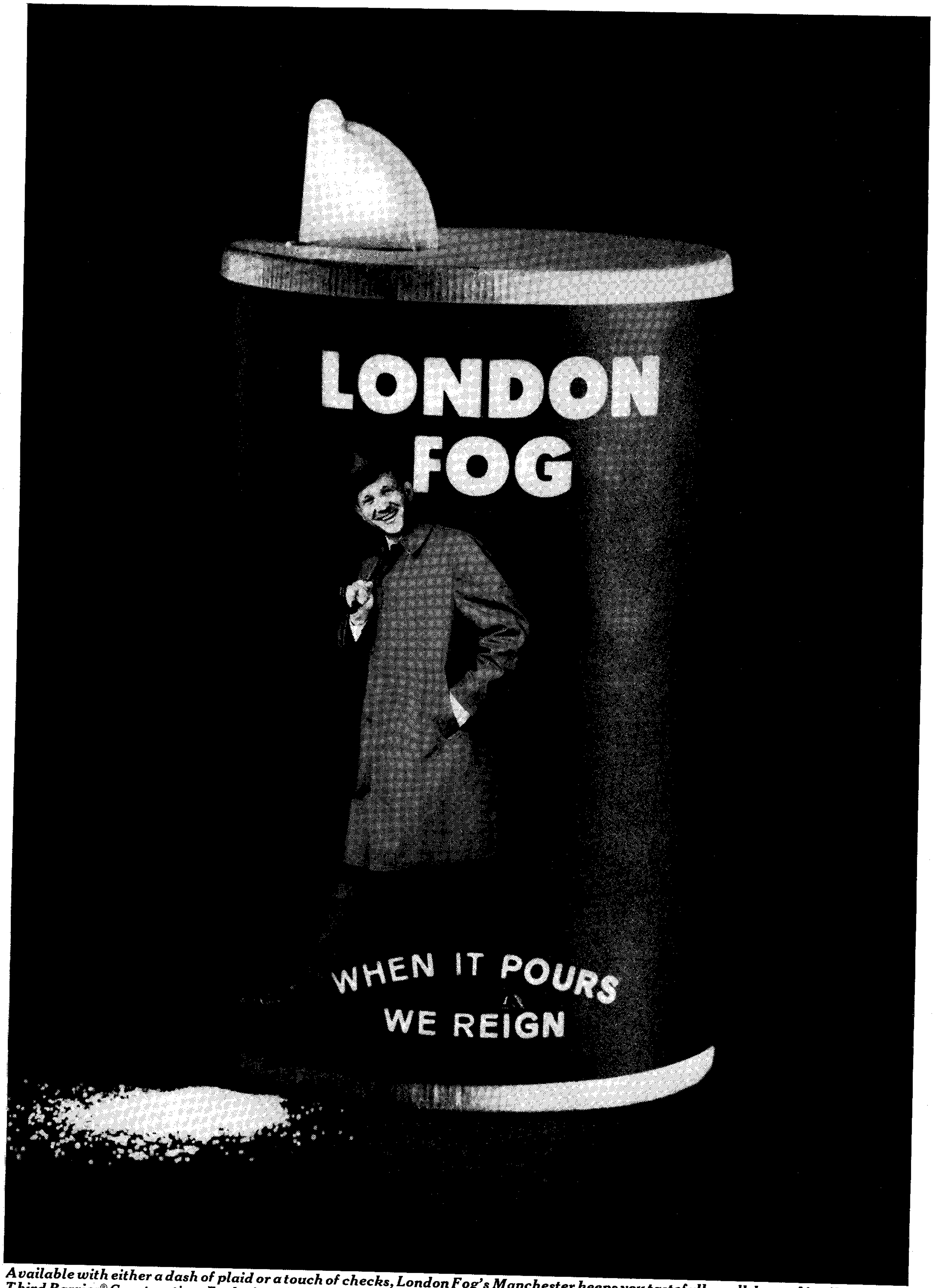
A LITTLE TOO ELEMENTARY

"BAKER STREET," at the Broadway, begins with a bang but, alas, ends with a whimper. When we come upon our Sherlock Holmes, he is in heavy disguise, playing a barrel organ outside his London digs. It quickly develops that one of the agents of his arch-enemy, Professor Moriarty, is skulking around with intent to do him harm, but before the dastard has a chance to make a nefarious move, Mr. Holmes divests himself of his organ-grinder's garb, revealing that under the rags he is wearing a very well-cut suit, and proceeds to annihilate Moriarty's man with a pistol roughly the size of a burp gun. So far so good. But the agility with which "Baker Street" gets under way is short-lived, and presently the plot—based on such Conan Doyle stories as "A Scandal in Bohemia," "The Final Problem," and "The Adventure of the Empty House"—becomes rather aimless. I assume that what Jerome Coopersmith, the author of "Baker Street," intended to do was to create a gentle, nostalgic spoof of the quirky Victorian detective who has established himself as one of the lares of popular literature, but as the show goes along, the kidding becomes a bit monotonous, and one begins to pine for some of the old Holmesian dramas that took the deductive wizard seriously. For all that, "Baker Street" is not without its virtues. I imagine that the old fiddler Sherlock would find little fault with the unobtrusive score, by Marian Grudeff and Raymond Jessel (who also created the lyrics), that helps keep the work moving along, and, indeed, might give his keen attention to such airs as "I'm in London Again," "Finding Words for Spring," and "A Married Man," the last sung by the current Dr. Watson, Peter Sallis. Also on the credit side are some clever sets, by Oliver Smith; a few ingenious, if irrelevant, dances, arranged by Lee Becker Theodore; and an entrancing reproduction in miniature of Victoria's Diamond Jubilee Parade, in which Bil Baird's marionettes figure compellingly.

The cast of "Baker Street" is led by Fritz Weaver, who wears his cape and deerstalker authoritatively as he goes about frustrating the heinous Moriarty, rallying the Baker Street Irregulars to his cause, and guarding his celibacy from a love-stricken colonial named Irene Adler. As the last, Inga Swenson is lovely to look at and delightful to hear but just a trifle wooden when the emotional chips are down. The Moriarty in the case is Martin Gabel, who is properly villainous in his brief appearances, even though his assumed brogue occasionally sounds as if he were going to tell one about Pat and



"This is 'good-to-excellent'?"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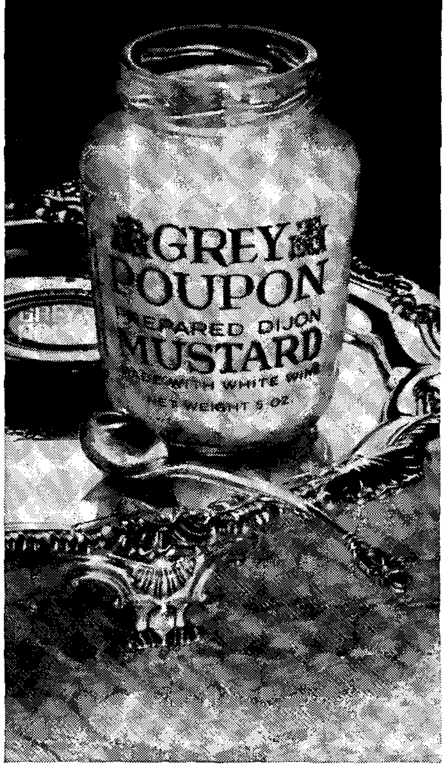

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Mike. The others on view are meritorious, and Jay Norman, as a Holmes operative, and Teddy Green, as the leader of the Irregulars, foot it featly in a couple of production numbers.

A BOOKISH young proletarian finds himself impotent on his wedding night and for six weeks thereafter. This is the nub of "All in Good Time," at the Royale, and obviously it is too thin a theme to sustain a three-act comedy, even though the playwright, Bill Naughton, fleshes out the business with quite a collection of plausible, if rather dull, North of England types. The play wavers constantly between titters and tears, and sometimes gets so sudsy that the spectator fears imminent asphyxiation. However, there are several excellent performances—particularly those by Donald Wolfit, who plays the bridegroom's father to perfection; by Marjorie Rhodes, who plays his mother; and by Brian Murray, who plays the harried newlywed. As you might expect in an enterprise of this kind, the double-entendres come thick and fast, but when you have heard one of them you have heard them all. I suppose that only the flinty-hearted would fail to sympathize with our hero here, who, by the way, is a motion-picture projectionist ambitious to become a cop, but I'm afraid I still have to be numbered among the stony bystanders.

"DIAMOND ORCHID," which closed after five performances at the Henry Miller, was a leaden attempt to make dramatic capital out of the life and times of a South American striver and her lover, a team manifestly modelled on Evita and Juan Perón. Except for Bruce Gordon and Margery Maude, portraying a senator and a *grande dame*, respectively, the performers were undistinguished.

—JOHN MC CARTEN

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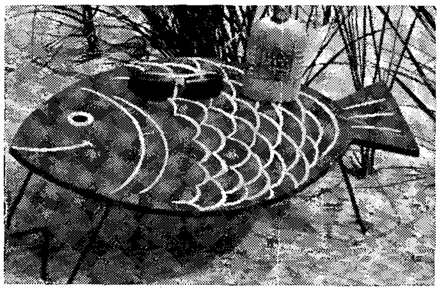

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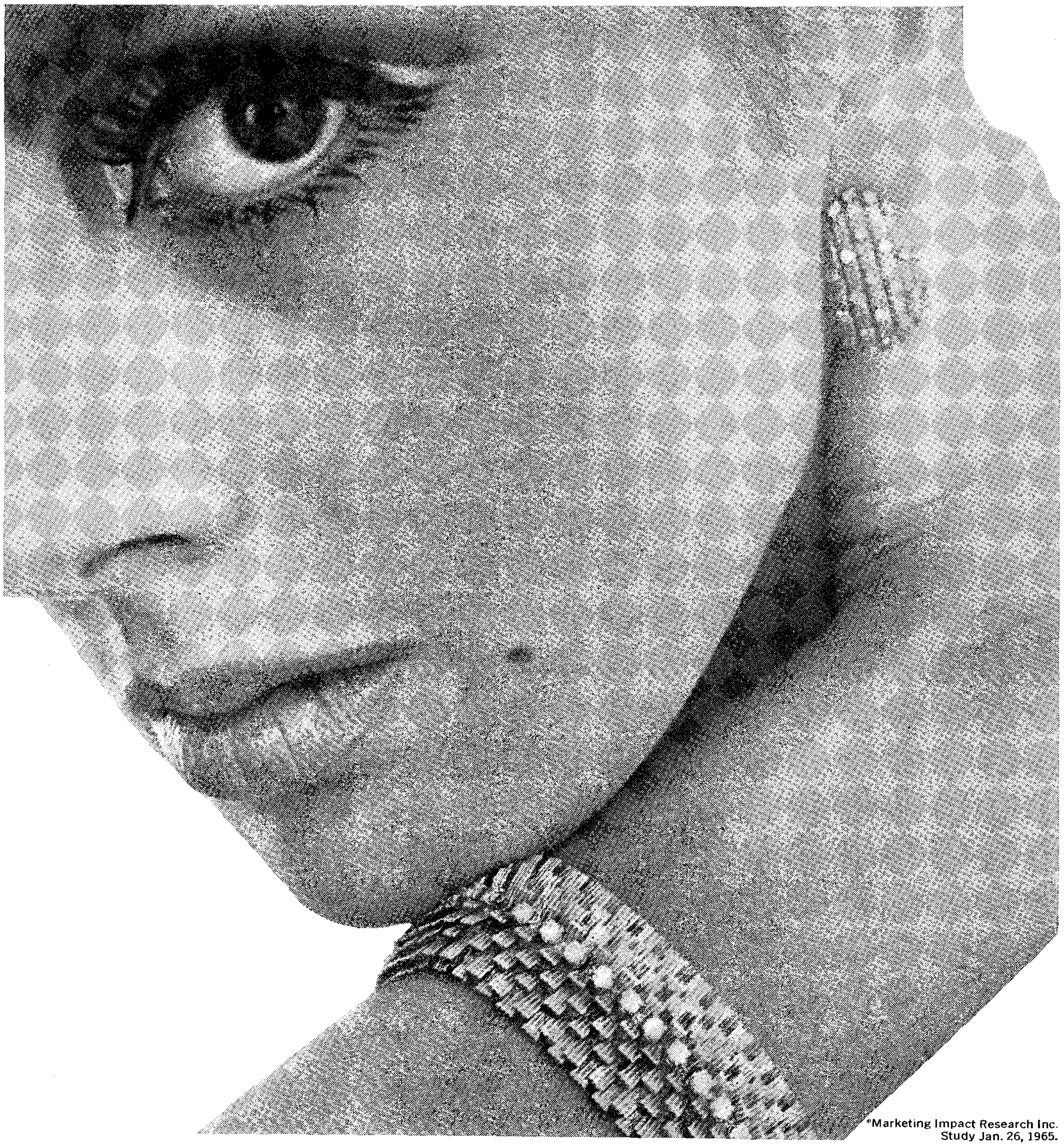

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of spontaneous warmth and nonsense; then, as the play proceeds, the fun ebbs away, and coldness and misery seep in. The Moscow Art Theatre's production of "The Three Sisters," at the City Center, though it was not quite so exciting to me as its "Cherry Orchard," yields a sizable quota of discoveries, and sets off many notions, as every production of every Chekhov play does. Again it is the actors in the supporting roles who are responsible for most of the treats, and again it is the brief scenes, the moments, and the details that bring out the surprises. I hadn't realized before how the sisters' preoccupation with genteel behavior not only colors and distorts their view of everyone around them but actually determines the course of much of the action. It barely occurs to them that the matter with Natalia, whom their brother marries, is not primarily that she is a rather common girl from whom one averts one's eyes but that she is cruel and a cheat and must be watched constantly, or that the matter with Captain Soleny, whose erratic remarks and inept quotations and needling of Tuzhenbakh and preening sidelong looks at Irina are so disconcerting, is not that he is "difficult" socially but that he is downright crazy. (Yuri Leonidov gives a subtle and sinister performance in the part.) When Soleny declares his love to Irina and, on being turned down, threatens to kill any successful rival, she becomes stiffly conventional, ignoring him and staring into space, and I was saying to myself, "Pay attention, you little goose! This is trouble!" That episode, by the way, in which even dangerous lunacy is treated as bad breeding, was possibly meant by Chekhov to be a kind of grim joke.

As Chebutykin, the Army doctor, Alexei Gribov is as funny and sad as he should be (although his drunk scene is awfully broad)—funniest at the party in the first act, when he invents some lovely hokum for the benefit of that young second lieutenant who is eternally taking snapshots, and saddest toward the end, when Masha asks him whether her mother loved him back and he replies "I can't remember." Leonid Gubanov, the touching, idealistic tutor of "The Cherry Orchard," is also good as the gentle, idealistic Baron Tuzhenbakh, though I couldn't see much difference in manner between the poor scholar and the aristocrat. My favorite performance of the lot was that of Vladimir Belokurov, the sly Chichikov of "Dead Souls," as the schoolteacher Kulygin, who is Masha's husband—always chipper and full of

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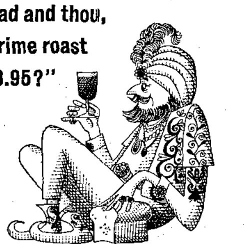

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awful little pedantic jokes, impervious to Masha's snubs, and refusing even to recognize her infidelity, much less allow it to dim his spirits or shake his loyalty to her. When she cries hysterically after Colonel Vershinin has left, his unsuccessful try for a delicacy that will always be beyond him (beyond any man in that spot, I guess), his embarrassment at being there at all, and his effort to reassure her that he loves and forgives her make the most poignant scene of the play. I also admired Nikolai Alexeyev as poor, shy, dreamy Andrei, an even more bitter disappointment to himself than he is to anyone else.

The men of the company have quite an edge over the women. Marguarita Yureva, as Masha, is fine when, in her first conversation with Vershinin, she loses ten years and becomes a radiant girl, and when she confesses her love for him to her sisters, but, along with Kira Golovko and Raissa Maximova, as Olga and Irina, she lacks grace and pliancy, and has, as far as I could see, no notion of the subtle intricacies of snobbish behavior. The way in which Olga tells Natalia that the belt she is wearing clashes with her dress is all wrong. But then these actresses (it doesn't seem to matter so much with the actors) are impersonating a gentry that they have never known, things being what they have been in Russia. The fine settings and lighting add immeasurably to the mood of the play, and the translations over the little transistor radios continue to be helpful.

"THE SWEET ENEMY," a stale, flat, and, as it turned out, unprofitable venture of the Actors Studio Workshop, opened for an infinitesimal run at Actors Playhouse last week. There have been worse shows than this endless spoof, by Joyce Carol Oates, of any number of worn-out targets, I suppose, but few more complacent or generally repellent. The dialogue was a kind of extravagant rhetorical babble, as tiresome as the kind of babble it was kidding, and the particulars of setting and action were more appetite-killing than is usual in enterprises of this sort. The players—Richard Ward, Alexandra Holland, Bill Moor, and Michael Hadge—probably deserve better than the bores they were stuck with.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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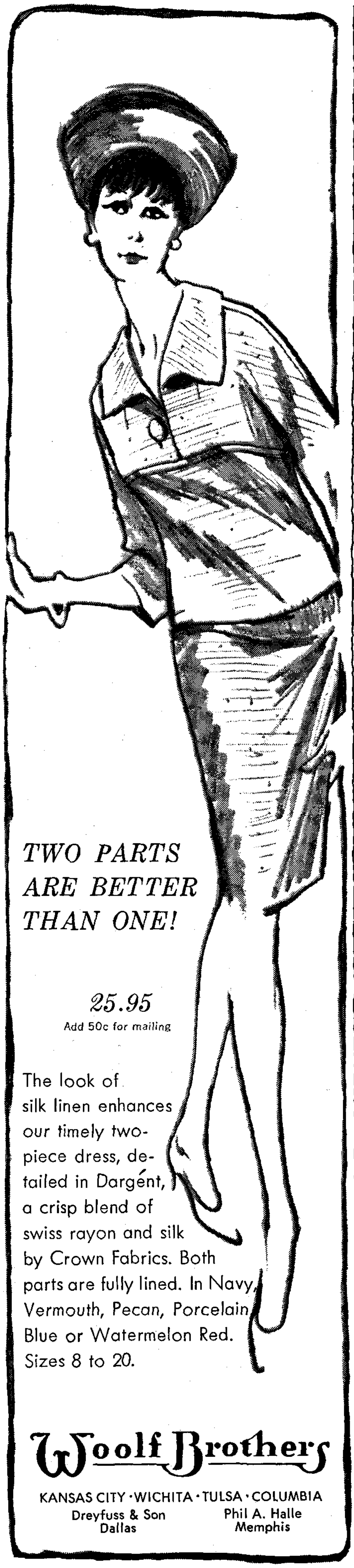

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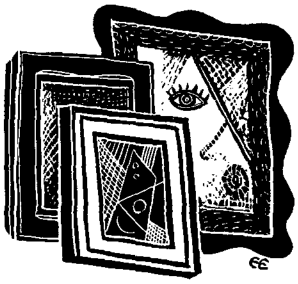
THE ART GALLERIES

Happy Birthday, Hans Hofmann

WITH a few exceptions, including a major one, the past week has been rather dull in the galleries—a fact in itself exceptional, since in my experience painters and sculptors, more than any other artists, are usually up to something at least passingly interesting. They are a restless bunch, and whether one likes what they are doing or not, one almost invariably finds it stimulating. In this case, fortunately, our one major exception is important enough to make up for all of the lapses. This is the showing of new paintings by Hans Hofmann, at the Kootz Gallery, and—not to beat about the bush—I must say that if I have seen a more masterly collection of works by a living artist in the last few years I cannot at the moment recall it.



The affair is all the more remarkable because in the course of it Hofmann will be celebrating his eighty-fifth birthday, and he is thus at an age at which a man's endurance and alertness decline, as well as the ability to respond to new stimuli—in a word, his inventiveness. This was true of Matisse, who in compensation cannily limited the range of his production. It was true, too, of Braque and Rouault. (Artists can be long-lived, can't they?) Even Picasso, from what one hears of him, has been slowing down. And yet here is Hofmann, at—repeat—eighty-five, filling the fairly large Kootz establishment, and even overflowing into the entrance hall, with two dozen canvases, all full-size and all endowed with a freshness and variety of attack that would seem dazzling in a man forty years his junior.

Born in 1880, Hofmann is old enough to be only a generation behind Monet and the other Impressionists. He was close to maturity in the days of the Fauves and the Expressionists, and full-grown in the period of the Cubist revolution. He was allied with the Bauhaus and later manifestations. Perhaps most importantly, he was, if not the founder, at least the most forceful exponent, a couple of decades ago, of the emergent Abstract Expressionist movement in this country, and he has remained its acknowledged head ever since. I won't say that the present affair is a culmination of all these facets of his career, for that might be embarrassing when it comes time to review his ninetieth-anniversary exhibition, but certainly it is a summation of the influences he has responded to in his career.

As I have suggested, it is the variety, the sheer virtuosity, of Hofmann's approach that strikes one first. Moving from one room, even from one wall, to another, one passes from such examples of his own type of "hard-edge" abstraction, as it's now called (it is pretty much a return to the Non-Objectivist Abstraction of the nineteen-twenties), as "Silent Night" and "To Miz—Pax Vobiscum," to the more loosely patterned but still half-subjective pieces, like "High Mountain Lake," with its evocation of a stand of autumn-tinted trees overlooking a green expanse of water, and then to such wholly Abstract Expressionist paintings as the wildly improvisational "Outlook to the Sea," whose darting, zigzagging pattern, crusty with impasto, mounts up to a glimpse of a patch of blue (the sea?) at the top. The mood and the general tenor of the approach are, if anything, even more elastic—"youthful," one might say—and it would be difficult indeed to think of another painter alive today who could produce on the one hand as lightsome and delicate a fantasy as "Maiden Dance," with its floating, pale, almost evanescent blues, and on the other hand the far more densely patterned and equally evocative brown "Pagliaccio."

In fact, to my mind, the one constant in the collection is the sense of authority one gets throughout. It is a showing, happily, that has no real duds. There are a few pictures that may not quite come up to the generally high level of the majority. But I am not even certain that I'm right about some of these. "Blue Monolit" (the "h" *is* missing in the title) is a study of a big, irregularly shaped mass, presumably a boulder, cobalt-blue and almost filling the canvas, and at first it seemed to me overemphatic and too melodramatic for its content. And yet, coming back past it a couple of times as I toured the show, I found myself being won over to it—perhaps simply because of the effectiveness of the blue tonality, which combines transparency with a feeling of depth that becomes more and more fascinating.

I feel surer of my misgivings about

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"The South Wind," which I thought a bit diffuse, and about "Silent Night," a compilation of squares and oblongs that turns out to be on the ponderous side, not in color but in design. Against these, though, and in addition to the ones I have mentioned, one has such truly magnificent paintings as "Red Parable" and "Le Bouquet du Vine," both as feathery in design as "Maiden Dance," as well as the half-awesome, half-humorous black "The Bat," the yellow-dominated "Sun in the Foliage," and the enormously evocative (though it is hard to explain why) "Song of the Nightingale," and—Well, one could go on and on.

SOMETHING should be said about the three-part exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum—consisting of a William Baziotes Memorial (he died two years ago, aged only fifty) and collateral collections of two turn-of-the-century Austrian artists, Egon Schiele and Gustav Klimt—if only because of the complexity and size of the undertaking. But I am afraid that much of what I have to say is in the way of cavilling. I confess that I have had some difficulty sorting out the reasons I thought so ambitious an undertaking so uninspiring. And, searching for a parallel, I find myself thinking of those little parties where people who are invited because they surely *should* get along well together ("After all, they have so much in common") turn out, dismayingly, not to get along at all, while the guest of honor (in this instance, Baziotes) turns out not to have really bothered to get himself up as carefully as he should have for the occasion. To put simile aside for the moment—or for good—what all this means is that the Baziotes collection, beginning with a couple of canvases done as recently as 1944, and skipping rapidly on, is so truncated that it gives no real idea of his background development, and when the two other men's work (Klimt is by far the stronger of the two) impinges on his, which it does only glancingly, it is mainly to point up the faults of one or the other of the pair with an almost teeth-grating insistence.

For that matter, the similarities are extremely tenuous. Klimt and Schiele, as I have said, were both turn-of-the-century artists, and the twin collections reveal both men swaying reedlike in every breeze of influence—Munichism, Orientalism, the Teutonic brand of Pre-Raphaelitism, and so on—that happened to be blowing through the period. Their main purpose, then, was far

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different from Baziotes', in general. But he, too, had a streak of slightly corny sentimentalism, and this is mirrored, unfairly, in such pieces as Klimt's "Garden," of 1916-18, and Schiele's "Winter Trees." Otherwise, there is little to say about Klimt and Schiele, and little to say about Baziotes, in view of the desperately short range of the exhibition. In my opinion, Baziotes was a man whose techniques outran his vision, and the chief value of the collection is that it shows how carefully he developed and perfected those techniques, from the early "The Wine Glass" and "The Parachutists," with their suggestions of Picasso, and "The Web," in which one gets a hint of Miró, through such slightly labored but much more independently designed pieces as "Water Form," "Cyclops," and "Mirror Figure," and on to meltingly suave and texturally impeccable works like "Moon World," "The Sea," and the unusually solidly designed "Pompeii." Baziotes had a gift, kept muted for the most part, for a quirky, ironic fantasy, and this appears in such paintings as "Moon Animal," "Sleepwalker," "Dwarf," and the owlish "Night Form." It gives tang to an affair that is slightly monotonous.

—Robert M. Coates

•

HILLTOP

Black village of gravestones.
Head of an idiot
Whose dreams die back
Where they were born.

Skull of a sheep
Whose meat melts
Beneath its own rafters.
Only the flies leave it.

Skull of a bird.
The great geographies
Drained to sutures
Of cracked window sills.

Life tries.
Death tries.
The stone tries.

Only the rain never tires.

—Ted Hughes

•

The Commandant objects to the use of the term "verbal orders" when "oral orders" is intended. He points out that verbal orders can be either written or oral since both employ verbs.—*Memo circulated at an Army post.*

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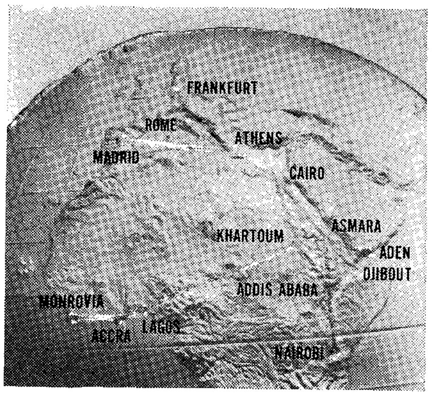

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—*Lovelace.*

WHICH is to say that though the clothes for spring and travel have never been brighter or trimmer than they are right now, there is little that is Significant (a word dear to the trade) about most of them. The more things do not change, the more they are the same, as someone else has said. All our ready-to-wear designers seem to be copying each other, and—at least in the big stores—every buyer seems to be following suit by buying what everyone else is buying. Duplication, it appears, is not only the staff of life but rife.

And now let us away from the editorial page and on to reporting the facts. In general, American women are timidly accepting fuller skirts for every time of day, but the straight ones with little gathers at the sides of the skirt bands continue to predominate. Next, there is a swing away from the puffy but lightweight mohairs (except for Monte Sano and Tiffeau, of whom more anon) that not only snag but make you look fifteen pounds larger. Instead, the urge is toward hard-surface cavalry twills, and wool-and-acetate twills, and gabardines, and herringbone wools, and such, to say nothing of linen and smooth jersey. Cotton is getting a big play among tailored things, and it often appears with a puckered, brocade sort of surface. Ben Zuckerman, who can easily pass as a colossus among our tailorers, is doing suits in cotton—with rippling waves of horizontal stripes, or raised diamond patterns, or fuzzy dots, etc. and etc., in plenty of both tender and vibrant colors, not to forget white. He treats the fabric as he treats his twills and gabardines—suits that are either single- or double-breasted, with either lapels or small, pointed collars, and usually with pockets in the side seams of the skirts. Like all his other works, they are all around—De Pinna, Lord & Taylor, Altman's new Designer Shop, you name it. His suits can also show up in fibranne (a rayon linen fabric anyone should be happy to travel in; it never musses), and their jackets are lined with the striped or plaid silk of the scarved overblouses. As for his coats, one inimitable stunt (which will be widely imitated, sort of) is his triple-breasted reefer of gray cavalry twill (Lord & Taylor and De Pinna, to name two), which begins with wide, high lapels; a triple row of buttons (smoked pearl) descends the front, to give it that triple-breasted look, and a broad self belt begins at the middle buttons of the outer rows and declines a trifle in back. In fact, the one problem Zuckerman presents—aside from the problem of your credit—is the decision about which of his schemes you are going to wear forever and ever.

Dior-New York comes on strong with suits of bright-cranberry or navy wool upon which white pin stripes are prominent; surprisingly, it is the cranberry ones that Walk Out of the shops, as the buyers put it. The suit is $395 either way. Its agenda includes a bit of white piqué above the turnover collar, a camellia nestled at the throat, white buttons going down the shirt-front closing, on which the stripes are arrayed in an alternating vertical and horizontal pattern, and inward folds at the sides of the skirt, but only in front. This Ford will be in a lot of futures, and Saks, Lord & Taylor, and De Pinna are already committed. Dior is also responsible for a navy wool suit whose skirt is all pleated gores with outward tucks and whose straight-hanging jacket covers a blouse of navy silk with vertical white pin stripes. The roll collar of the jacket is of white organdie, and a white gardenia goes along. One of its numerous admirers is Bendel. The Dior coat dresses, may I say, are To Flip. De Pinna, for one, has a sample in navy wool with vertical white pin stripes that fastens down one side with round leather buttons. This has a belt of leather rope, and white organdie peeps above the collar. Saks owns one in wool that has a small charcoal-and-white hound's-tooth check, with a dropped waistline, a low back belt, and an inverted pleat down the front. Bergdorf shows the same idea in bright solid-color navy, as well as a Dior coat dress of gray flannel with five stitched bands across the chest and a side closing. Glen plaid—maroon or soft blue on a glistery and satiny silk gabardine—does the Dior number Lord & Taylor, among others, has acquired (four buttons on each side in an elongated double-breasted array), as well as a Dior suit.

Speaking, as I was, of bright navy, a lot of it is around, spanking indeed when it is teamed with white and truly spirited when it is mated with red. (Black accessories can be worn with it, so there is no need to bother about trying to match up navies.) Zuckerman, who gets a U for Ubiquitousness, is represented all over town with

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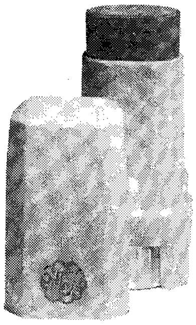

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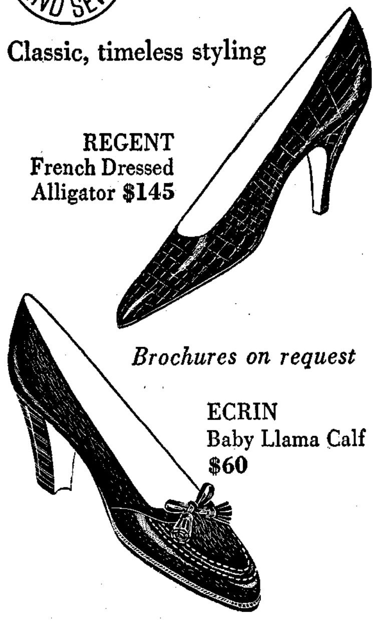

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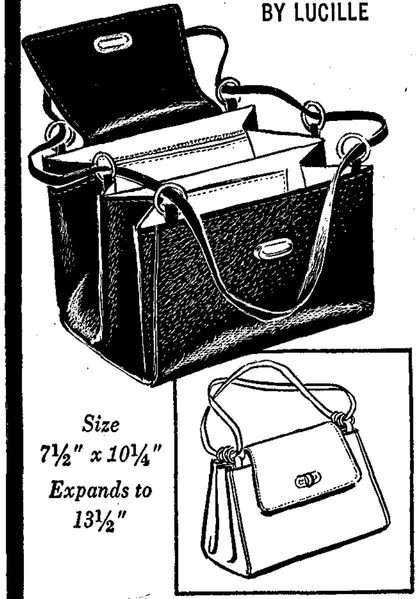

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a coat of it in wool that flaunts bright-red taffeta as the lining, which is visible at its brief back vent. Dior's treatment of this hue is a wool coat with the damnedest device—a band of red, two and a half inches across, down the front, but intermittently; i.e., red with a couple of buttons on it, a stretch of the blue wool, then more red with buttons, and so forth. The collar (turnover) and the cuffs are red, too. Lord & Taylor is among the possessors. Bright navy also makes one of Trigère's masterpiece capes, of wool with a rather wide red pin stripe—vertical down its flat front, horizontal across its widely sweeping back. A dress of the wool accompanies it. The cape, to quote Trigère, is a little nossing. Bergdorf instantly took to it. The same material makes (and Lord & Taylor takes) a Trigère stole dress on which the stripe goes into inverted Vs in back and works diagonally forward on the ribs to accomplish a really nipped look. It looks great to me.

In fact, I like the whole idea of the hint at a natural waistline, occasional though it is amidst the welter of high or low waistlines, or no waistline at all in the familiar dresses that, as people say, skim the body. The dress I have just mentioned is one instance. Another is Raelson's single-breasted coat of navy twill, with a snug, non-sagging belt at the small of the back and a very sharp indent at the waist. The skirt, to emphasize this indent, has twelve gores, so that it can be a real swinger (Lord & Taylor again). And Mimi Tuthill has latched onto a Jane Derby ensemble that I would have no trouble calling sheer heaven—a dress of soft-blue linen with an oval neck and short sleeves, and a coat of the linen with an imprint of formal dark-red, brown, and light-blue speckled-with-white flowers that I *guess* are verbena. Very old-fashioned and comforting. The coat, pure redingote, is taut down to the waist, and there are two pocket flaps below.

Apparently, women (except the very tall and skinny ones) have resisted toppers and suit jackets of the tunic type—mid-thigh or longer—on the ground that they age the wearer, so the really long suit jacket and over-blouse appear only tentatively here and there in the best houses. Jablow shows a suit of bright-navy twill (on Bonwit's fourth floor) with a little split collar and six brass buttons down the front. This has a rajah look, which I like. But in general I, too, am against thigh-length jackets for anyone who is of medium height or wears her skirts

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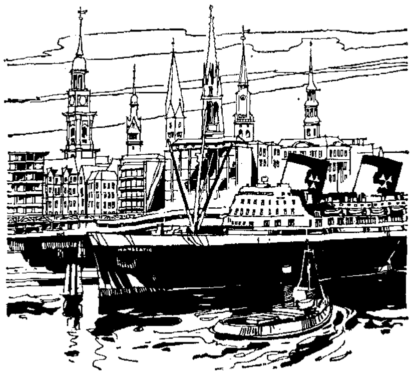

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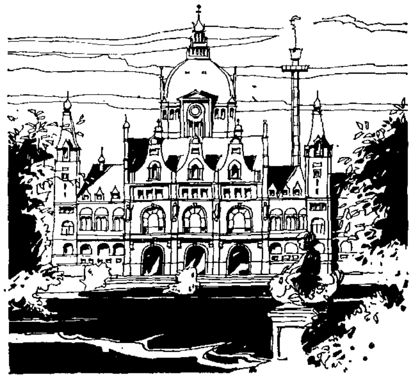

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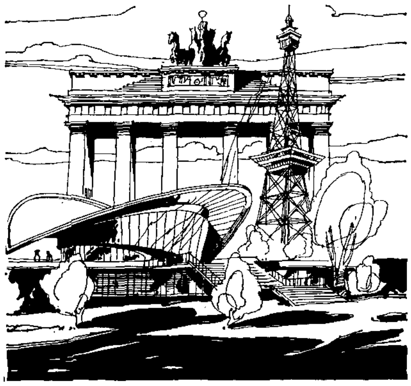

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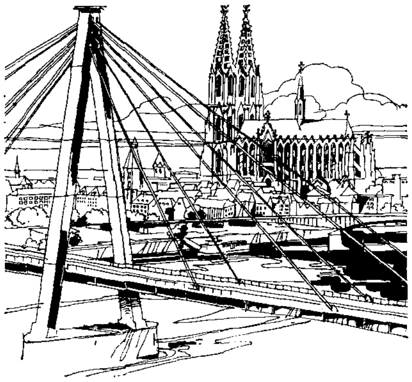

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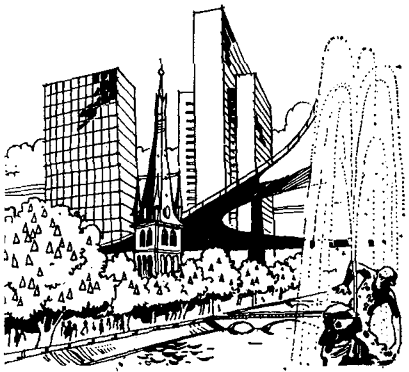

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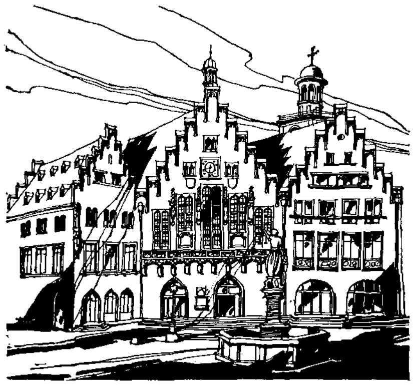

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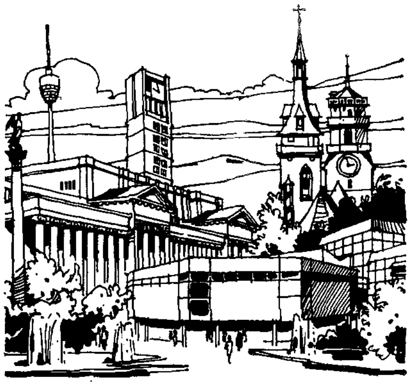

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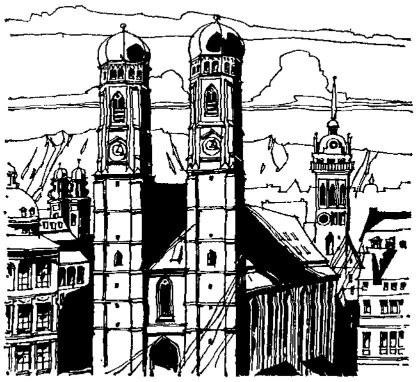

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very short. They make you seem out of drawing.

One blessed event has been the enthusiasm for overblouses, which allow the wearer to put aside suit jackets and still not appear incomplete. This has brought about an influx of dresses that are deliberately two-piece, not three-piece, and some of them more than suggest the Bramley uniform of the twenties. Such a one has been turned out by Geoffrey Beene, who appears to yearn for that era. It's of thin wool in a pale gray. The topper comes well down on the hips, and the skirt is all cluster pleats; a skinny belt crosses low on the front. Bendel, Bergdorf—oh, everybody—has it. Dior-New York gets into this particular act with something of beige fibranne involving a straight skirt and a fairly long topper that has a touch of the fencing jacket because of its roll collar and the three pearlescent buttons that make an inward arc at each side. (Altman's took this one.)

MY analysis-in-depth (I wish phrases like that would leave me alone) begins with Altman's and its Designer Shop—brand-new, as I have said, and on the third floor, and replete with the workmanship of our very best ready-to-wear planners. Laird Knox is a firm that believes suit jackets should be either very short or very long. For long length, it offers men's gray sharkskins, straight and skinny, with double-breasted black buttons and a tiny, low-slung belt of black patent leather. Tiffeau suits are in abundance, many of them with the splendid short sleeves that are now showing up on suits and with skirts that tend toward a narrow front panel and pleats at the side front. Since he still has faith in thick but lightweight mohair, we have also his big coat with irregular checks in charcoal, white, and ginger, and a roll collar. Bill Blass is in quantity here, and elsewhere. Here we find his suit of white wool with a staggered design of black blocks (not *quite* Navajo). The jacket is short-sleeved and surplice; the band of the skirt is turned over inward to make the hips look rounded. Another Blass is a brainstorm dress of a fairly heavy white wool knit into which a dirty-gold design has been worked. On the high-waisted, short-sleeved top, there are vertical stripes; on the skirt, there are small checks in a diagonal pattern.

LORD & TAYLOR's third floor abounds in grown-up dresses of wool jersey. One is Trigère's triumph (this I have seen other places, too) in pale pink or in blue. All there is to it is a deep,

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curved yoke seam in front that runs out over the dolman, bracelet-length sleeves, and two horizontal bands above the pockets, which are low and at the sides. John Moore is a delver in French wool jerseys, and his dresses are far less simple, at least outwardly. One, in pale blue, has a very low V neck, a square of pearl buttons on the diaphragm, and small revers. Another, in white, has a plain back and the very jagged short sleeves that Moore favors at the moment. In this case, they shoot out over the top of the arm and then slant inward almost to the waist. Geoffrey Beene, today another fancier of bright navy, has done—for anyone who wants to feel young and keen-eyed—an ensemble in fibranne-and-wool. The jacket has big white buttons down the sides and a white Eton collar; its navy-and-white polka-dotted tie matches the deep blouson top. The skirt is a plain straight job. Monte Sano, on the other hand, is proclaiming his devotion to combinations of loopy mohair and wool. For one, there is his blocky short-sleeved jacket in gray, white, and taupe with white crisscross stitching, and the dress that goes with it has so caught Lord & Taylor's fancy that it can be bought by itself; this is of fine gray or taupe rayon with a simple bias top that is slightly bloused down to the hipbones, below which there are small gathers. Trigère contributes a cape coat whose semi-raglan sleeves are set very far out. It's of double-faced cyclamen or camel's-hair wool, and it looks most Musketeer. Dior-New York has done a wild-eyed raincoat, quite straight, that mingles navy with white polka dots and navy with white pin stripes—pin stripes down the front closing, along the hem, along the belt. Mercy, among other things! The accompanying triangle, for over the head, has a field of white polka dots and striping along the edges. Dior-New York gets us back to regularity with short, almost matador jackets. Among the short-jacketed suits is a dressy darling of a thin, puffy silk with black-and-white striping and a zebra look; a wide, high-rising waistband of black satin is part of the show. Monte Sano's windowpane checks are in evidence, as in a suit of black wool with half-inch white checks. The jacket concerned has his typical wide lapels, plus a sash of white kid; on the skirt there is an inverted pleat to port and starboard, and both front and back, placed well down on the side to impart a real flare.

ONE of the all-day-long ensembles at Saks Fifth Avenue (this visit of mine confines itself to the fifth floor)

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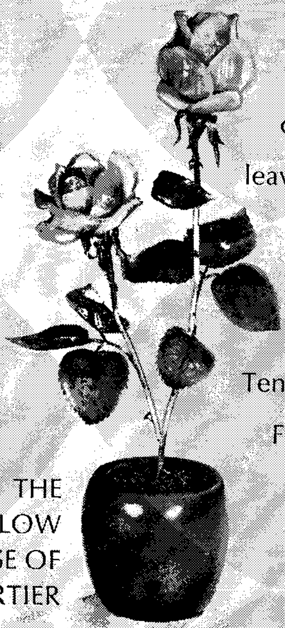

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is a long coat of navy jersey by Mollie Parnis, lined with the surah, in mosaic-tile pattern (red and navy on white), that makes the short-sleeved topper and the skirt. Bill Blass is one of many who invite a return to the good old-fashioned pressing iron because of all the organdie and piqué touches that are in evidence. An outfit of his is of gray Glen-plaid wool, and the skirt is entirely of box pleats. The jacket is short and cut-away, and a big organdie scarf is piped with the plaid. Laird Knox weighs in here with a slender gray chiffon-flannel skimmer of a dress that is sleeveless. A long, curved-away jacket goes with it, and so does a white carnation, to match its small white collar. Sam Friedlander presents a Bob Bugnand invention done in rayon with streaky horizontal black and white stripes—a dress with a low waistline and a narrow belt of patent leather that is strung through loops; a short jacket faced with black silk that is a cloudburst of white polka dots, plus a polka-dotted scarf. (You'd think that polka dots had just been invented.) All by itself, Saks owns some Originala designs, carried out in white wool that has small black checks. The long jacket of one wears four black buttons down each side and is encircled by a string belt; the skirt is box-pleated in front. (Be it noted that most skirts are avoiding pleats in back.) The checks are diagonally arranged on the skirt and level elsewhere. The Zuckerman suit that Walks Out of Saks is of tan gabardine; three dull-silver buttons go down each side of the jacket and smaller ones go down the overblouse, which is of puckered white piqué. Here, too, there is Fredericks, with coats down around $145—a price I had begun to think was going to become unheard of. I noted especially his coat of bone-colored wool with a large Peter Pan collar, black buttons down the front, and a black string belt going through Norfolk loops placed fairly far down. Fredericks does a fine job, may I say, at a price.

A GOOD word for Bonwit Teller's sixth floor would be elegance, for here excellence is in excelsis. I commence with a Trigère jumper of black wool twill that absolutely cannot be worn alone, even in Las Vegas, for its oblong décolletage cuts nearly to the waist in front; the necessary blouse, of white piqué, has a little band collar, and the not altogether necessary jacket, which is sort of bellhop, and made of red wool, has)(seams—that's how they look to *me*—in back and three

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concealed buttons in front. Red, too, is the major hue of her costume that dazed and dazzled me—a straight-line coat, a skirt with a high waistline (both of wool jersey), and a blouse of surah in red, white, and blue vertical stripes. Proceeding to the fourth floor, one discovers other stuff, such as Laird Knox's suit of gray Glen-plaid wool (this has a Chelsea look, or at least an Embankment look; I think it's that small white collar that makes it so "Bohème") with three buttons in a vertical row high on its long jacket and a fly-front fastening below them. Bonwit, among the very first to acclaim Tiffeau, keeps on feeling that way. Tiffeau's long-jacketed suit of light-tan wool gabardine is one proof. It, too, has a fly-front closing, and a quite low yoke seam in back debouches over the sleeves. An overblouse with a little standup collar is part of the plan; this, which bears an erratic black block print on its tan silk, peeks through the V of the jacket. And he does many short-sleeved beauties, with pleats at both sides of their center-front panel. Bonwit, and only Bonwit, can lay claim to the works of Herrera y Ollero, who are Madrileños. One work is a jacket of a very fine black-and-white checked wool, outlined by black braid almost everywhere and with black patches at the backs of the elbows; the culotte skirt is of black wool.

BENDEL is an armory of Monte Sanos, such as a suit of white wool with a small windowpane check in navy; there are inverted pleats deep down on both sides of the skirt. The same skirt graces a short-sleeved suit of wool in a minute check (black, brown, and white), with a jacket that has a surplice closing and a fly-front fastening, to say nothing of a big sash of black leather that pulls it in sharply in front.

I LIKE Bergdorf Goodman's talent for showing me things that no one else does, and it is a treat to see Trigère's cape of navy tweed, very narrow and slung on the shoulders (this is a notion she is fond of right now) and equipped with fat rolled edges. Other treats are the Talmack ensembles, among them a big double-breasted coat in a black-and-gray checked wool and a sleeveless tunic dress of a white "novelty" wool that feels like silk, not to mention a coat of gray-white-and-taupe tweed and a dress of white jersey with taupe suède, half an inch wide, outlining its V neck and making the belt. Teal Traina has produced a coat

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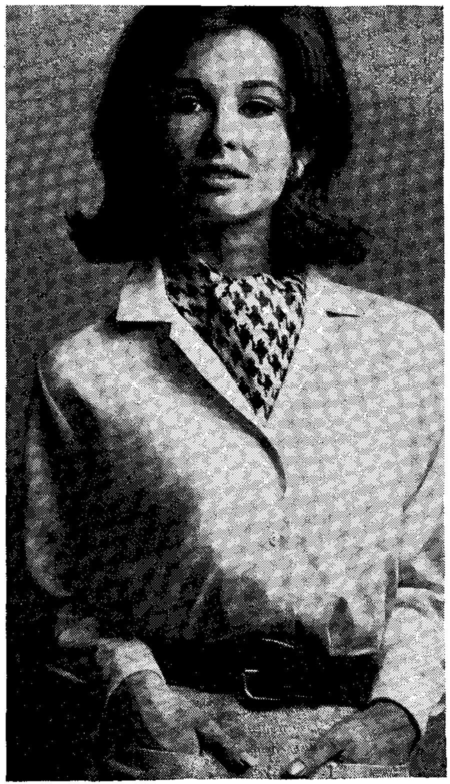

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of oyster-white tweed with a low back belt and three big tortoise buttons. With this you get a skirt of dark-gray flannel that has pleats at the side front, plus a hip-length topper of white linen. Adele Simpson is represented by a marvellously wearable dress of black fibranne with an edging in pale beige and eight small buttons, closely set, and loops down the front to give it an East Indian air.

TO stick to the topic of people who will pull out things I do not see elsewhere, I bring up Mimi Tuthill. She goes in heavily for long coat-and-dress ensembles. One, by Bill Blass, is of a crinkled, paper-thin silk that is all mocha and white stripes of several widths, and is stitched as well as puckered. The simple coat has flap pockets; the equally simple dress has a bow high on the bosom. The stripes travel horizontally. This deal is repeated in navy and white or in burnt straw and white. Two-piece dresses with an all-purpose appearance are here, too, such as Pattullo's confection of a heavy tie silk with red and white stripes on navy—horizontal on the skirt and on the back of the long topper, in inverted Vs on its front. If it seems hard this season to find all-day black or navy dresses, you need only make your way to a Mollie Parnis of navy wool, with short sleeves and a deep, pleated flounce starting at both sides of its front panel and going around to the back.

FOR those who think that daytime is for sleeping, I am considering a treatise for the cocktail hour and the hours and hours that come after that one. I hear, but I don't necessarily believe it, that there are still people who go out at night—and not like lights, either. —LOIS LONG

•

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First in New York State, and perhaps in the country, was a simulated fallout exercise here which brought 450 children from their shelterless school to the Kimberly-Clark plant public fallout shelter in 20 minutes. Interested area officials from the U.S. and Canada watched the exercise and the informational program which Kimberly-Clark people helped to carry out. Letters of commendation came from directors of state, county and community organizations and "thank you" letters were received from the children. (One slightly skeptical young fourth grader wrote, "What happens if a bomb falls on the building?")—*From the quarterly report of the Kimberly-Clark Corporation.*

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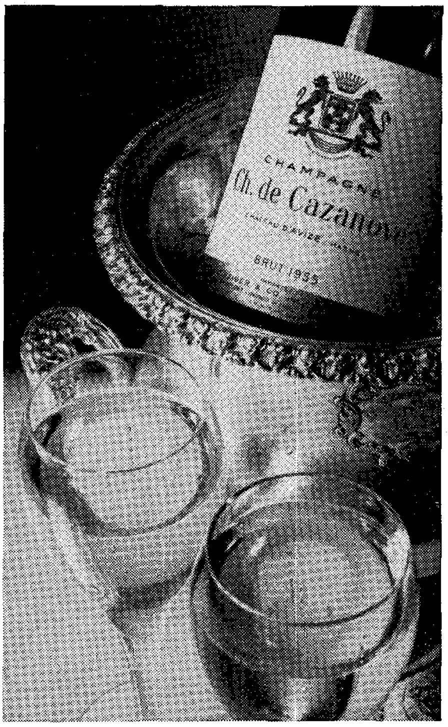

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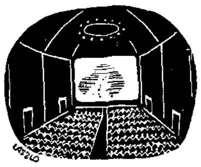
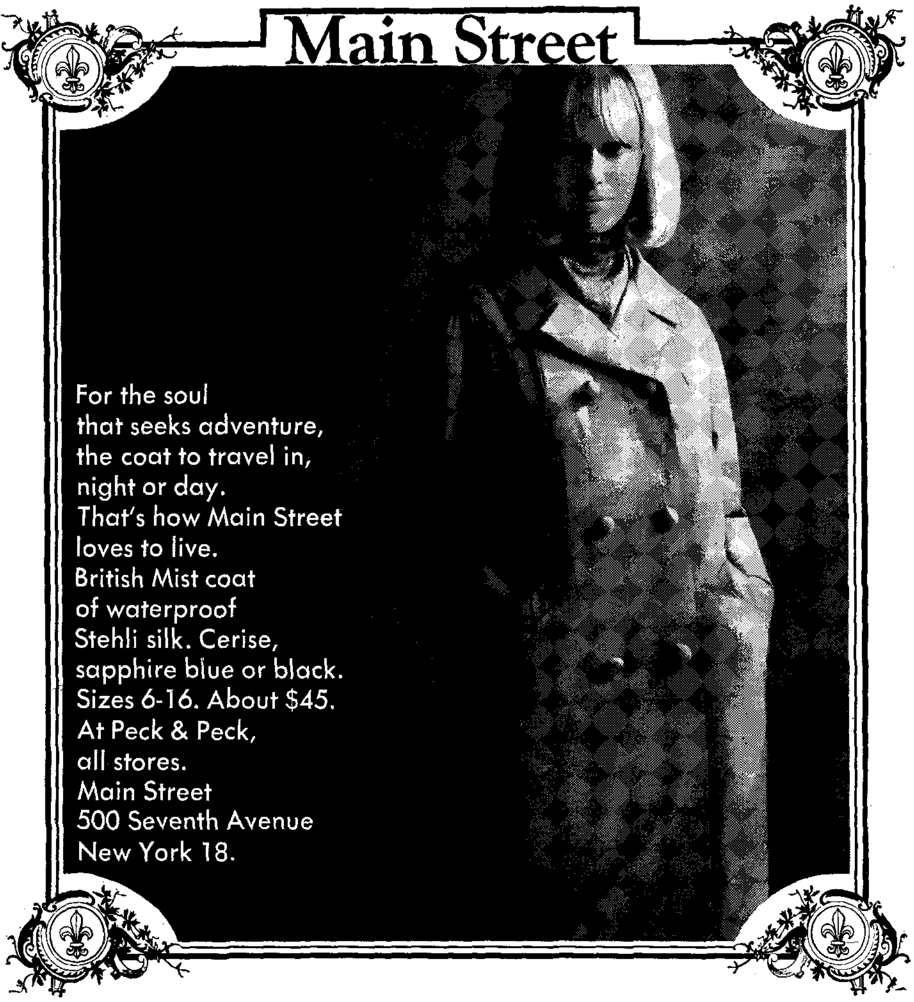


THE two movies on my agenda this week have in common the boon of old-fashioned, rip-roaring what-in-the-world-is-going-to-happen-next narratives. They are both more or less unbelievable, but one is unbelievable in a serious and often affecting way, like a folk tale, while the other is unbelievable in a fashion so playful and slick that it might just as well bear the sign "This Way to the Gorgeous Hokum Department." The first of the pictures is "Onibaba," written and directed by Kaneto Shindo, who directed "The Island" a couple of years back. His present work is much more melodramatic than its predecessor and resembles it chiefly in respect to its emphasis on the beauty of natural settings—most of the action takes place in a vast swamp filled with high, wind-tortured grass—and in respect to the humble, all-but-animal status of its leading characters. Though they are able to speak, they do so only on the rare occasions when a warning monosyllable becomes necessary, and they have no need to read or write; moreover, their economic situation is too desperate to permit them the luxury of taking moral stands on any subject, including even murder and despoiling the dead. The time is the sixteenth century—what would the Japanese film industry do without that vexed time? What would we have done without our West?—and two widows, a mother and daughter-in-law, struggle to survive in a wretched hut in the swamp by selling armor stripped from the bodies of slain warriors. A notably hirsute and brutish neighbor returns from the wars and begins to cast lustful glances at the younger woman, who is willing enough to respond. The older woman fears that her daughter-in-law will go off with the neighbor and leave her destitute, and when a wandering samurai, wearing a hideous demon's mask, stops by the hut, she plans to kill him, don the mask, and frighten her daughter-in-law out of the love affair by pretending to be a real demon. The scheme, bloody and disagreeable as it is, leads to bloodier and more disagreeable consequences, but by then the picture has begun to seem borrowed from some Oriental Brothers Grimm, and we watch its awful climax



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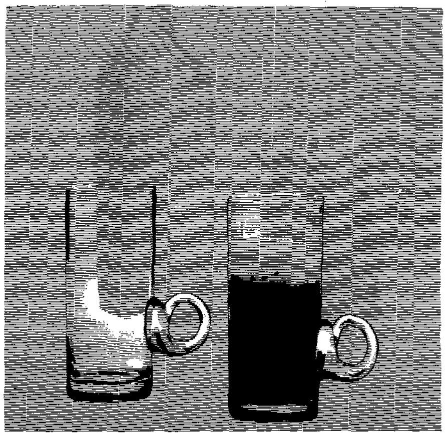
with the pleased incredulity of a child. Mr. Shindo has lightened the prevailing Grimmness by making his picture mildly pornographic; the lovemaking is ardent, and the young woman, well played by Jitsuko Yoshimura, shows herself off with unself-conscious ease. Very pretty she is, and I hope the next time we see her she will have clambered up out of the swamp and into the twentieth century and be falling in love with a tidier young man.

THE second of my welcomely unbelievable pictures is "Joy House," directed by René Clément and starring Alain Delon, Jane Fonda, and Lola Albright. It was Mr. Clément who made our flesh creep with that splendid thriller "Purple Noon;" here the situations are so complex and preposterous that he plainly prefers giving us a good time to trying to scare us to death. Violent events occur at such a rate that our eyes blur and our minds bubble with unanswered and perhaps unanswerable questions, but no matter—the picture is a feast of visual and logical non sequiturs, out of which I emerged with my critical faculties anesthetized and my soul refreshed. The scene is a marvellously haphazard old stone villa on the Côte d'Azur and the cast of characters includes a wanton playboy, an apparently wanton widow, a lover concealed in an attic, an amoral American sex kitten, two or three not very authentic-looking New York hoods, and a couple of wholly authentic-looking Anglican priests. If I were to attempt to describe the merest snippet of the outer fringes of the intricate plot, I couldn't do it justice in fewer than ten thousand words. Instead, let me hint at its glory by saying that in the climactic scene the playboy, whom the hoods have been feverishly seeking to kill and who has taken refuge in the villa without knowing that in the attic lurks a man who is also eager to murder him, strives to prevent the woman he loves, who happens to be the mistress of the man in the attic, from being murdered by him; to his horror, the playboy sees his loved one shot dead at the very moment that the hoods enter the house and, mistaking the man in the attic for the playboy, plug him good and plenty, while the playboy, anxious to escape the hoods and no less anxious to escape the amorous advances of the sex kitten, gallantly gathers up the two corpses and . . . But surely I've said enough to send all true lovers of good-bad movies rushing headlong to "Joy House." They will not be disappointed.

—BRENDAN GILL



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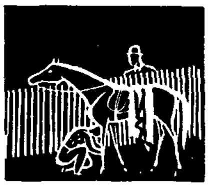
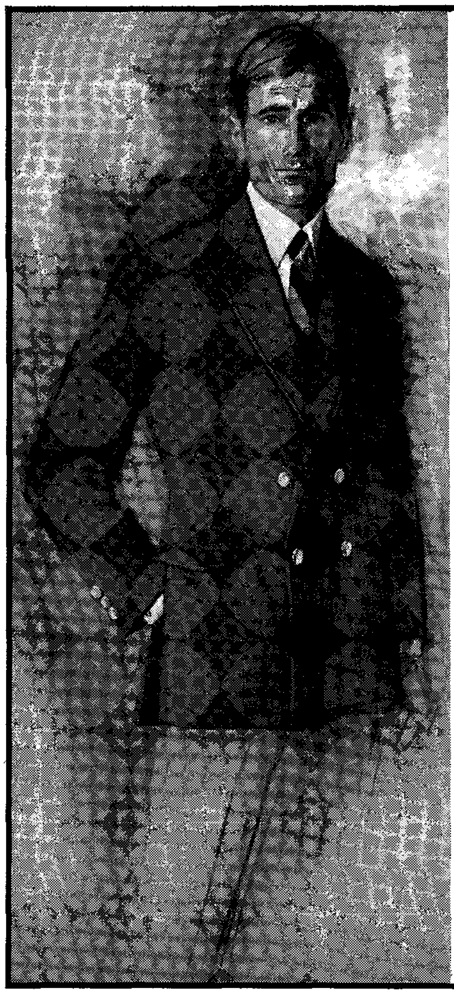


WITH Bold Lad laid up for nobody knows how long and Sadair out of the picture altogether, the three-year-olds are in a merry free-for-all for what is loosely called the Triple Crown—the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes. Before the situation is clarified or complicated by the Flamingo at Hialeah on Wednesday and the Santa Anita Derby a week from Saturday, let's take a look at some of the aspirants. The colt with the best form at the winter tracks is Bold Ruler's son Jacinto, winner of Los Feliz and two minor events at Santa Anita. In one of them, he stepped seven furlongs in 1:20⅗, which is only split seconds slower than world's-record time. My favorite of those who ran well last year but haven't been out so far this season is Tom Rolfe, a bay colt by Ribot. His most notable victory was in the Cowdin Stakes, in which he beat Sadair, Royal Gunner, and Native Charger, among others, but I liked best the way he made up ground in the last quarter of the Futurity to finish third to Bold Lad and Native Charger. He was rather on the small side last autumn, but he has had plenty of time to grow and develop. Incidentally, neither Native Charger, a gray by Native Dancer, nor Royal Gunner, a chestnut by Royal Charger, has started in 1965; last year the former was second to Bold Lad in four stakes races and the latter beat Sadair in the Garden State Stakes Trial but was disqualified for bumping. A couple who have had a longer rest are Bosun, who ran well in Jersey last summer but went off his feed before the big tests in the autumn, and Groton, one of the two colts who have beaten Bold Lad. (The other was India Ink, who hasn't run since.) Groton, a speedy fellow, developed leg trouble last June, which sent him into retirement, but if he returns to the races he'll be heard from. And, of course, there's always the likelihood of a prodigy's popping up and sweeping the boards.

Anyhow, we now have a line on some of the three-year-olds in Florida. Last week, Sparkling Johnny, winner of the City of Miami Beach Handicap at Tropical and, earlier, the Bahamas



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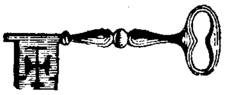

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Stakes at Hialeah, led ten of them home in the Everglades Stakes, the official preliminary for the Flamingo. Naturalist, a 30–1 chance, was second, and Eurasian, another long shot, third. First Family, the favorite, was seventh. Umbrella Fella—that's a strange name for a race horse—seems to have lost his form; he was last.

By the way, I wonder if you know that at least a hundred and fifty racers have been wintering at Belmont Park since Aqueduct closed last December. They haven't had a bad time at all. You should have seen some of them rolling in the snow a few weeks ago. They loved it. Weather permitting, they've galloped on the training track, and when the ground has been frozen they've jogged for miles on the straw-covered paths in their stables. The most distinguished member of the winter colony is Quadrangle. Last season, I thought he was quite the handsomest of the three-year-olds; now I venture to say that he is the most imposing horse in training. Elliott Burch is to be congratulated upon his bold policy in giving the big fellow such a long rest. It's going to make a difference in his favor when he meets horses who have been running at Hialeah and Santa Anita. Another sojourner at Belmont is the Wheatley Stable's Queen Empress. I'll bet a cookie that Bill Winfrey, who trains Bold Lad, wishes he had left him there, too.

This weekend brings us the Santa Anita Handicap, for which Gun Bow will probably be the hottest of favorites. After all, his race with Candy Spots in the San Antonio was a smasher, so why shouldn't he repeat the performance? —Audax Minor

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THE I.B.M. AGE

[*From the Bulletin of the American Friends Service Committee, Philadelphia*]

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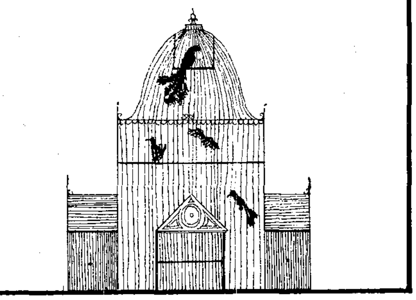

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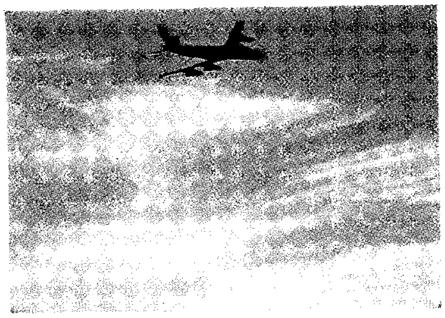

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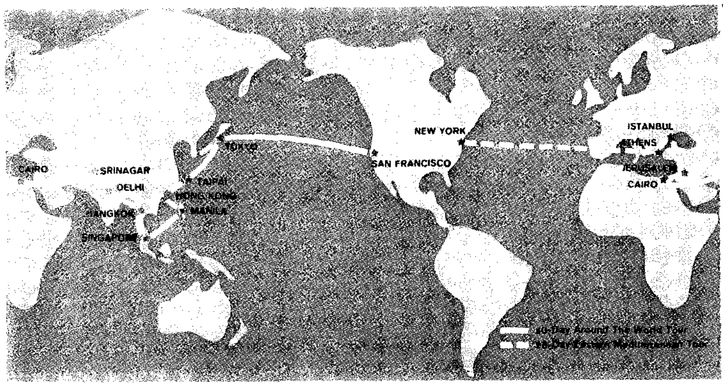

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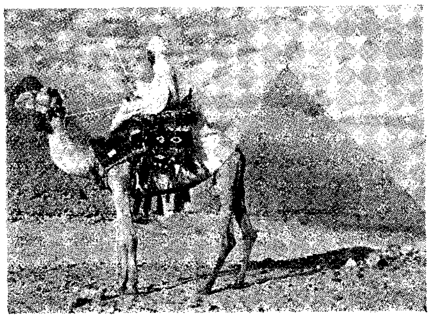

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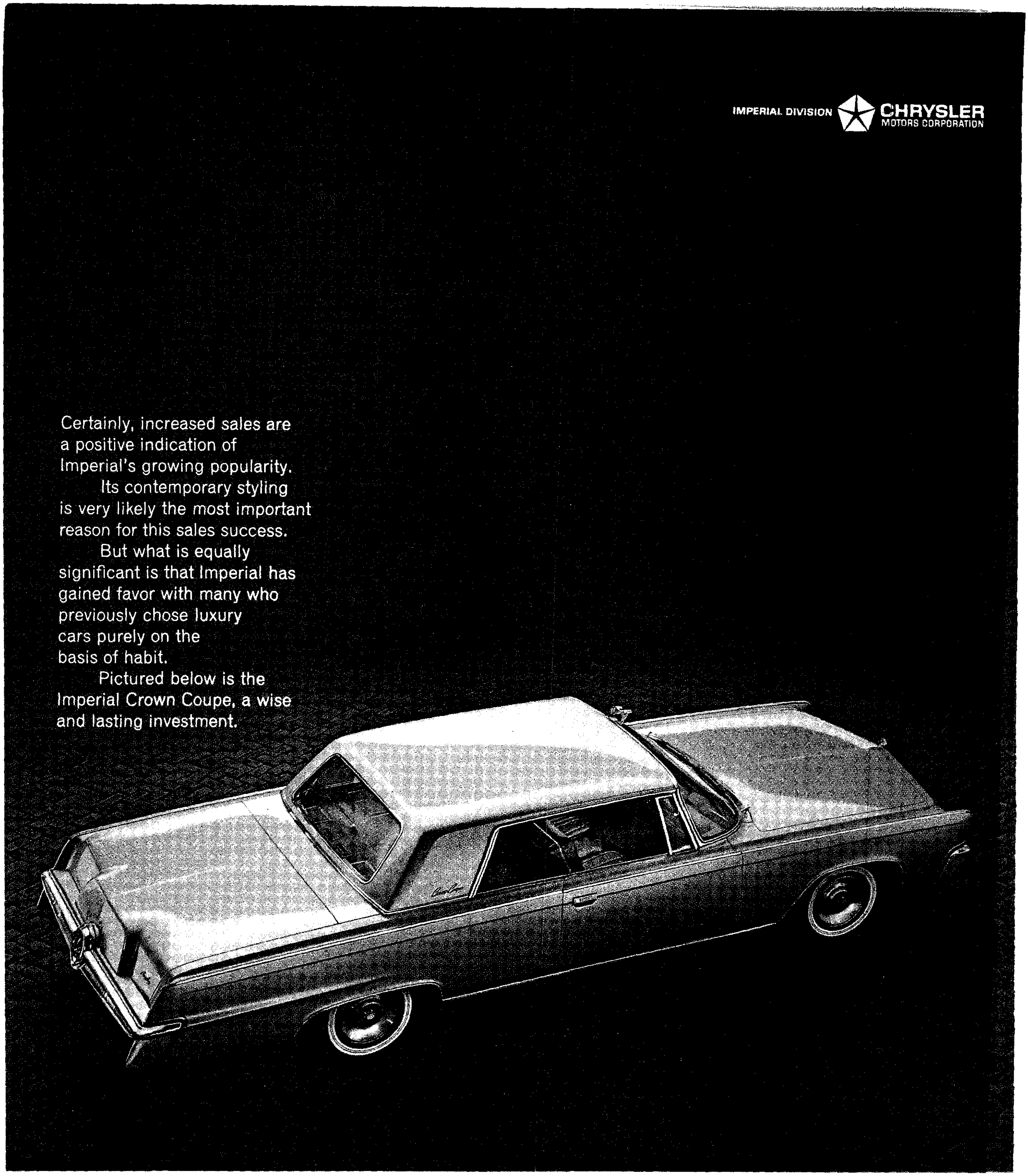

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À La Russe

TCHAIKOVSKY'S opera "Pique Dame," or "The Queen of Spades," has always seemed to me far superior to his more often performed "Eugene Onegin." For one thing, its libretto, though equally romantic in a Byronic sense, is tighter, fuller of action, and more climactic. For another, its music is later Tchaikovsky, dating from a period when he had outgrown—in part, at least—his mannerism of literal repetition, which in "Onegin" shows itself in a rather mawkish horn solo at the end of each stanza of Tatiana's "Letter Aria" in the first act. "Pique Dame" is less concerned with set arias than with dramatic development (though it does have arias in it), and it is on the whole a much more cohesive union of drama and music. Its story, elaborated from a tale by Pushkin, to which were added some melodramatics by Tchaikovsky's brother Modest, concerns an old countess in St. Petersburg who in her youth learned the secret of three cards guaranteed to win at the faro table but, after confiding this secret to her husband and a lover, has been forbidden by some supernatural power to reveal it again on pain of death. It is around this old lady that the plot revolves. The rest of it concerns a love affair between her granddaughter, Lisa, and an unscrupulous young man named Herman, who alienates Lisa from her betrothed, one Prince Yeletsky, and then is not sure whether he loves her or the possibility of gaining the countess's secret more. In an attempt to gain the secret, he enters the old lady's room and literally frightens her to death with a revolver. Her ghost pursues him and finally reveals the secret. He arranges a rendezvous with Lisa on a bridge over the Neva. They meet, but Herman is so anxious to get to the gambling tables that Lisa doubts his attitude toward her and jumps into the Neva. The hero rushes, in a state of semi-madness, to a casino, makes an error in gambling against Prince Yeletsky, and stabs himself. Everybody present prays for his soul. Very Russian, you will say. Yes, indeed, but also very operatic.

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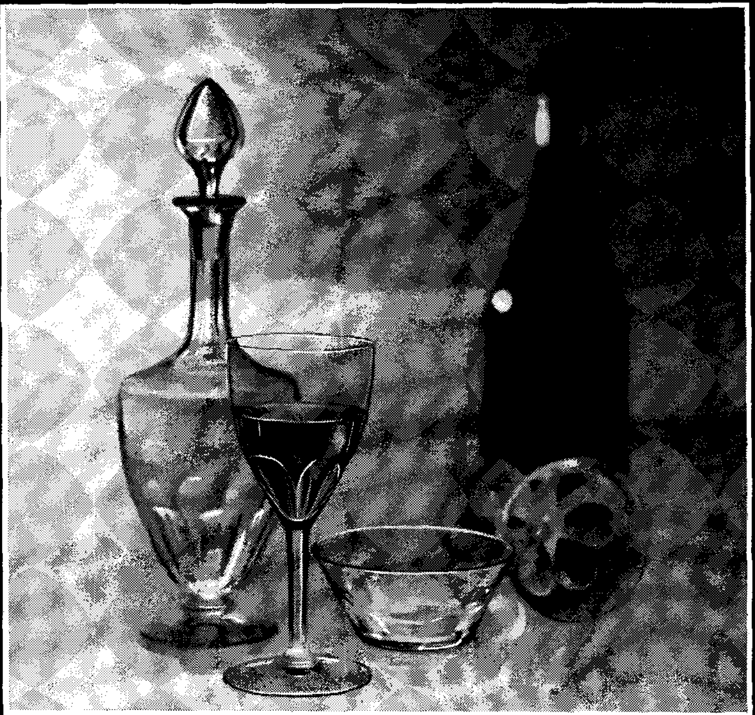

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formed in New York. The New Opera Company, of distinguished memory, did it last in 1941, and if I remember rightly it was in the repertory of a spirited group known as The Art of Musical Russia before that. Now it seems due for a revival. The Metropolitan has scheduled it for next season, and on Monday night of last week Thomas Scherman and the Concert Opera Association gave it a concert performance in Philharmonic Hall. For the Concert Opera Association, it was a remarkably good performance. The orchestra had been well drilled, the William Jonson Chorus sang scrupulously, and the principals coped quite expertly with their roles, singing them in Russian, though I would lay a bet that not more than one or two can speak the language. This was, in its way, a small triumph. The opera would not sound as good in English, nor would its extreme romanticism sit well with contemporary American audiences. Moreover, the presence of so many young American singers declaiming Russian in a fairly acceptable accent (I am told by those who know better than I) suggested that the already quadrilingual American singer may, with some extra effort, become operatically quintilingual—a state that has never been achieved in Europe.

The most satisfying performance the other night was given by the veteran mezzo-soprano Jennie Tourel as the old countess. By a coincidence, she had appeared as Lisa in the 1941 production. This time, she presented an unforgettable characterization, and her death scene in Act II, with its nostalgic crooning over her brightest moments at Versailles, was both touching and slightly eerie. The others in the cast had their ups and downs. A soprano named Tamara Milashkina, imported for the occasion from the Bolshoi in Moscow, was somewhat disappointing, acting in a colorless manner and singing with wayward pitch and insecure production. William Lewis, as Herman, had trouble with the upper register of his voice, which sounded harsh and forced at times, but he managed to present a credible operatic hero. John Reardon, as Prince Yeletsky, did some of the best singing of the evening. The remaining roles were all done at least adequately. I should also point out that Miss Tourel doubled as Pauline, Lisa's companion, giving a notable demonstration of her ability to appear both old and young and to sing with immaculate style at both ages. A large audience, containing a big contingent from New York's Russian colony,

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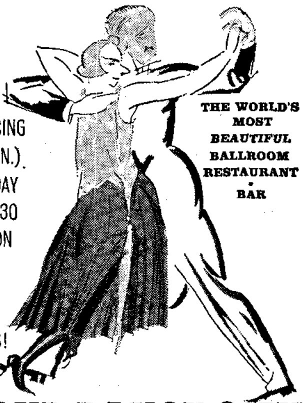

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applauded practically everything with heartening vigor.

PETER SERKIN, who appeared as piano soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall last Tuesday evening, has the disadvantage of being the seventeen-year-old son of a man regarded as one of the greatest of living pianists. He also had the disadvantage, on this occasion, of playing the solo part of Mozart's Concerto No. 19 for Piano and Orchestra, K. 459, a transparent work in which every miscalculation becomes a small catastrophe. He is a tall, gangling youth, and most of the time he held his face a few inches above the keyboard. He also has picked up his father's habit of withdrawing his fingers from the keyboard at the end of a phrase as if the keyboard were a hot stove. He has a certain amount of fluent technique when it comes to rapid runs, and his manner is deeply dedicated. But I cannot say that he played well. There was too much pounding in the fortes and a great deal of hesitancy in the softer passages. Obviously, Mr. Serkin was very nervous. Let us give him time.

LAST Wednesday evening, in Philharmonic Hall, the Schola Cantorum presented an extremely interesting program under the direction of a young conductor named Stephen Simon. The items performed were Mendelssohn's "Die Erste Walpurgisnacht," which I had never encountered before and which turned out to be a stunning work, and the Berlioz "Te Deum." This was my first experience with Mr. Simon, who has been widely praised by some of my colleagues. In my opinion, he is the most promising talent to come to light in many years. His gestures, though somewhat broad, in the manner of most choral conductors, were entirely functional rather than decorative, and each one elicited a definite response from the huge orchestral and choral forces before him. At the age of twenty-eight, he seems to possess all the gifts of a mature maestro, and I shall watch his future performances with great interest.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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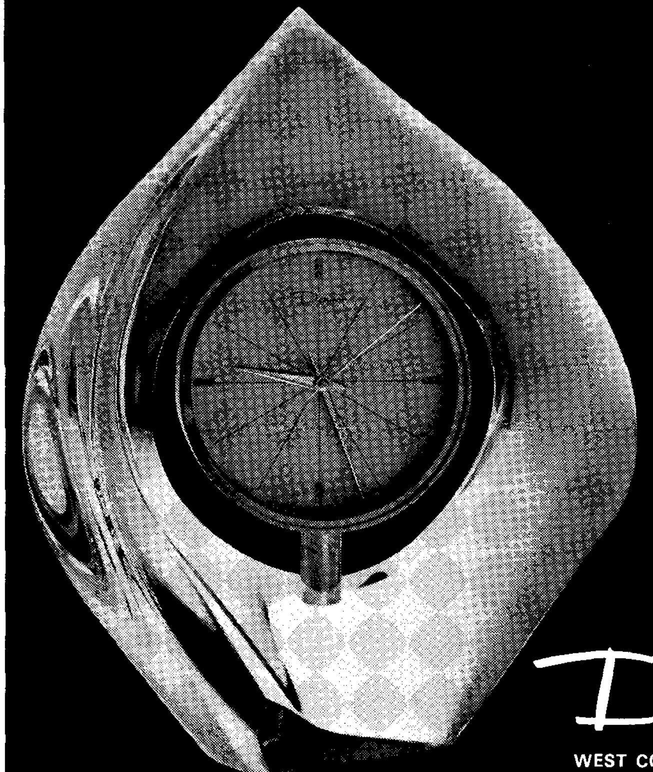

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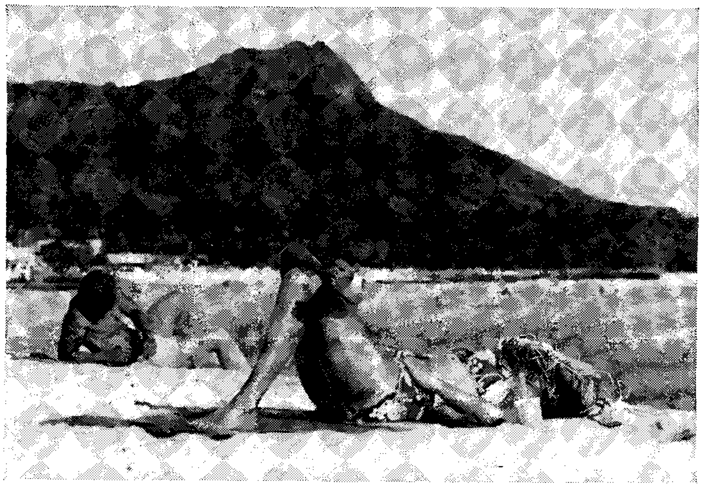

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the public, without whose support any artistic upheaval is meaningless, absorb the shock and willingly tune in. The waves Louis Armstrong set off around 1925 began lapping at the public ear in the early thirties, and those set off by Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie in the early forties were felt a year or two after the last war. Now the third great revolution in jazz, begun in the late fifties by Jimmy Giuffre and Charlie Mingus and Cecil Taylor and capped in 1960 by Ornette Coleman, has suddenly found its audience. This revolution, widely called "the new thing," is an attempt to free jazz of its metronomic rhythms and its reliance on chordal or melodic improvisation, set keys, and choruses of specific length. At its loosest, the new thing is semi-atonal and almost wholly free rhythmically. Its audience first appeared last fall, at a series of successful new-thing concerts given by largely unknown musicians in an uptown club called the Cellar. Then, late in December, the Jazz Composers Guild, formed by such Cellar men as Taylor, who is a pianist, and the trumpeter Bill Dixon, the tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp, the trombonist Roswell Rudd, and the alto saxophonist John Tchicai, gave four heavily attended concerts at Judson Hall, and since then it has been putting on a weekly series of concerts (Friday, Saturday, and Sunday) in a small dance studio above the Village Vanguard. Concomitantly, Coleman, in seclusion almost three years, has reappeared, and he can now help the Guild finish what he began to wreak five years ago.

Not long ago, I attended a Guild concert given by the New York Art Quartet, one of the Guild's five or six regular groups. The quartet was made up of Tchicai, Rudd, Al Dodson on bass, and Lowell Davison on drums. Dodson and Davison, who is also a pianist, were sitting in for the bassist Eddie Gomez and the drummer Milford Graves. The seven long numbers included a Coleman blues, a Parker blues, and pieces by Rudd and Tchicai. For the most part, they recalled the celebrated free-improvisation double-quartet recording made several years ago by Coleman. Fairly straightforward ensembles bracketed long stretches of collective improvising and long solos that were both supported and interrupted by one or more of the other instruments. Aside from these ensembles, both the collective and the solo improvisations appeared to be completely free. Tonality and measures and choruses were abandoned, and all the while the drummer, who literally con-

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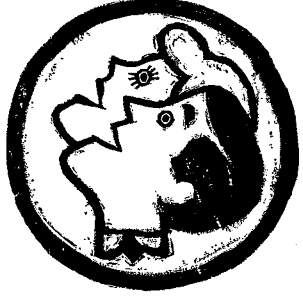

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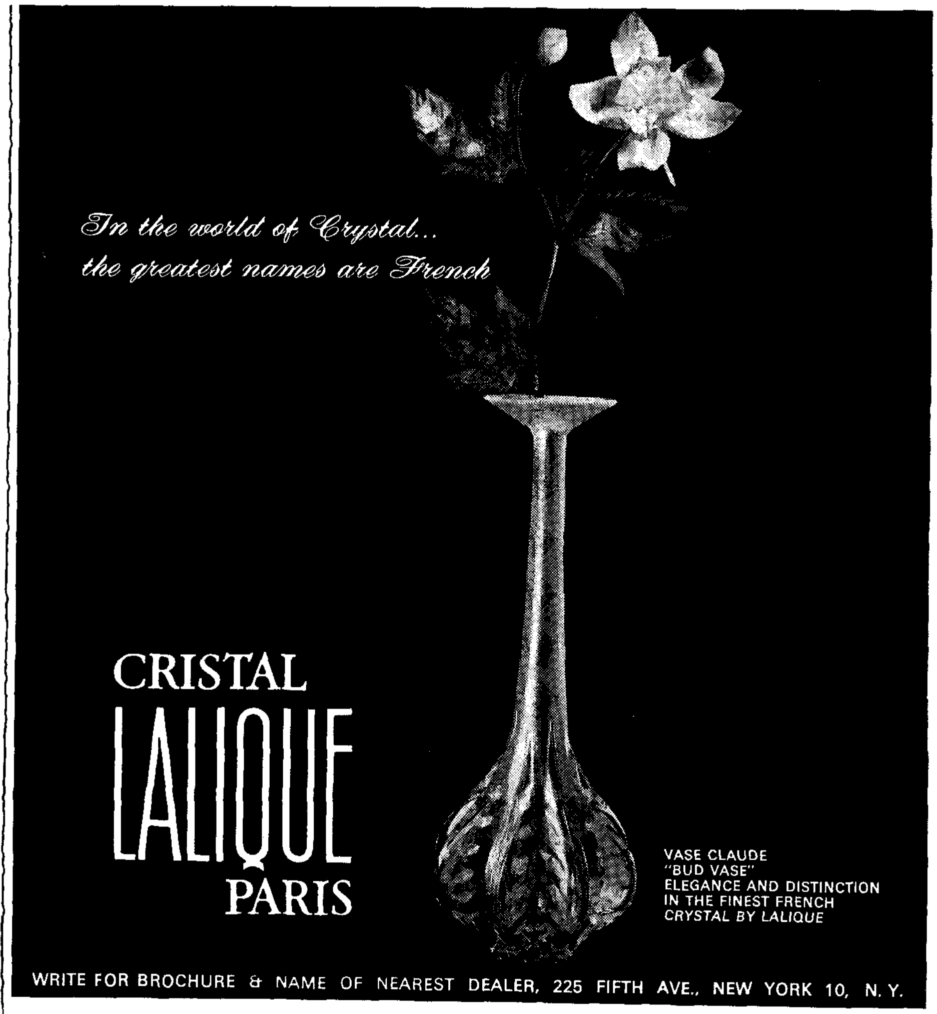
vulsed his way around his equipment, maintained the slippery, chattering, beatless rhythm of the new thing. The bassist made complex echoes. Rudd, a former Dixieland trombonist, is the most revolutionary member of the quartet. He is clearly familiar with Dickie Wells and J. C. Higginbotham and Sandy Williams, but he has reshaped their best-known devices—long, high-register wails, growls, and a pushing emotion—into wild atonal patterns full of astonishing staccato runs and wide, off-note smears. He uses the plunger mute effectively, and during a drum solo he vanished behind the backdrop and emitted a series of elephantine roars that toned up the solo considerably. Tchicai, a Dane, lies between Sonny Rollins and Coleman. He was at his best during the Parker blues, which he converted into an atonal, tongue-in-cheek exercise. But the total effect of the quartet was puzzling. Its ease and dedication made Thelonious Monk and even Charlie Mingus sound old hat for the first time, yet within its own free-for-all terms it seemed rather safe and conventional. It drove fast, with seat belts.

THE next night, I went to Judson Hall to hear Giuseppi Logan, a Guild sympathizer who plays the alto and tenor saxophones, the trumpet, the trombone, the violin, the vibraphone, and the Pakistani oboe, which looks like a child's tin horn. He was assisted by a pianist (Don Pullen), a bassist (Gomez), two drummers (Graves and Raleigh Sahumba), and a string quartet. Five of the numbers were by Logan, one was by Graves, and one was a collaboration by Logan and Graves. All were of a piece with what I had heard the night before, despite the different instrumentation and the presence of the strings, which were restricted largely to ill-wind sounds or furious pizzicato effects. Atonality reigned, there was a lot of collective improvisation, the rhythmic base went around and around (it never comes out, either, in the new thing), and everything—solos, collective interplay, ensembles—was self-indulgently long. I suspect, though, that Graves will become the modern counterpart of such pioneering drummers as Sidney Catlett and Max Roach. Even his set of drums was unorthodox, for he used—in addition to the traditional apparatus—a second snare drum (set on a muffling piano stool), a couple of conga drums, a heavy piece of wood shaped like a new moon, and an old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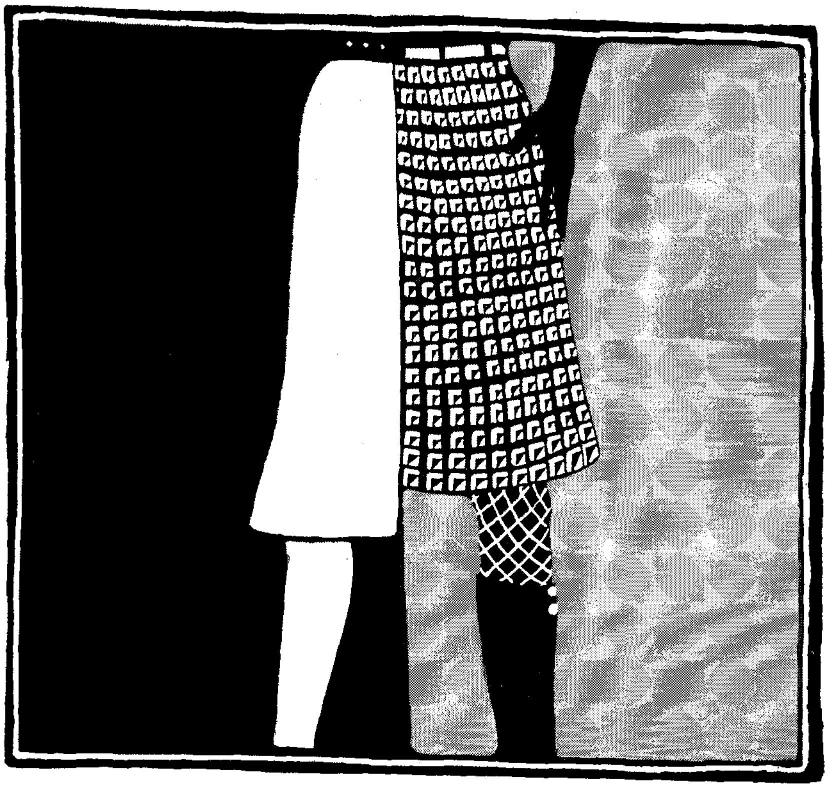
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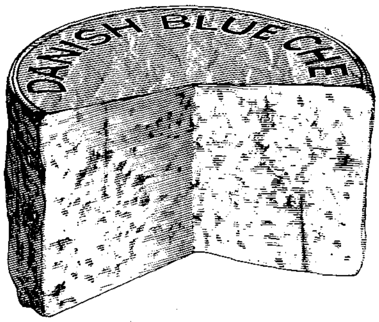

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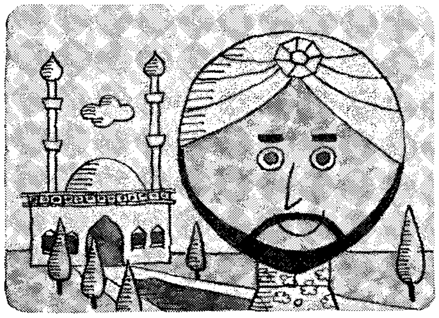

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bass drum tilted on its side and loosely tuned. Moreover, he had removed the snares on both snare drums, and he used—in place of the customary pair of drumsticks or mallets or wire brushes—a stick and a mallet, a mallet and a wire brush, or a stick and a wire brush. His style is a cascade of strokes placed everywhere in what amounts to a small drum shop. Some were stolid and deafening and some were sandpiper snickerings that moved with incredible speed from cymbal to cymbal or from cymbals to drums or from drum to drum. He never sounded a regular beat; instead, he used his ride cymbal for irregular patterns and pumped his high-hat cymbals with such speed and ferocity that he finally turned the top cymbal inside out. Such chaos can make sense in only two ways—tonally, and in relation to what the rest of the musicians are doing. Graves succeeded on the first count, repeatedly developing a rich welter of booms and rifle shots and clicks and tinklings, but he seemed to have little connection with the horns and strings. His playing needs no one to accompany and no accompaniment; he is a one-man drum corps.

Logan's sheer dexterity masks sly sins. His violin work, made up of a million short, scratchy notes, was demonic; his trombone was equally congested; his trumpet playing was high and strangled; his alto and tenor saxophones—he dangled each instrument from his mouth like a cigarette—were a mockery of Ornette Coleman; his Pakistani oboe was Pakistani oboe; and his vibraphone sounded as if he had spilled a change purse into it. Pullen revealed admiration for the ladderlike atonal chords of Cecil Taylor, and Gomez, when audible, was competent. That the string quartet read and played its wan scores with such composure was to its credit. Next to Graves, the most impressive aspect of the evening was its solemnity. The New York Art Quartet had displayed a good deal of humor the night before, but Logan and his associates—to say nothing of the furrowed, rapt audience—had the air of mediums possessed.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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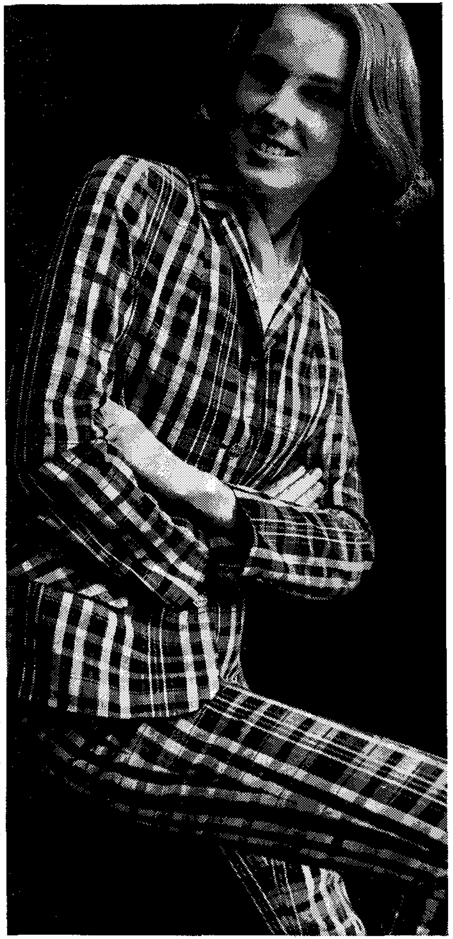
BETTER shut down for the night. Must be gone three. How many pages to go? I'm on 217 and there are—let's see—321. Borrow the 1, 7 from 11 is 4, 1 from 1 is 0, 2 from 3 is 1: 104. Gee. Thought I was closer than that. This should be No. 35, when I finish. *If* I finish. No—34. Of course, I *could* count that time I reviewed it in sophomore English. Just don't seem to be bowling along, way I did at first. Keep losing my place. No concentration. Edgy as a grasshopper lately. Wonder if I'm relaxing enough. Hell, all I *do* is read. Isn't that relaxation? Maybe it's the small type. Don't suppose they have a children's version? In about eighteen-point Bodoni?

Wonder how many times I'll have to read it before I feel—uh—qualified to film it. Who knows? Might be in the forty-first or the fifty-first reading that the quintessential Lord Jim suddenly reveals himself. A momentary rent in the mist and I see the *appalling face of a glimpsed truth.* Nice phrase. Who said? Teodor Józef Konrad Korzeniowski, blockhead. If I go over fifty, it might make a good item for Wilson, or Winchell. Wonder if any director—or any*body*, for that matter—ever read a novel more than fifty times. All the way through. Let's see, how far am I from fifty? Borrow the 1, 4 from 10 is 6, 3 from 4 is 1. Sixteen. Of course, I've skipped a few chapters now and then. Wonder if Winchell could tell. I mean, that I hadn't read *every* word fifty times. Who cares? Get a grip on yourself. Cork off. It's three o'clock in the morning. We've read the who-ole night through. *La-la-te-tum-tum-tee.* What if I ran into him? El Morocco—isn't that where he goes? He cross-examines me. He is dubious. "*What well-known cinemaker cock-a-doodle-doos that he read 'Lord Jim' (the J. Conrad novel) cover to cover 50 times? Oshoor!*" He couldn't tell. Or could he? Could he have actually read "Jim"? Wouldn't *something* have rubbed off?

Level with you: old Tuan Jim is starting to get up my nose like this. Fair-haired, a few inches under six feet, with a fixed, from-under stare. Why the devil couldn't he just pick up the pieces and rub along like anyone else? Gadding all over the tropical belt; off like a shot every time someone gets wise to him. We've all a thing or two sticking on our souls, and that's the truth of it. Best see things exactly as they are—if you don't, you may as well give in at once. God, I'm even beginning to *talk* like Teodor Józef Konrad Korzeniowski. Why did he have to have such a long name and write such long books? Why couldn't he have a short name and write short stories? Like O. Henry. Or Saki. Or J. Conrad. Damned Polish scribbling sea dog. Who was it called him that? K. Amis. "The British Character, from 'Lord Jim' to 'Lucky Jim.' "

Funny thing about the Patna. No matter how many times I read the book, I always think it's going to go down. Like a lump of lead. Nice name for an old ship with rusty bulkheads. Patna. Patina. We'll keep that. And "Lord Jim," of course. Marquee value. Wonder if we can get Steiger to play Stein. "STEIGER SET IN CONRAD TALE GEARED FOR LENSING ABROAD." Richardson would be perfect for Marlow. Did a great job as Lingard. Might want too big a cut, though. "SIR RALPH NIXES TROP-PIC; KICKS ON % NICK." We'll need at least six hundred extras. "JIM NEARS WOW 600G IN TENTH WINDY CITY STANZA."

HERE to tell you, I'm not even *close* to figuring this guy. I just know I'm going to end up over fifty before I cotton on. That's the limit, though. They might have to come for me with a net. If I don't get it by then, I never will. I'll have to quit at—say, fifty-two. Qualified or not, here I come, Mr. and Mrs. Cinegoer. Why did I say fifty-*two*? Fifty-two weeks in a year? Freud says you never pick a number without a reason. Freud had a dirty mind. Wasn't Korzeniowski born in '52? No—'57. Fifty-tuan Jim. Five and two make seven, and seven is lucky. The Republicans won in '52. There are fifty-two cards in a bridge deck. Life is a game of bridge. Once in a while you're dealt a three-suited monster, but mostly it's bid two and make two. And fifty for the insult. Why not have Marlow say? Make a note. Now. Hell with it. Do it in the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morning. You'll have fifty-two things on your mind then. You'll forget. "Time plays lurid tricks with our memory"—J. Conrad. Or is it "vanity"?

Maybe they'll ask me on one of those programs. I mean, if I go over fifty. "*What* is *your* name, please?" What is *his* name, please? Bud Collyer. He played Superman on radio. Fact. Solemn word. "Panel, only one of these three gentlemen is the *real* director who read 'Lord Jim' over fifty times before he felt qualified to film it, and will try to fool this panel." What about Collyer for Gentleman Brown? Get a grip on yourself. "Let's start the questioning, if we may, with Kitty Carlisle." Or I whisper my secret in the porch of Steve Allen's ear. "The clue involves something I've done." Bill Cullen lifts his brows speculatively and says, "Uh—was it something you did by yourself or with someone else?" (*Laughter.*) Bess Myerson wants to know if it was something I enjoyed doing. I got news for *her*. "Well, panel, this was a tough one," says Steve. "Heh, heh, heh, heh. The man sitting here has read . . ." Henry Morgan grimaces and sourly sniggers. Let him. What's *he* done lately? Since 1952?

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•

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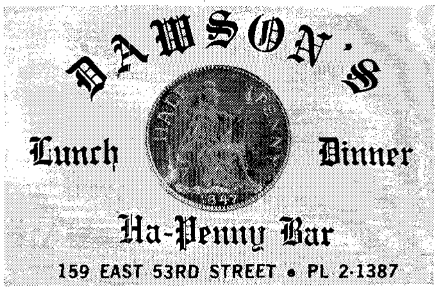

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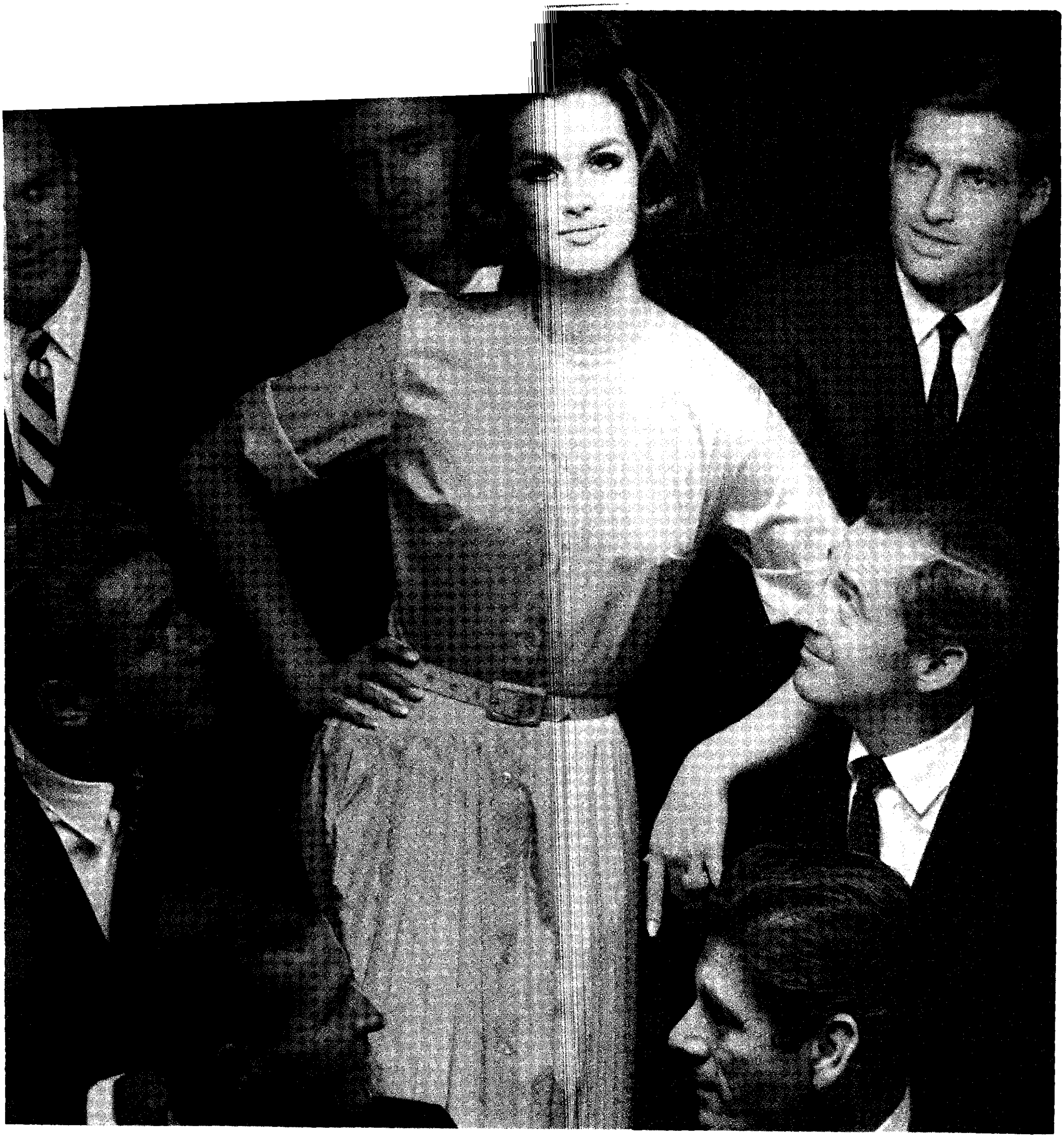

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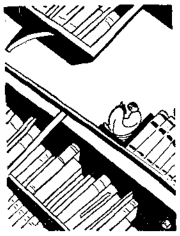
Philosophy in a Pop Key

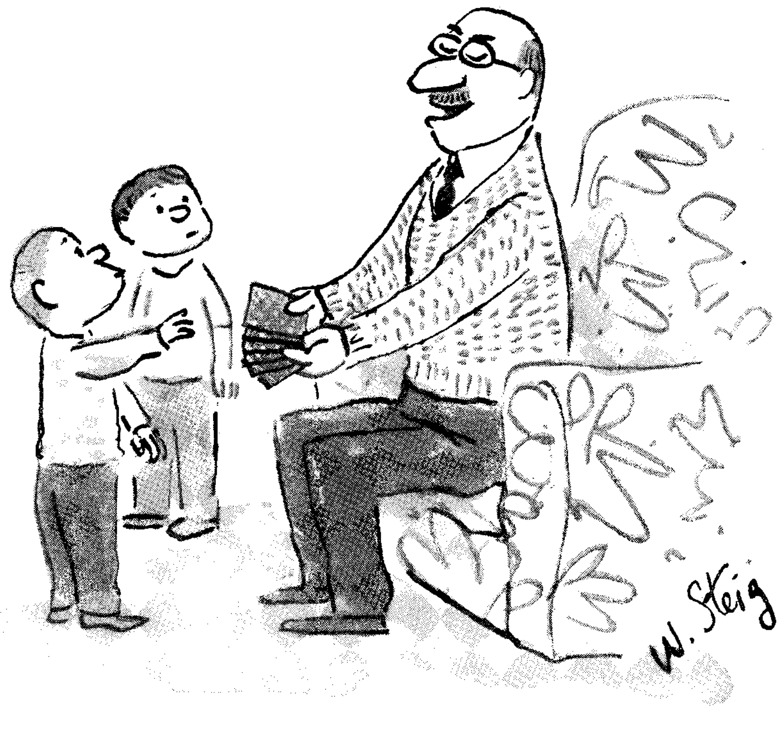


“UNDERSTANDING MEDIA” (McGraw-Hill) has a dry, professional-sounding title, suggesting a handbook on magazines and television for advertising men, in particular those charged with buying space and time. It was written, however, by Professor Marshall McLuhan, director of the Center for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto and author of “The Mechanical Bride” and “The Gutenberg Galaxy,” whose conception of pop culture is no more conventional than an electronic opera. McLuhan is more likely to write a manual for the angels than for Madison Avenue. “Understanding Media” carries the subtitle “The Extensions of Man,” which alerts readers at the start that more is at issue in this book than the relative merits of news and entertainment packages. We all know that radio, the movies, the press do things to us. For McLuhan they also *are* us: “They that make them,” he quotes the Psalms, “shall be like unto them.” So “Understanding Media” is nothing less than a book about humanity as it has been shaped by the means used in this and earlier ages to deliver information.

McLuhan’s account of the effects of the media upon the human psyche lies between fact and metaphor. The instrumentalities through which words, images, and other human signals reach us transform our bodies as well as our minds. Our eyes are bulged out by vacuum tubes, our ears elongated by transistors, our skin ballooned by polyesters. (“Clothing and housing, as extensions of skin and heat-control mechanisms, are media of communication.”) In his first book, “The Mechanical Bride,” published a dozen years ago and unmistakably inspired by Duchamp’s erotic apparatuses, McLuhan dealt with the pop creations of advertising and other word-and-picture promotions as ingredients of a magic potion, “composed of sex and technology,” that was populating America with creatures half woman, half machine. “Noticed any very spare parts lately?” he inquired in a subhead of his title chapter. The legs, bust, hips of the modern girl have been dissociated from the human person as “power points,” McLuhan claimed, reminding the reader that “the Hiroshima bomb was named ‘Gilda’ in honor of Rita Hayworth.” Man, to McLuhan, often appears to be a device employed by the communications mechanisms in *their* self-development. “Any invention or technology,” he writes in “Understanding Media,” “is an extension or self-amputation of our physical bodies, and such extension also demands new ratios or new equilibriums among the other organs and extensions of the body. There is, for example, no way of refusing to comply with the new ratios or sense ‘closure’ evoked by the TV image.”

In McLuhan’s “The Gutenberg Galaxy,” the analysis of how the human organism has been remodelled by a single communications medium is turned into a full-scale interpretation of Western history. The outstanding characteristics of life in Europe and America from the Renaissance to the turn of the twentieth century are traced to the invention of movable type and the diffusion of the printed word. The streaming of letters across a page brought into being an “eye culture” that found symbolic representation in “King Lear,” with its blindings and its wanderers stripped naked by the storm. (McLuhan got his Ph.D. in English at Cambridge.) With Gutenberg began the technological acceleration of history that has made constant change the norm of social life. The portability of books, McLuhan says, allowed “alphabetic man” to feed his intellect in isolation from others, thus introducing individualism and the Hamlet-like division between knowing and doing, as well as split personality (“Schizophrenia may be a necessary consequence of literacy”) and the conflict between the ego and its environment. The separation of seeing from the other senses and the reduction of consciousness to sight-based concepts were compensated for by the emergence of the world of the unconscious. The fixed position of the reader vis-à-vis the page, says McLuhan, inspired perspective in painting, the visualization of three-dimensional objects in deep space, and the chronological narrative. The uniformity and repeatability of the phonetic bits that make up a line of type strengthened mechanistic philosophies, serial thinking in mathematics and the sciences, and ideals of social levelling, and they were the model for the assembly line. In replacing vernacular with mass media, print generated the centralizing forces of modern nationalism: “The citizen armies of Cromwell and Napoleon were the ideal manifestations of the new technology.”

“Understanding Media” is McLuhan’s goodbye to Gutenberg and to Renaissance, “typographic” man; that is, to the self-centered individual. As such, it takes its place in that wide channel of cultural criticism of the twentieth century that includes writers like T. S. Eliot, Oswald Spengler, D. H. Lawrence, F. R. Leavis, David Riesman, Hannah Arendt. “Under-



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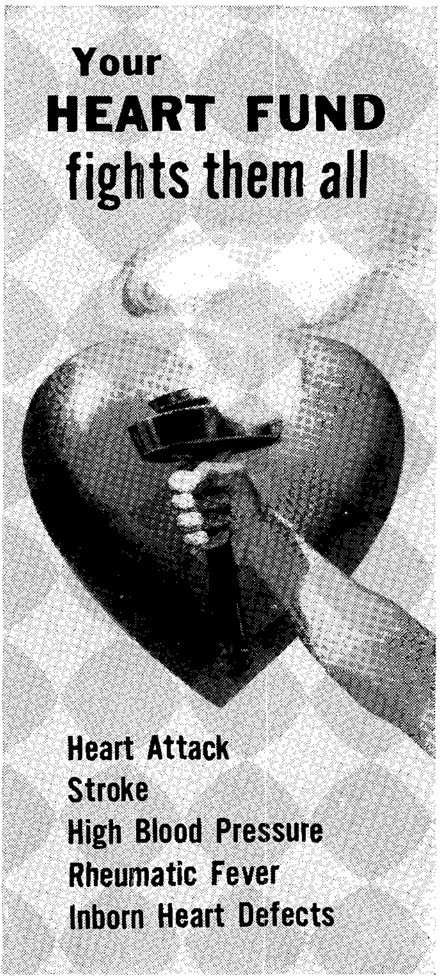
standing Media," McLuhan's most neatly ordered and most comprehensive book, is an examination of how the eye-extended, print-reading individualist of the past five centuries is in our time undergoing metamorphosis under the bombardment of all his senses by new electronic media, the first of which was the telegraph. With the loss of the monopoly of the column of type has come the breakup of its peruser, and with this a landslide of all print-based social and art forms; e.g., the mechanical assembly line gives way to automation, and perspective in painting to two-dimensional, over-all composition. Thus the changeover of media is synchronized with revolutionary phenomena in production and in cultural life and with an extreme crisis of values.

Of all crisis philosophers, McLuhan is by far the coolest. Though his notion of the "externalization" or "numbness" induced in the consumer of today's popular culture accords with Eliot's "hollow men," Riesman's "other-directedness," and Arendt's "banality," he is utterly unsympathetic to any concept of "decline." The collective trance of his contemporaries is to his mind a transitional phenomenon—one that recurs in all great historic shifts from one dominant medium to another. Current unfeeling and anxiety parallel states prevalent in the early Renaissance, when the printed document was replacing the hand-written script. Regarding us all in this light, McLuhan is immune to despair; in his terms, *the theory* that the modern world is a cultural wasteland is meaningless. What, he might ask, makes the inwardness of yesterday preferable to the shallowness of tomorrow, if both are by-products of more or less effective devices for conveying information? As the phonetic alphabet carried man from tribalism to individuality and freedom, the new electric media are taking him beyond "fragmented, literate, and visual individualism." If man today is part machine, this is not an effect of the Industrial Revolution. Technologies have been a component of human living for three thousand years, and our loftiest feelings have derived from that segment of us that is least ourselves: "By continuously embracing technologies, we relate ourselves to them as servo-mechanisms. That is why we must, to use them at all, serve these objects, these extensions of ourselves, as gods or minor religions. An Indian is the servo-mechanism of his canoe, as the cowboy of his horse or the executive of his clock." In line with Toynbee (the idea of the Eskimo as a merman, the cowboy as a



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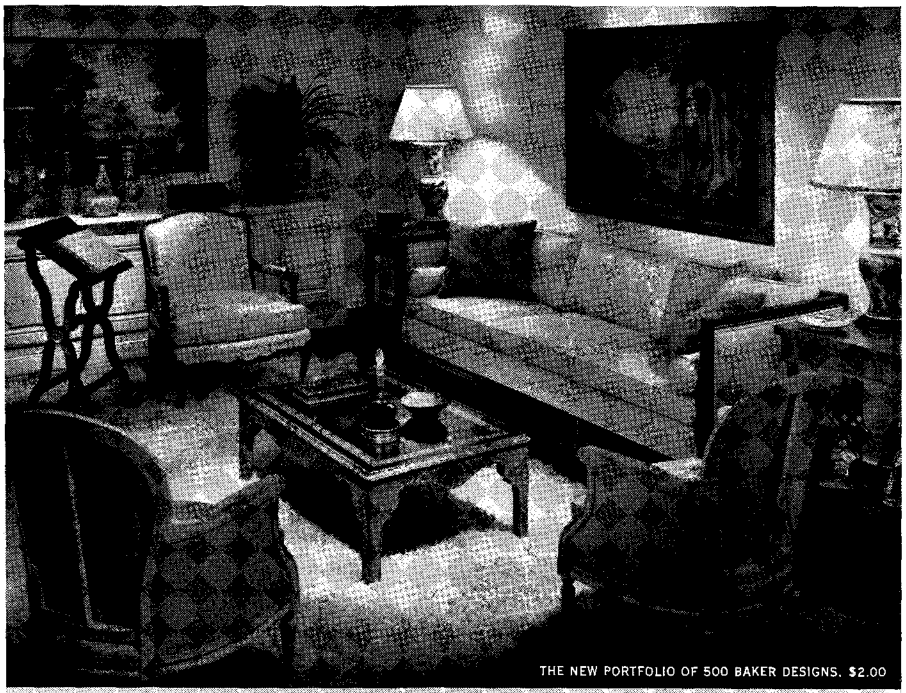
centaur, is his), McLuhan has superseded Marx's "fetishism of commodities" with a fetishism of the medium to explain the forms of belief by which men have been governed in various epochs. Societies in which the sacred played a greater role than it does in ours were simply those ruled by media of communication more primitive than the visual. "To call the oral man 'religious,' " McLuhan observed in "The Gutenberg Galaxy," "is, of course, as fanciful and arbitrary as calling blondes bestial."

McLuhan, then, is a modernist to the hilt; his own "sacred" touchstones are Cézanne and abstract art, the new physics, "Finnegans Wake." His is the kind of mind that fills with horror the would-be conservator of values (a Leavis, a Yeats, a Lukács). He is not tempted in the slightest to dig in at some bygone historical moment. Accepting novelty as inevitable, he is not only a modernist but a futurist. In his latest mood, he regards most of what is going on today as highly desirable, all of it as meaningful. His position is to be inside change; he is given over to metamorphosis on principle. The present worldwide clash between the new and the old arouses him to enthusiasm, since "the meeting of two media is a moment of truth and revelation from which new form is born." It is this appreciation of innovating forms that distinguishes McLuhan from other writers on popular culture. Instead of discovering menace in the chatter of the disc jockey and the inanities of the commercial, or relief in New Wave films or in Shakespeare and ballet on TV, McLuhan probes beyond the content of the media to the impact of each medium itself as an art form. What takes place at any moment in the rectangle of the comic strip or on the screen of the TV set may not be worth serious reflection. But as you look, or look and listen, in the particular way demanded by the comic strip or the television image, something is slowly happening to one or more of your senses, and through that to your whole pattern of perception—never mind what gets into your mind. Hence the first axiom of "Understanding Media" is "The medium is the message." Radio tells us about bargains in second-hand cars, the great books, the weather, but the ultimate effect of radio is that, day after day, it is displacing reading and reintroducing on a new, technological level the oral communication of preliterate societies—or, as McLuhan calls it, "the tribal drum." The effect of a tale differs depending on whether we read it, hear

OUR SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR



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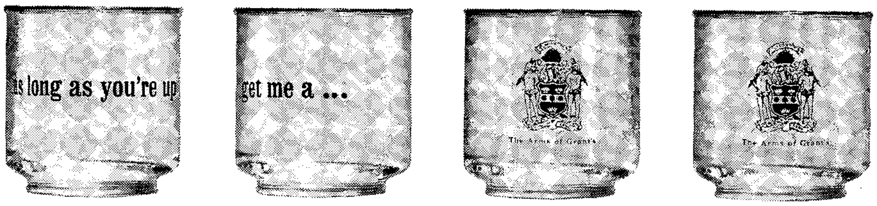

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it, or see it on the stage. McLuhan therefore ridicules the reformist idea that changes in programming could alter the cultural mix now produced by the popular arts. "Our conventional response to all media, namely that it is how they are used that counts, is the numb stance of the technological idiot. For the 'content' of a medium is like the juicy piece of meat carried by the burglar to distract the watchdog of the mind. . . . The effect of the movie form is not related to its program content." In fact, McLuhan suggests that one medium always uses another medium as its subject matter: "The content of the press is literary statement, as the content of the book is speech, and the content of the movie is the novel." Whether or not this is so in every case, it provides a suggestive description of much contemporary art—for example, that of Rauschenberg, who through photographs and silk-screen reproductions makes news the content of painting.

A remarkable wealth of observation issues from the play of McLuhan's sensibility upon each of today's vehicles of human intercourse, from roads and money to games and the computer. After "Understanding Media," it should no longer be acceptable to speak of "mass culture" as a single lump. Each pop form, this work demonstrates, has its peculiar aesthetic features: the comics, a crude woodcut style; TV, a blurred "iconic" image shaped by the eye of the viewer out of millions of dots (in contrast to the shiny completed image of movie film). A further aesthetic complexity of the popular media pointed out by McLuhan lies in their division into "hot" and "cool." The hot medium, like radio and newspapers, is aggressive and communicates much information, while the cool, like TV and the Twist (also open-mesh stockings and dark glasses), is reticent and tends to draw its audience into participation. The varieties of aesthetic influences by which modern man is showered ought to dissolve the belief, prevalent among intellectuals, that today's man in the street, in contrast to the peasant or the bushman, has been cut down to a bundle of simple reflexes.

Responding to the man-made forms that flow continually through our senses, McLuhan arrives at happy conclusions for the future. No, man is not being impoverished by packaged cultural commodities. On the contrary, it was the split personality created by the book who was deprived of sensual self-realization: "Literacy is itself an abstract asceticism that prepares the

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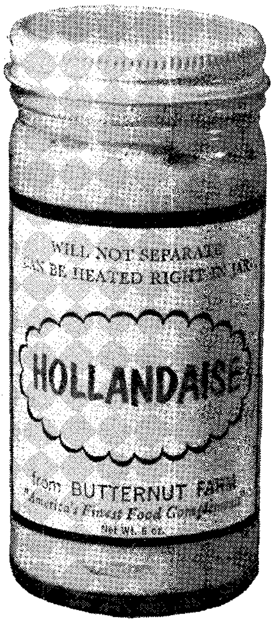

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by the author of SEANCE
Mark McShane
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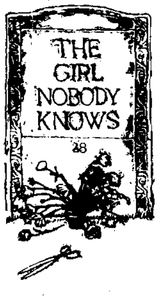

A CRIME BOOK SELECTION FROM DOUBLEDAY

way for endless patterns of privation in the human community." Though the shock of the sudden passage from mechanical to electrical technology has momentarily narcotized our nerves, integral man is in the process of formation. For the first time in history, the media are providing us with extensions not of one or more sense organs but of our sense structure as a whole, "since our new electric technology is not an extension of our bodies but of our central nervous systems." The mechanical age is departing, and with it the division of man within himself and his separation from his fellows. "Synesthesia, or unified sense and imaginative life, had long seemed an unattainable dream to Western poets, painters, and artists in general. They had looked with sorrow and dismay on the fragmented and impoverished imaginative life of Western literate man in the eighteenth century and later. . . . They were not prepared to have their dreams realized in everyday life by the aesthetic action of radio and television. Yet these massive extensions of our central nervous systems have enveloped Western man in a daily session of synesthesia." Instant communication through the electric media, McLuhan goes on to argue, is ending the age-old conflict between city and country; by "dunking entire populations in new imagery" and bringing them together in the "global village," it is eliminating, too, the conditions that make for war.

In sum, McLuhan has built a philosophy of history on art criticism, which he has directed not at styles in literature, painting, or architecture but at the lowly stuff of everyday life. In doing this, he has also sought to recast the meaning of art and literature since the Renaissance by finding in Shakespeare, Pope, or Blake "galaxies" of meaning related to the aesthetics and metaphysics of print. He has experimented with form in his own writings; that is, he has tried to function as an artist. "The Mechanical Bride" was a kind of early pop art, with a layout like a museum catalogue and with headlines, clips of advertising art, comic-strip boxes. "The Gutenberg Galaxy" and "Understanding Media" regard the human habitation as an enormous art pile, a throbbing assemblage of things that communicate, and they try to make it comprehensible by means of a mosaic of exhibits and comments that the author's "circulating point of view" has assembled from widely separated fields; McLuhan is attempting to imitate in his writing the form of the TV image, which he describes as "mosaic." The

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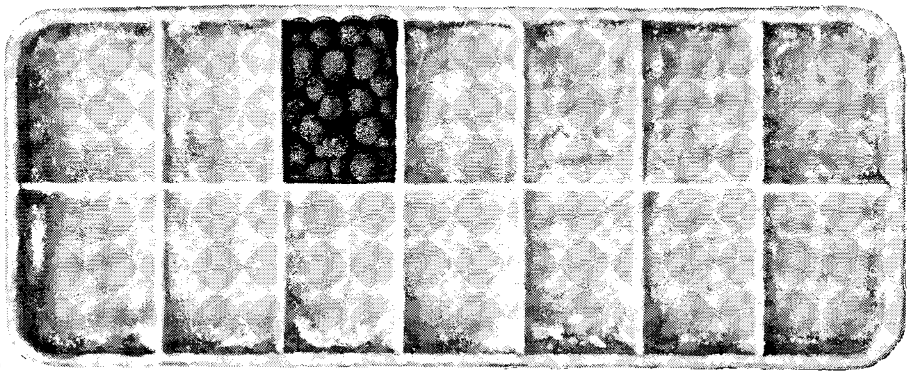

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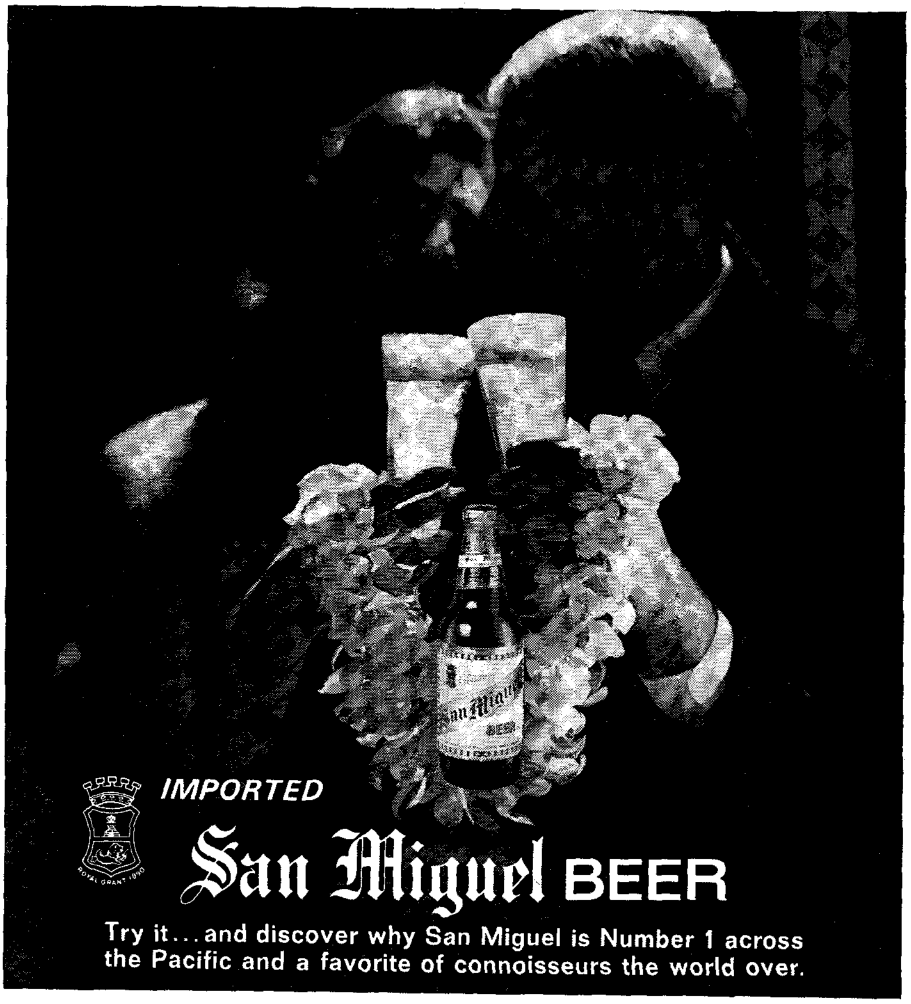

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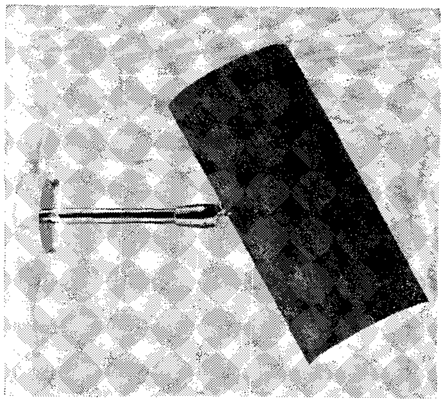
effort to develop an open, expressive social-science investigation in place of the customary learned research report may in time produce important results; McLuhan's version of this new form has the virtue of allowing the author to pick up bits of observation (e.g., that girls in dark glasses are engaged in "cool" communication) that are usually excluded, and it also enables him to bring into focus a remarkable spread of information (e.g., the measurement of time by smell among the ancient Chinese and among modern brain-surgery patients). McLuhan's concern for style tempts him into discharges of epigrams, wisecracks, and puns. These have abated in "Understanding Media," but the chapter titles are still haunted by gags ("Money: The Poor Man's Credit Card," "The Photograph: The Brothel-Without-Walls"). Some of this wit is low-grade ("Movies: The Reel World") even if we consider bad puns to be in keeping with the pop spirit. However, formulas like "If it works it's obsolete," to suggest the rate of change in media, and "Today, even natural resources have an informational aspect," more than balance the account.

McLuhan, then, is a kind of artist, and his quick leaps from datum to axiom ("Take off the dateline, and one day's paper is the same as the next") are often aesthetically pleasurable. In his communications-constructed world, the artist is the master figure—in fact, the only personage whom he differentiates from the media-absorbing mass. The artist, McLuhan believes, anticipates the changes in man that will be wrought by a new medium and through his work adjusts the collective psyche to it. Thus the artist provides an antidote to the numbness induced by change-over. Painting has long since gone beyond being a merely visual medium; praising someone for having a "good eye," as if a modern painting were an object to be taken in by a single sense, is tantamount to praising him for being out of date. A Kandinsky or a Mondrian is actually apprehended through a "resonating interplay" of the whole keyboard of sense and consciousness; no wonder that eye-trained people continue to ask, "What does it mean?" One of McLuhan's most valuable contributions is to help dissolve the craft-oriented concept that modern art works still belong in the realm of things contemplated instead of being forces active in "the unified field of electric all-at-onceness" of tomorrow's world community.

Unfortunately, despite his insights



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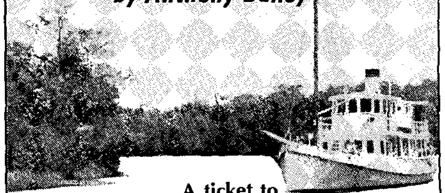
The Inside Passage
by Anthony Bailey



A ticket to a boatman's highway from winter into spring, from summer into autumn—the fascinating and little-known labyrinth of the great Inland Waterway. Illustrated, $7.50

Some of the contents of this book originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

into form, McLuhan's organization of his own ideas is far from first-rate. As a composition, "Understanding Media" is often out of control; "circular" perspective becomes synonymous with going round in circles. Endlessly repetitious, the book, for all its rain of bright intuitions, creates a total effect of monotony. This repetitiousness probably reflects McLuhan's uneasiness about his ability to make himself clear. For there are in his thesis inherent ambiguities. Given the advanced nature of the electric media, the implication is that older forms, like the book and the stage, are obsolete and that film and comic strip are the art forms of the future. In clinging to a sense extension (the eye) that has been surpassed, the novelist is a reactionary—except for the beatnik who gives readings in coffeehouses. Even being an individual is retrogressive, so turn the dial and slip into the new global kraal. Much as McLuhan lauds the artist, he has pitted the pop media against him, in disregard of the fact that the masterpieces of this century have been paintings, poems, plays, not movies or TV shows. The point is that while McLuhan is an aesthete, he is also an ideologue—one ready to spin out his metaphor of the "extensions" until its web covers the universe; if clothes are media, and trees and policemen are, too—if, in short, all of creation "speaks" to us—McLuhan is discussing as media what used to be called "Nature," and his notion of the "sensuously orchestrated" man of the future is a version of the pantheistic hero. He is a belated Whitman singing the body electric with Thomas Edison as accompanist. Yet to expect Adam to step out of the TV screen is utopianism of the wildest sort. For McLuhan, beliefs, moral qualities, social action, even material progress play a secondary role (if that) in determining the human condition. The drama of history is a crude pageant whose inner meaning is man's metamorphosis through the media. As a philosophy of cultural development, "Understanding Media" is on a par with theories that trace the invention of the submarine to conflicts in the libido or the decline of the handicrafts to the legalization of interest on loans.

"Usury," Ezra Pound wrote in the "Cantos,"

> . . . rusts the man and his chisel
> It destroys the craftsman, destroying
> craft;
> Azure is caught with cancer.

McLuhan has taken with deadly literalness his metaphors of the media as extensions of the body and of a

LEADING CONTENDERS

National Book Awards

The decisions of the judges for the 1965 National Book Awards will be announced in March. Meanwhile, these are among the books by American authors published in the United States during 1964 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

FICTION

Louis Auchincloss: The Rector of Justin (Houghton Mifflin)
Saul Bellow: Herzog (Viking)
John Hawkes: Second Skin (New Directions)
Richard E. Kim: The Martyred (Braziller)
Wallace Markfield: To An Early Grave (Simon & Schuster)
Vladimir Nabokov: The Defense (Putnam)
Isaac Bashevis Singer: Short Friday (Farrar, Straus)
Judges: Richard Gilman, R. W. B. Lewis, Bernard Malamud

POETRY

Ben Belitt: The Enemy Joy (University of Chicago)
John Berryman: 77 Dream Songs (Farrar, Straus)
James Dickey: Helmets (Wesleyan University)
Jean Garrigue: Country Without Maps (Macmillan)
Galway Kinnell: Flower Herding on Mount Monadnock (Houghton Mifflin)
Robert Lowell: For the Union Dead (Farrar, Straus)
William Meredith: The Wreck of the Thresher (Knopf)
Theodore Roethke: The Far Field (Doubleday)
Judges: Howard Moss, May Swenson, Allen Tate

ARTS AND LETTERS

Eric Bentley: Life of the Drama (Atheneum)
Robert Brustein: The Theatre of Revolt (Atlantic Monthly Press)
Eleanor Clark: Oysters of Locmariaquer (Pantheon)
Edward Dahlberg: Because I Was Flesh (New Directions)
Ralph Ellison: Shadow and Act (Random House)
Howard Mumford Jones: O Strange New World (Viking)
Judges: Frederick Burkhardt, Richard Ellmann, Francis Steegmuller

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Louis Fischer: The Life of Lenin (Harper & Row)
Oscar Lewis: Pedro Martinez (Random House)
R. R. Palmer: The Age of Democratic Revolution (Princeton University)
Willie Lee Rose: Rehearsal for Reconstruction (Bobbs-Merrill)
Ernest Samuels: Henry Adams (Belknap Press-Harvard)
Richard J. Whalen: The Founding Father (New American Library)
Judges: Roger Butterfield, Alpheus Thomas Mason, Andrew Turnbull

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Rev. Walter Ciszek: With God in Russia (McGraw-Hill)
Theodosius Dobzhansky: Heredity and the Nature of Man (Harcourt, Brace)
David Hawkins: The Language of Nature (W. H. Freeman & Co.)
Rev. John Courtney Murray: The Problem of God (Yale University)
Walter Sullivan: We Are Not Alone (McGraw-Hill)
Norbert Wiener: God and Golem, inc. (M.I.T. Press)
Judges: Rev. Harold C. Gardiner, Gerard Piel, Morton White

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of five $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute.

Watch for announcement of the winners — Tuesday, March 9

Brain Work

"Do you possess the art of picking other people's brains?" asked Benjamin Jowett, the Greek scholar who was master of Oxford's Balliol College for 23 years. "This is a great shortening of labor and saves many mistakes," he observed.

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nervous system outside ourselves. "Man becomes, as it were, the sex organs of the machine world, as the bee of the plant world, enabling it to fecundate and to evolve ever new forms." His susceptibility to figures of speech leads him to describe possibilities of technological innovation as if they were already achieved facts. In his world, money and work are things of the past; we live on credit cards and "learn a living" as managers of computers, and the struggle, backwash, surprise of real events are somnambulistically brushed away. The chilly silence of science fiction reigns over a broad band of McLuhan's temperament.

These deficiencies might be decisive were there to arise a McLuhan "school" of cultural interpretation through media analysis. If one judges McLuhan as an individual writer, however, what remain paramount are his global standpoint and his zest for the new. As an artist working in a mixed medium of direct experience and historical analogy, he has given a needed twist to the great debate on what is happening to man in this age of technological speedup. Other observers have been content to repeat criticisms of *industrial* society that were formulated a century ago, as if civilization had been steadily emptied out since the advent of the power loom. As against the image of our time as a faded photograph of a richly pigmented past, McLuhan, for all his abstractness, has found positive, humanistic meaning and the color of life in supermarkets, stratospheric flight, the lights blinking on broadcasting towers. In respect to the maladies of de-individuation, he has dared to seek the cure in the disease, and his vision of going forward into primitive wholeness is a good enough reply to those who would go back to it. "Understanding Media" is a concrete testimonial (illuminating, as modern art illuminates, through dissociation and regrouping) to the belief that man is certain to find his footing in the new world he is in the process of creating.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

The price range for the big fleet is $69.50 to $70,000, the size range 6 feet to 44 feet for the queen of the show, a Pacemaker. Most of the boats conform to traditional concepts, but far-out entries haven't been overlooked. There's even a one-man submarine, said to be capable of going down 164 feet and, presumably, coming back up 104 feet.—*The Times*.

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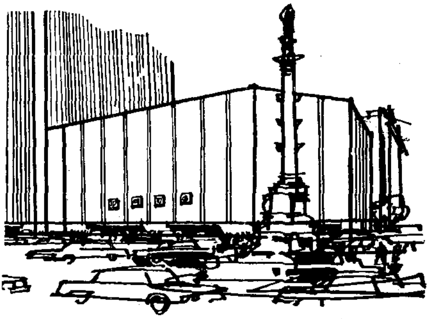
TRADE EXPOSITION IN MARCH: IEEE International Electrical and Electronics Show, March 22-25.



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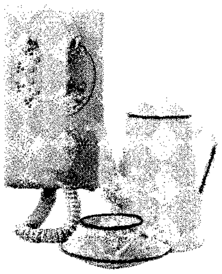

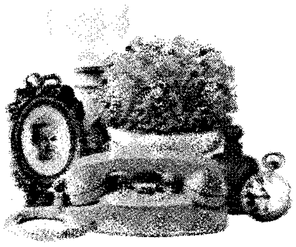

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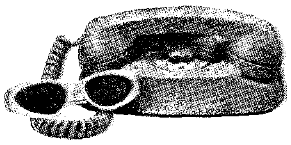

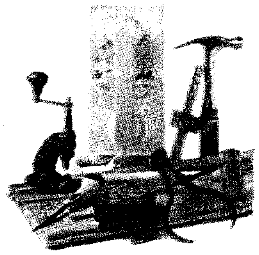

Dad in his shop
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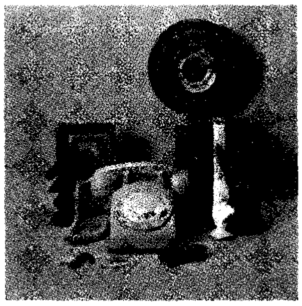
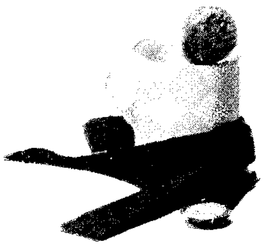
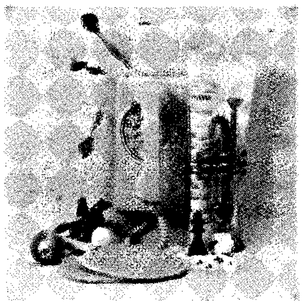
to save him steps and stairs.



Other men want extension phones
handy in dens or when dressing
to make business calls
conveniently in private.





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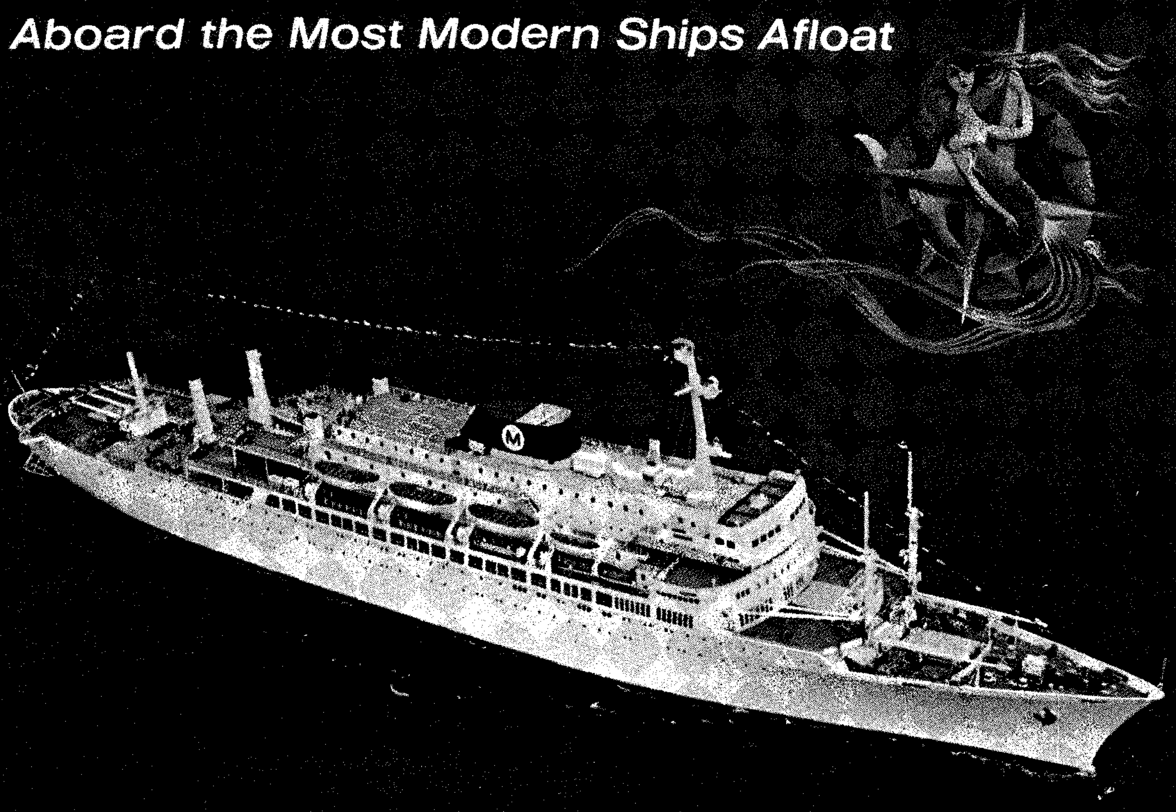

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